Selected Writings of Elbert Hubbard

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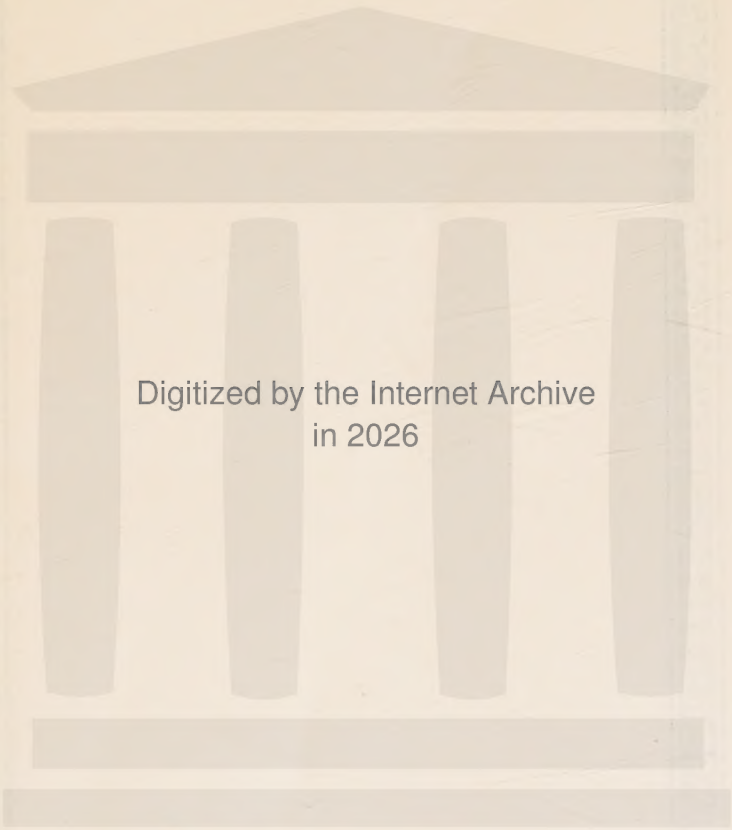

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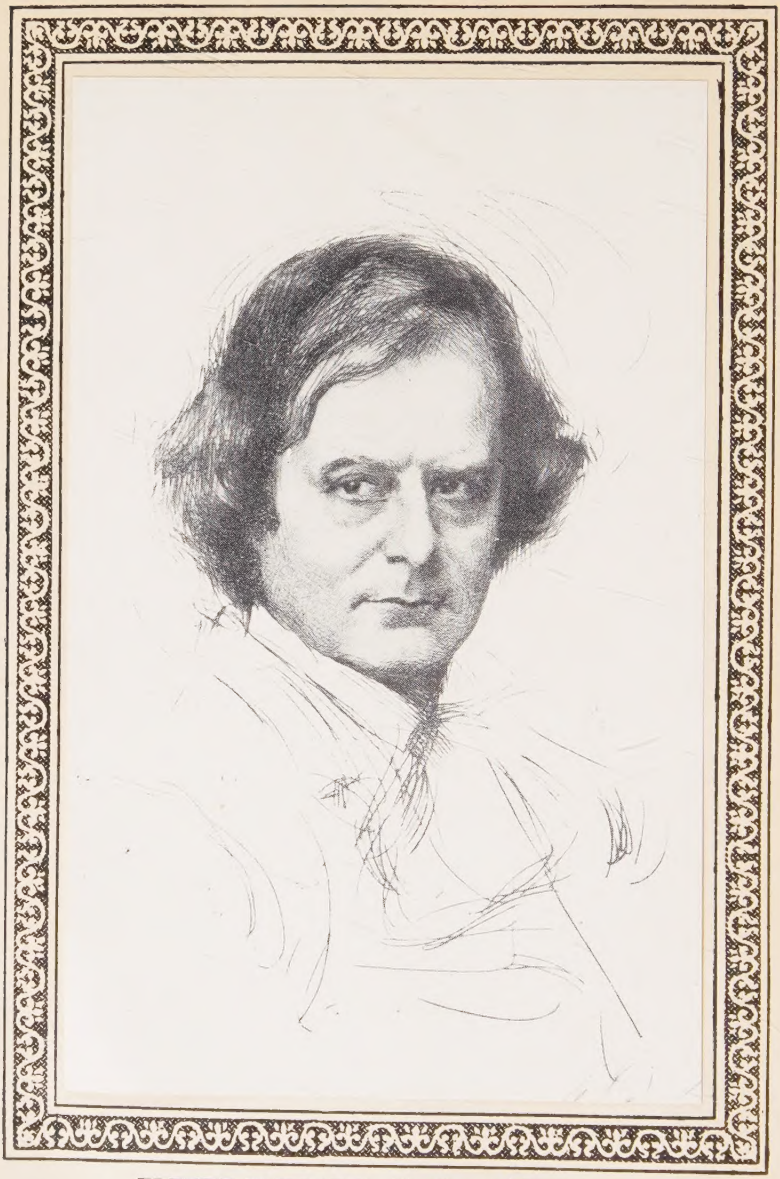

ELBERT HUBBARD—*The Sage of East Aurora*

THE MAN OF SORROWS

SELECTED WRITINGS

OF

Elbert Hubbard

HIS Mintage of Wisdom, coined from a Life of Love, Laughter and Work, lovingly gathered by Elbert Hubbard II and made into Goodly Volumes by The Roycrofters at their Shops, which are at East Aurora, New York, and issued as a

MEMORIAL EDITION

WM. H. WISE & CO., NEW YORK

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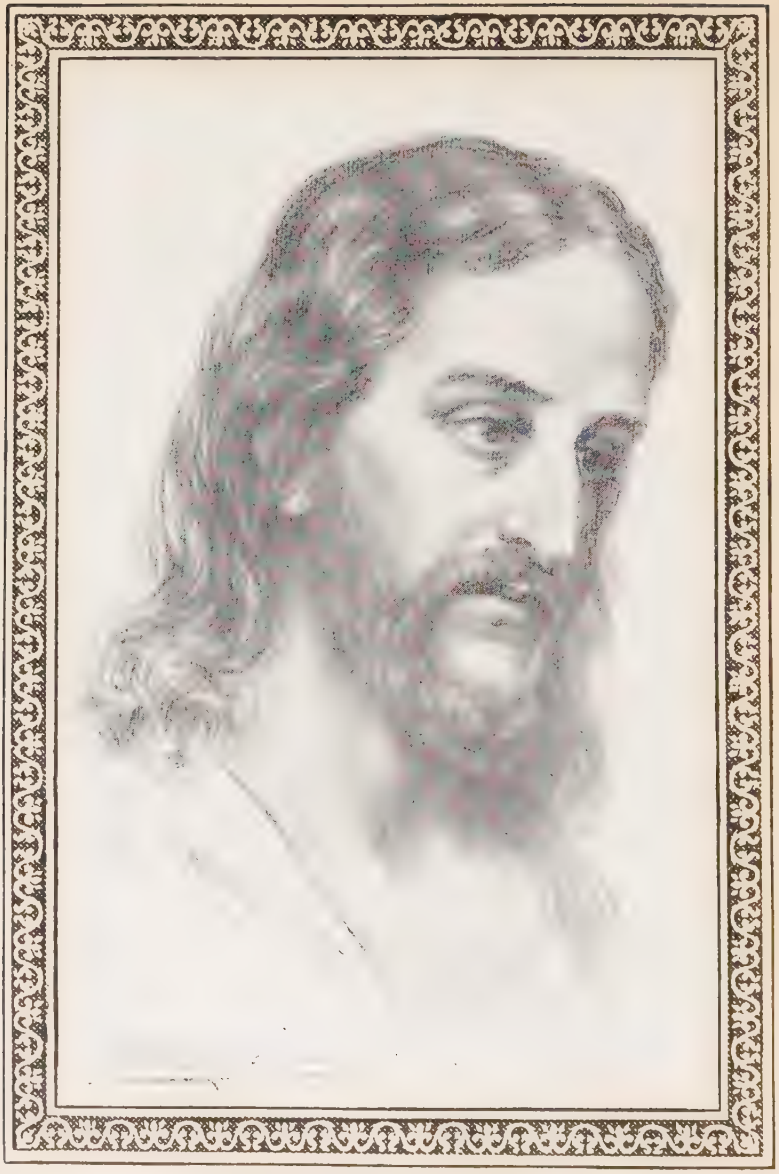
To Him That Was Crucified

MY spirit to yours dear brother, do not mind because many sounding your name do not understand you,
I do not sound your name, but I understand you,
I specify you with joy O my comrade to salute you, and to salute those who are with you, before and since, and those to come also,
That we all labor together transmitting the same charge and succession,
We few equals indifferent of lands, indifferent of times,
We, enclosers of all continents, all castes, allowers of all theologies,
Compassionaters, perceivers, rapport of men,
We walk silent among disputes and assertions, but reject not the disputers nor any thing that is asserted,
We hear the bawling and din, we are reach'd at by divisions, jealousies, recriminations on every side,
They close peremptorily upon us to surround us, my comrade,
Yet we walk upheld, free, the whole earth over, journeying up and down till we make our ineffaceable mark upon time and the diverse eras,
Till we saturate time and eras, that the men and women of races, ages to come, may prove brethren and lovers as we are.

—*Walt Whitman*



THE CHRIST—*The Man of Sorrows*

The Man of Sorrows

THE sincere attempt here made to limn the times and life of the Man of Sorrows is founded on history. And history is a branch of the science of Sociology. Of miracle Sociology knows naught, any more than does modern jurisprudence—the miraculous would not now be admitted as evidence in any court in Christendom. The test of innocence is no longer to walk on red-hot iron, and the admissions of a witch or one possessed by devils are referred to the trained nurse or pathologist

We seek the truth, and in so doing we believe we best honor ourselves and our Maker. History has nothing to do with miracle, any more than has geology or astronomy or chemistry, and from these the supernatural has been forever barred and banished. No miracle has ever been proved—they all come to us at second hand, by people who saw people who said they saw people who saw them. By no modern rules of evidence can miracles be even considered where truth and justice are sought. The miraculous indeed strikes at the integrity of Nature. To admit that a Supreme Being might interfere with chemical law would render science vain and learning a delusion and folly.

Biology and history know nothing of "the fall of man." So far as we know, the race has risen constantly in general well-being and intelligence. Man has fallen upward.

When Napoleon ironically asked, "What is history but a lie agreed upon?" he had in mind that peculiar form of history which believed "there is a divinity which doth hedge a king," and which has always been written with the intent to uphold some man or institution. And for this defense was the writer of such history paid.

The men who yet uphold the miraculous are those who gain a

livelihood by so doing. Charles Bradlaugh forever forced the admission upon the courts of the civilized world that the affirmation of a man who does not believe in the miraculous is just as valuable as the oath of one who does.

The recompense of the historian is the approval of his Inmost Self that he has endeavored to express the truth. The reward for a good deed is to have done it.

Yet absolute historical truth is, perhaps, impossible. Truth is a point of view. And so truth can not be final nor absolute nor binding upon all. The author of this sketch claims nothing beyond the fact that for himself he has, in degree, expressed the truth.

¶ The task of the scientist is to construct the skeleton of a mastodon from the fragment of a bone: and the task of the historian is to take the scattered fragments of record, legend, song, myth and fable, and give us an accurate, vivid picture of a passing procession. The historian is one who resurrects the past and makes those long dead live again. The history of a country is after all the biography of her great men, and the history of Palestine—we might say of the entire Christian world—forever swings, like planets 'round a central sun, about the memory of the Man of Sorrows.

References such as that of a miraculous star that appeared in the East and guided certain wise men to the stable where the young child lay, need not now be considered seriously. The star was conjured forth by an astrologer, and not by an astronomer. Since Copernicus put the astrologers out of the society of astronomers, stories of vagrant stars, seen by a few, or " sent as a sign," have no place in science. When men believed that stars were God's jewels, hung in the heavens by angels to amaze men and magnify God's power in their sight, such stories were not unusual. Even yet they surely have a place in that great museum of strange and curious things in which men, in civilization's dawn, have implicitly believed. Belief or disbelief in

dryads, naiads, witches, ghosts, devils, angels, gnomes, fairies, men with one parent, and women with none, will not fix for us our place in eternity, and should not in society here and now. Vagrant stars would do violence to astronomy; the laws of the Universe, unfailing, unchanging, are the true miracle, and not their capricious undoing to suit trivial circumstances. The theology of the past, which admitted the miraculous, limited God's power, in that it made Him subject to anger, whim, mood, notion and caprice. He changeth not, and in Him there is no variableness nor shadow of turning.

The town of Nazareth where Jesus grew up to manhood has now about four thousand people. At that time it had, probably, but half this number. It is situated in a beautiful and fertile valley in Galilee in the northern part of Palestine. There are great towering mountains above and beyond, green at the base, and growing rocky and rugged as you ascend. In this vicinity was the home of the Shulamite maiden, of whom Solomon sung. Solomon gives us glimpses of this beautiful valley—the pomegranates and the figs, the maize and the melons, the swaying cornflowers, the many-hued morning-glories that clambered over the simple cottages, the shepherds and their flocks, the kine on the hills, and the goats that leaped from rock to rock.

Much of the country has now grown arid, and as the years have passed, Islam has left it desolate. The giant cedars of Lebanon, that once towered toward the sun and tossed their branches in defiance to the storm, are gone, but even yet the gardens in the Springtime are fresh and green, and the foothills above the town and the valleys below laugh in glee with their carpet of flowers. On the west is Mount Carmel, which lifts a jagged front against the sky, like a great stone face; and in the early morning when the wind blows in with messages from the sea, great white clouds of mist reel and roll up the mountain-side like drunken giants. Down the valley one catches glimpses of Endor, where

once lived a terrible witch; beyond is Mount Tabor; to the north is Mount Hermon, rich in story and legend. To the south lies the desert of Judea, desolate and wind-swept, and the rocky road that winds in and out among the barren sands, loses itself like a thread, on to Jerusalem, two days' journey, or sixty miles away. Above the town on the little plateau sleeps Mary, the mother of Jesus; in a near-by tomb rests the dust of Joseph, the honest carpenter, his foster-father, side by side with thousands of simple Nazarenes who to us are nameless. The square little stone houses, mostly of one room, are thereabouts as they were two thousand years ago—the same narrow streets, the winding alleys where the brown, barefoot children frolic, just as when the little son of Mary played and romped, or wandered over the grassy slopes, climbed the rugged rocks, or waded in the little stream that the freshets of Summer transformed, to the delight of the children, into a rushing torrent.

In Nazareth there is no court of fashion, no famed schools where scholars teach, no wealth nor flaunting equipage. The synagogue is only a barren stone structure, devoid of ornament, somewhat larger than the largest of the houses.

The poverty of the place, however, is more apparent than real, for this, we must remember, is a land where little is needed. Here there is no struggle to maintain life, nor is there strife for place and power. The Winter is short and not severe and very much of the time the entire family lives out of doors. The women grind their corn at the mills, milk their goats, tend their gardens, look after the climbing trumpet-flowers, and carry their tall jugs to the public well. The men work at weaving, at simple blacksmithing, carpentering; mend the stone walls, and now and then help in the construction of a new house, built just like the rest. There is plenty, for wants are few, and in the evening, old men sit on the benches of stone and gravely talk.

Around the memories of men of power, who write their names

large on history's page, myth and legend weave their garlands in the endeavor to add luster to the fame that does not need their aid, and " seven towns struggle for the honor of being their birthplace."

The legend that Jesus was born at Bethlehem evolved into being many years after his death. David was born in this Judean village, and the prophecy that when he was reincarnated he would again be born there, was made by the Prophet Micah. ¶ The " taxing " mentioned occurred ten years after the death of Herod, and both Matthew and Luke state that the birth of Jesus took place during the reign of Herod. Besides, in going to Jerusalem, Joseph and Mary must pass out of their way to reach Bethlehem—this town being directly south of Jerusalem, while Nazareth is directly north. In any event, the mere locality of a man's birth is not vital, and counts for little. All agree that the stay at Bethlehem was very short, and that Nazareth was the childhood home of Jesus. During his life, and long afterward, he was spoken of as " the Nazarene."

The Romans never issued any order to kill all children under two years old. Such an order at the time of Christ would have been as absurd as if issued now in Canada. The Romans at the time Christ was born were sticklers for law; neither Herod, nor any other Roman governor, ever gave an order to kill children under any condition. The myths and legends of this man's birth are trivial, childish and unimportant. The real questions that interest us are: Who was this wonderful and unselfish individual? What did he strive to do? What did he accomplish? ¶ The parents of Jesus were simple, earnest and intelligent people—neither rich nor poor, without titles, position or proud pedigree

Jesus never called himself the " Son of David," and the attempt to make him the pretender to the Jewish throne, by giving him an unbroken pedigree from David, was evidently worked out

by sectarians who did not believe in or had never heard of his miraculous birth.

The line of David had died out centuries before, and most of the men named by Matthew and Luke, as progenitors of Jesus, evidently never had any existence outside of their own lively imaginations. Matthew and Luke do not agree in their records. Mark climbs the genealogical tree to David and there stops, but Luke in his zeal follows the line clear to Adam and then to God, to prove its purity. If Joseph had been the direct heir to the Jewish throne he doubtless would have known it and told of it. In his community he would have been a marked man. Neither the high priests of Jewry, Herod, nor the rulers of Rome knew of any lineal descendants of King David, and none such could have escaped them if they had existed. Besides this, the entire Christian faith is built upon the declaration that Joseph was not a blood-relative of Jesus. According to the record, Joseph was a simple, honest, unpretentious man of middle age. Before Joseph and Mary entered upon their married life, Joseph discovered that Mary was ere long to become a mother. It seems also that Joseph was on the point of putting his wife away, but something in his heart aroused his better nature and he stood by the friendless woman in spite of her disgrace. We have the plain and undisputed record that Joseph denied being the father of Jesus. So we thus have three propositions; One, the declaration that Jesus had but one parent. Two, that Matthew and Luke, who gave a royal line to Joseph, believed that Joseph was the father of Jesus. Three, the claim of Joseph that he was not the father of Jesus, backed up by Mary herself, and the presumption, therefore, that Mary had some unknown lover. From what we know of biology, and by the exercise of our knowledge as rational beings, we are compelled to discard the hypothesis in Number One.

In the light of the disavowal of both Joseph and Mary, and the

uncorroborated claim of royal pedigree, we must also discard Number Two as untenable. This leaves only Number Three with which to deal. And since Mary herself, the mother of Jesus, corroborates Joseph in the statement that Joseph was not the parent, we are forced to assume that the father of her child was an unknown lover of Mary who deserted her at the critical moment, and thus forever forfeited his claim on immortality. ¶ Of all men who have blundered, no man ever blundered more or worse. Oblivion now has swallowed him, where otherwise he might have worn a crown of glory. When confronted and questioned, Mary would not name her lover, but took refuge in the naive statement, "An angel visited me in a dream ''

It is the answer that loving woman has given since time began. No sweeter and more touching reply was ever given by motherhood when attacked by coarse, leering brutality: "An angel visited me in a dream." Beyond this she would not speak. To her the matter was sacred, and the hearts of all good men and women, everywhere, must go out to her in love and sympathy. No judge, no jury, no lawyer can, in the face of the facts, say anything else than this: " We do not know who was the father of Jesus." However, the word " illegitimate " is not in God's vocabulary; but if its use is ever admissible, it should be applied wholly to the defective, the incompetent, the degenerate, the noncogitabund, and never to the brave, the beautiful, the radiant, the unselfish and the intelligent. Says Ernst Haeckel: " The dogma of the immaculate conception seems, perhaps, to be less audacious and significant than the dogma of the infallibility of the pope. Yet not only the Roman hierarchy, but even some of the orthodox Protestants (the Evangelical Alliance, for instance) attach great importance to this thesis. What is known as the ' immaculate oath '—that is, the confirmation of faith by an oath taken on the immaculate conception of Mary—is still regarded by millions of Christians as a sacred obligation. Com-

parative and critical theology has recently shown that this myth has no greater claim to originality than most of the other stories in the Christian mythology; it has been borrowed from older religions, especially Buddhism. Similar myths were widely circulated in India, Persia, Asia Minor and Greece several centuries before the birth of Christ. Whenever a king's unwedded daughter, or some other maid of high degree, gave birth to a child, the father was always pronounced to be a god or a demigod; in the Christian case it was the Holy Ghost. The special endowments of mind or body which often distinguish these ' children of love ' above the ordinary offspring were thus partly explained by ' heredity.' Distinguished ' sons of God ' of this kind were held in high esteem both in antiquity and during the Middle Ages, while the moral code of modern civilization reproaches them with their want of honorable parentage. This applies even more forcibly to ' daughters of God,' though the poor maidens are just as little to blame for their want of a father. For the rest, every one who is at all familiar with the beautiful mythology of classical antiquity is well aware that these sons and daughters of the Greek and Roman gods often approach nearest to the highest ideal of humanity."

Jesus had sisters who grew up and were married at Nazareth. He also had brothers. For them he seems to have had but little regard—family ties were nothing to him. Like all men over whose birth there is a cloud, he recognized only the kinship of the spirit. So we hear of his asking almost contemptuously, " Who is my brother? " He had two cousins, sons of Mary Cleopas, sister of his mother, who were very much attached to him, and called themselves " the brothers of our Lord." His earnest, thoughtful ways set him apart from the rest, and he was regarded as strange and different. They did not understand him—they could not—and evidently had little faith in his unusual, strange and peculiar ways.

The word Galilee means "mixed." It was evidently so used because of the extremely varied population which inhabited the province ❧ ❧

There were Egyptians, Syrians, Greeks and Jews—the latter being somewhat in the majority. Many were reckoned as Jews who had simply married into Jewish families; for a Gentile to become a Jew, no particular rite was required. The assumption is that Jesus was a Jew by birth, yet of Mary's genealogy we know nothing, and we are also ignorant, of course, of the unknown father of Jesus. That Jesus did not have the fixed and idolatrous regard for the Jewish Laws that the orthodox Jew had, we know full well. He quite often disregarded the laws openly, and encouraged his disciples to do the same, spurning the old rules, and giving them commandments of his own for their guidance. Joseph treated the boy as his own, kindly and gently, and brought him up to be useful; to wait on himself; to respect his elders, and to do good work. He learned the carpenter's trade, which then included that of the stone-mason, working side by side with Joseph. Doubtless Jesus was also a pupil at the village school taught by the "hazzan," or school-master, who was really the janitor of the synagogue, which served both as schoolhouse and temple. The children were taught to read by reciting in concert, repeating over and over again the same thing. This method of teaching was in general operation, even in America, up to within a comparatively few years ago. This bright, active, impressionable and serious-minded boy learned by hearing the older ones recite; by listening to Joseph and the neighbors as they sat and discussed the Law and the Prophets after the day's work was done; from the chance visitors who came along at times; and from the pedlers who carried their curious wares and trinkets for the women-folk.

Nazareth was not a pagan town like Cæsarea, where the Roman politicians lived and Greek learning had taken root. Evidently

Jesus knew nothing of Greek culture, but he did know something of Buddhism. Where he got this knowledge we do not know—it is probable that he evolved it, for ideas are in the air, and belong to all who can appropriate them; or some traveler might have let fall the seeds by the wayside.

In towns like Nazareth there was no caste—all one person knew belonged to the rest. The conversation was full and free. And that this boy with his thoughtful ways and his thirst to know, and all of his fine energy, absorbed ideas on every hand, there is no doubt. He knew all that the best in the place knew, and all he himself knew besides. Like all country boys he was familiar with the birds of the air, the lilies of the field, and the foxes that made their holes beneath the rocks.

The lake, exaggeratedly called the Sea of Galilee, twelve miles long and seven wide, was only a few miles away, and there he used to go with his companions to fish; so the various processes of fishing and the handling of boats were to him quite familiar. He grew to be very fond of these fisherfolk who lived along the Lake. They were strong, hardy, companionable men with the dash of the hero in them.

Jesus was not an educated person in our sense of the word and this is most fortunate. Learning tames and dilutes a man; he grows to reverence authorities and things that are dead, and so he gradually loses his own God-given heritage of self-reliance. A reformer must of a necessity be more or less ignorant. In fact, the finest nobility is only possible in a man who has never had a teacher—who acknowledges no authority but the God within.

As a general proposition, ignorance and isolation are both necessary in the equipment of the supremely great who are to mold the minds of men and break up the firm ankylosis of social habit, fixed thought and ossified custom. Learning hesitates and defers, but ignorance is bold. Originality is not a thing that

is fostered by the schools—a statement that requires no proof. ¶ Some of the words of Jesus are paraphrases from Buddha Siddhartha, but these were old maxims, floating free, known in all countries, and repeated from mouth to mouth by men of a certain temperament.

A Jewish rabbi by the name of Hillel had, some years before, uttered aphorisms much like those which Jesus repeated; and Philo Judæus, a most earnest young Jewish philosopher, had spoken words of love and tenderness in similar speech. But there is no reason to believe that Jesus ever knew of Buddha, Hillel or Philo, save as the wisdom of these thinkers had passed into the current coin of thought. Strong men of similar type, placed in certain circumstances, will come to similar conclusions. On truth there is no copyright.

With the Hebrew Prophets Jesus very early became familiar by hearing them read in the Synagogue, and in fact it was in reciting from the Prophets that he learned to read. Isaiah was especially interesting to him. The Book of Daniel and the account of the Captivity of the Jews by Nebuchadnezzar impressed him greatly. He read with vivid interest the story of those earnest young Hebrews who trod in safety the fiery furnace, and of Daniel in the lion's den. The wild wailing and the torrent of pathetic eloquence of Jeremiah shook his boyish frame. The splendid dreams for the future, and the hot invective toward those who blocked the way to the realization of the Jewish Utopia, filled his heart. Jesus read and re-read the visions of Enoch, and the prophecies of a coming Messiah took a firm hold upon his impressionable nature. He read of how political revolutions were to occur, nation would rise against nation, family against family, and at last the Messiah was to unite the faithful and lead them out of their poverty and woes, out from the captivity of their enemies, bringing them into peace, prosperity and plenty.

Jesus knew of Cæsar, but beyond this, Roman history was to

him a blank. He knew nothing of the peace Augustus had brought about, but supposed the nations of the earth had little occupation beyond fighting one another. He believed that political power was for persecution; that governments were simply institutions for undoing the people; that taxation was robbery; and that the rich were lecherous gourmands, devoid of pity and dead to shame, a dangerous, selfish class whose amusement was oppression ❧ ❧

His own people were very lowly; all of his friends and companions were simple people; the fisherfolk he occasionally visited were poor. Poverty grew to him to be a sort of virtue, and wealth a crime. The fierce imprecations of Isaiah toward the false priests, michers, lawyers and skulking hypocrites found easy lodgment in his heart, and to be rich and a hypocrite were to him synonymous. Even at the early age of twelve we find he was so self-reliant in his thinking, so fearless of opposition, so indifferent to precedent, that on a trip to Jerusalem with his parents, he forgot the booths and bazaars, the music and processions, and going into the Temple, engaged the learned, gray-haired Doctors in earnest theological dispute, very much, likely, to their astonishment, if not amusement.

The feeling of sublimity was early developed in Jesus, a soaring sense of expansion and power. There are very many who go through life and never know anything of this higher existence, when the heavens appear to open and truth comes to us without the medium of books and teachers. The love emotions do not have to be taught—they are not imparted—they spring out of our nature when the time is ripe, and we feel and know.

So there is a sense of Divinity that comes to certain men—they feel their kinship with God—the Universal Life flows through them, and they realize they are instruments of Deity. This is what may be termed Natural religion—religion given by Nature —a religion sent from God. It is different from a dogmatic

belief that is explained to us by a man who has thought it all out for us, and who had it explained to him by some one else. That quality of the mind which constructs creeds, argues fine points, and logically proves or syllogistically disposes, will spread its own withering aridity and dry up the fountain of the soul. Spirituality is seldom the possession of those who profess it, and culture ever eludes those who stealthily pursue her as a business ❧ ❧

Suppose lovers were required to explain why they love and believe in each other—could they do it?

Natural religion is a matter of the heart: a great welling emotion of love and gratitude—an overwhelming desire to give, benefit and bless mankind. Man-made religion is a question of theology —a matter of the head—and has fear as its base, not faith. Theology is a clutch for power; but love is a desire to give, benefit and bless.

This high sense of kinship with the Divine came to Jesus at adolescence. No doubt the children of the street informed him concerning the peculiarities of his birth, for a little town, of Oriental cast, especially, is only a big family, and everybody knows everybody else's history in minutest detail. Jesus had, while but a child, asked his mother about his birth, and she had satisfied him with the very natural explanation, "You are the son of God." This calm, serious youth with the big, open, wondering eyes had not forgotten the remark—he had repeated it to other children on the street and repeated it to himself. Some of the children had laughed, and others had gone home and told their parents, and as Jesus grew older he held himself aloof from the rest somewhat moodily. He possessed great pride, and his fine intellect of itself set him apart from the swarms of Syrian youngsters who frolicked and fought in the gutters of sleepy old Nazareth.

At the Synagogue he could read before any of his playmates

could—he could read alone, while the other children had to read in concert or not at all. There were no priests in these village Synagogues, simply the hazzan or caretaker and the readers. These readers were volunteers and were not paid anything for their services.

By a sort of natural selection, however, the man of intellect and purpose gravitated to the reading-desk, and the hazzan, who had charge of the sacred rolls, would unlock the little closet where these precious documents were kept, and hand to the reader the book desired for that particular service. Very early in life Jesus had acquired the habit of entering the Synagogue on the Sabbath day, and reading aloud to the little company from the scrolls, expounding the Scriptures as he read, and commenting on them.

It is somewhat curious that where children are taught to read by repeating the alphabet in concert and reading aloud together, there are some who really never learn to read at all. People with abnormal memories often have very mediocre intellects. The story-tellers and reciters of the East, and those whom one meets at times in the byways of Europe, very often can not read. Blind people have much better verbal memories than those who can see. To read and write carries with it a penalty—in degree you lose your memory. So in Palestine there were very many who went to school and learned to read in concert, who, when their schooldays were past, never again looked at a book, and soon they were absolutely illiterate, having forgotten all save the few things they had memorized. Hence, the man who kept up his reading practice was the exception, there being no books in these poor villages, save, mayhap, those that the hazzan so jealously guarded. And we can easily imagine that if a person could not read well, the hazzan, feeling the importance and responsibility of his position, would refuse to entrust him with the scrolls. Jesus read remarkably well, because he had intellect,

backed up by a noble and beautiful spirit. Expression is a matter of mind, and the voice is the index of the soul. The person who understands what he reads, and through whom emotion spontaneously plays, has a fine, expressive and vibrant voice. It is tone that tells, not words. Jesus was affected by the tones of the people and often spoke of this, once telling how the sheep knew the voice of the shepherd and came at his call, and how we were moved by the voices of those we loved and in whom we had confidence.

Through this continued habit of reading aloud and expounding the Scriptures, there grew up in the little villages of Cana, Nazareth and Capernaum an increasing regard for the young man, and they addressed him as Rabbi, Teacher or Master. While Jesus was yet a child, Joseph died, and Mary moved with her little brood to Cana, about seven miles away. She had kinsmen in Cana, and she hoped to better her material condition by the change. Mary was evidently a woman of considerable strength of mind and decision. She was the head of the household, and long after Jesus had grown to manhood he was called "the son of Mary." Noble as he was, Jesus did not overshadow the mother who bore him.

Cana was not nearly so pleasantly situated as Nazareth, and was only about half its size. It was at Cana that Jesus first manifested, in a public way, his religious power. This exaltation of spirit is essentially the mark of genius, and it might also be truthfully stated that when carried to an extreme it is the mark of insanity. All sublime poems, great pictures, and marvelous musical compositions have been produced in this mood of uplift and ecstasy. Doubtless most people have spasms of insight, but to hold the mood and utilize it in oratory or any other form of art is the distinguishing symbol of greatness. Those who are uniformly wise are very commonplace. Religious fervor or ecstasy is a secondary sex manifestation; what is known as the

artistic impulse is a variant of the same mood. Both are highly creative, and by their spell other minds are uplifted and vitalized. ¶ The man sees, knows, does, and very often he can not give reasons, or explain how or why. This ecstasy of faith, hope, uplift and sublime strength is highly contagious, and sick people, especially those with nervous disorders, coming under its influence are often made to stand erect, unsupported, leap with joy—and are well. Thoughtful physicians know and admit the wonderful effects of mind upon mind, and of mind over matter. Most physical ills proceed from disordered imagination, and in passing, it may be well to state this fact: Imagination is the most intensely real and actual thing of which we know. The pains and sorrows of the imagination are the only real ones, and all the joys and delights of men are matters of spirit. All appetites, with their attractions and revulsions, are matters of the imagination. The extent to which one highly imaginative individual of sterling purity of purpose and sublime power may benefit the weary, the weak, the depressed, the sorely stricken and the sick, we do not yet know. But the cures and benefits are not miraculous—they are all under some distinct, invariable law which as yet we very imperfectly understand. It is part of the great Unknown.

The belief that the Spirit of God was acting through him came to Jesus as an actual, living fact. He read and re-read the story of Daniel, and he noted how this brave young man kept himself free from defilement by refusing to eat the meat and drink the wine that the pagan king had provided. And he resolved that he, too, would keep his body pure. He would not defile the Temple of the Most High by being led into sensuality and a search for bodily pleasure and gratification.

There is a fine tang in doing without things, in living plainly, sleeping hard and scorning the soft and luxurious.

The ascetic gets his gratification by having spirit rule the flesh, instead of flesh ruling spirit. In his moods of fervor Jesus felt

that indeed he was the Son of God. All people who can catch a glimpse into this higher life of the spirit come to this conclusion, that all is One. There is only one Source of Life and we are all partakers of it. Yet there are many degrees of life, and we hear of Jesus urging his followers to have " life in abundance." We are all Sons of God, and we come close to our Father as we seek to ascertain and do His bidding. When we truly pray, " Thy will be done," then we are bringing about a heaven now—His Kingdom upon Earth. This desire to do the will of God became the controlling impulse in the life of Jesus—he would live humbly, truthfully and earnestly, and being in communication with God, he would get his instruction directly from Him and not through the Jewish Law. He thought of God actually as his Father, and as a loving father would lead, instruct and direct his child, so would God lead and direct him.

The Kingdom must be gained, not by making war on the established order, but by accepting it, paying taxes to Cæsar, making the best of outward environment by submitting to it, and then conquering through this sublime ecstasy of the soul that raises one clear above the dross of earth and the rust and dust of time. " Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth." The continued habit of pure thinking and simple living brings a reward beyond the value of gold, lands and barns. And this wealth of the soul endures. He had felt the richness of the loving heart that asks for nothing, wants nothing, envies no man, that never resents, which accepts all—sublimely rich and satisfied in doing the will of God!

" The Kingdom of God is within you," he said. The Prophets had continually told of a Messiah who would come and lead the Jews out of the rule of the pagans and unite them in a great, happy and prosperous family. It came to Jesus with a thrill and a throb that he himself might be this Messiah! But the more he thought of an earthly kingdom—a place where the Jews might

be gathered together—the more impossible it seemed to bring such a matter about.

The first attempt would lead straight to an armed resistance on the part of the established order—the priests, scribes, publicans and all the other officers of the Government. He therefore easily came to the very sensible conclusion that the Kingdom of God was a matter of the spirit. Again and again he says, " Blessed are the pure in heart."

Jesus reverenced and had faith in his inmost convictions, because he believed these came directly from God. He believed that if he were absolutely honest, simple, direct and unselfish in his thoughts and acts, speaking as his Father directed, then indeed would he reflect the will of God, and bring about the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth. Thus would he be the long-looked-for Messiah

In general intent the idea of Jesus was expressed by Confucius, five hundred years before, when he said, " Be free from desire, lust, greed and wrath; be tranquil, unaffected by pain or pleasure, praise or censure, honor or dishonor; be moderate; treat friend and foe alike; utter only such speech as shall cause no sorrow; be true, agreeable, beneficent, and you shall govern the world."

Contemporaneous with Confucius there lived Gautama, who expressed practically the same truths in the " Eight-Fold Path of Peace." The plea was for cleanliness, kindness, sobriety, purity, cheerfulness and right intent, and the belief was that these things would lead to a happy reincarnation and at last to blessed Nirvana

When Jesus came to believe that the firm character of Daniel came from his absolute reliance on God; that freedom to every man arrives when he deserves it; and that the Kingdom of God was not in the far-off future, but here and now, if we would only cease striving and become as little children, and enter in, a great load was lifted from his heart. It was n't a matter of strife and

struggle—no, it was just letting go, living lightly, easily, naturally, in faith and love, confidence and hope.

A great light had come to him—he would overcome through affection and not through resistance. "Resist not evil"—he would conquer by yielding—violence begets violence, force begets force, and love begets love. In his soul he felt a great and abiding peace, and this peace was tokened in his gentleness, his sweetly modulated voice; and the light that illumined his soul shone out eloquently through his calm and lustrous eyes. He wanted nothing, and to want nothing is to possess all. If we want nothing and have nothing that others can take away from us, we are unafraid. Perfect love casteth out fear.

At this time Jesus had no disciples, and had founded no sect or school. He moved in and out among the people freely—he talked little, but his silence was eloquent. The loungers, awed, moved out of his way as he passed, but the children, recognizing in him one in whom there was neither fear nor reason for fear, clung to his hands and robe and came and seated themselves on his knees while he sat. This sweetness, gentleness and strength, especially appealed to women. Women are instinctively on their guard against the selfish, gluttonous man. But the self-contained man who makes no demands upon them; who in degree is indifferent to them; who can do without them; who is without passion, having mastered passion, and therefore is not passion's slave, such a one always attracts women before he attracts men. All good women seek the man they can trust—one in whom they can believe.

And so through the winning gentleness of Jesus, his poise, his unselfishness, his high intellect, there grew up about him a little company who followed him, finding peace in his presence. If he read and spoke in the Synagogue in the morning they would all be present; and if it were known that he was to speak in some neighboring village later in the day, a goodly group of women

and children, and men as well, would follow him. Once we hear of his riding a mule that was supplied by some well-to-do admirer, and the children in playful mood ran ahead and strewed palms in the way, and doubtless the young man smiled upon them kindly. And surely the smile from such a one was reward enough. Jesus had absolutely no sympathy with a paid, professional priesthood. He thought the intermediary quite needless and unnecessary: and worse, it was the sure undoing of the intermediary, for such a one at once began to take honors to himself, and to inwardly say, " I am holier than thou." At Jerusalem he had seen the Pharisees, a sect of the Jews, many of them wealthy and powerful people, pray on public street corners.

This had offended his sense of fitness, and so also had the badges, " phylacteries," and the peculiar dress they wore to show their rank. And so he sought to explain to the people that God was spirit, and not a Governor or Ruler, and we must worship Him in spirit and in truth. That is, the outward worship was not worship at all—this falsehood and this pretended piety were offensive to God. " When ye pray," he said to them, " ye shall not be as the hypocrites: for they love to stand and pray in the Synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father, who is in secret." He did not regard himself alone as the Son of God, but he spoke repeatedly of " thy Father " or " your Father," thus showing his belief in a Universal Fatherhood. In fact, the exclusive Son-of-God idea was not evolved until the faith had been carried to Rome, where great men dead and gone were deified, and the descendants of gods and virgins ruled as Emperors

Physically Jesus was of medium height, slight in form, with light complexion, blue eyes and tawny hair. His power lay in the fact that his body and mind were under almost perfect control.

Usually he talked but little. He was a sympathetic listener—he seemed to give himself to his hearers. This habit of self-control—asking for nothing, giving all—is essentially the symbol of great mental ability. The essence of power lies in reserve. The man who asks for nothing and wants nothing has everything. We need Messiahs now just as much as they did two thousand years ago—and more. Let a man arise who believes in his own divinity; who is filled with the spirit of love; who has the yearning heart and unselfish soul, and men will everywhere flock to his standard. Jesus saw the truth without blinking; he wanted nothing, and had a complete indifference toward social preferment; priestly precedents were to him as naught. He expressed what he believed, not simply what it was expedient to state. Men with a social position to maintain, with political superiors to appease, and a mob of retainers to satisfy, are untruthful of necessity. Simplicity and directness of speech and manner are quite out of their province

At first thought it seems strange that an obscure man, by using all of his faculties—mental and physical—and by being frank, direct, simple, honest and unpretentious, could set himself apart from mankind; but one who has this ability is practically without rivals—he has no competitors.

It must not be thought that Jesus spent all of his time preaching and in going from place to place. His whole life was quiet and free from undue excitement, except those few weeks at the last. He was never more than seventy-five miles from home, and was known, comparatively, to but a few. Most of the time he worked at his trade, often finding diversion in dressing the vines, or helping gather the clusters of grapes in the vineyards that dotted the hillsides, thus assisting his neighbors in their tasks. At other times he would tend the flocks, and at night-time assist in housing the sheep in the stone enclosures so they would be safe against prowling wolves. Preaching, therefore, was quite

incidental to him, although he talked with any or all who showed a desire to know the truth. His life was without worldly ambition. His desire was to serve, and no useful task was alien to him. This life of humility, simplicity and useful effort, of truth and gentleness, he regarded as the Godlike life. "Whosoever would save his life shall lose it: and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it," he said. The man was not wholly indifferent to happiness, but he knew a better way to secure it than to deprive others of it or to clutch, strive and struggle for it. Man's true wants are few and Nature is bountiful; if we love God and seek to do the will of God, we should show it in our attitude toward our neighbors, and all good things will be added unto us

This is a very beautiful religion and if followed out by a majority, would surely redeem the world; and after all our philosophizing, we turn at last for rest to this gentle religion of Jesus, so simple, yet so noble and true—the religion of love and service. Here, only, do we find rest for our souls.

So passed the years in peace and plenty. Jesus was twenty-eight years of age, in the very prime of his early manhood, when the quiet of his life was broken in upon by the actions of a young man by the name of John, whose fame had gone throughout all Palestine. John was the son of Zacharias, a Jewish priest, and was about the same age as Jesus. Their mothers were cousins, and were acquainted before their births, so it is quite likely that the young men, too, knew each other as they grew up. John was born at Hebron, a little town about fifty miles from Nazareth, on the border of the desert. His ideas as to asceticism went clear beyond those of Jesus—he would wander forth into the desert and live alone for days, drinking out of the clefts of the rocks and keeping himself from actual starvation by eating locusts and wild honey. He dressed in skins like a savage, discarding every comfort, and when he came out of his hiding-place and ap-

proached a town, he would call aloud to the people to repent and "flee from the wrath to come." He seemed to be a reincarnation of the Prophet Elijah, dressing like him, acting like him, and talking like him. His prophecies were especially severe on the rich and the politicians, and he seemed to think that the end of the world was about to come, and that, indeed, the Children of Israel were soon to be redeemed from the heavy yoke of oppression and to be brought together to live in peace and unity, free from all bondage.

He himself was not to bring about this great revolution—he was only preparing the way for another who was to come soon, the latchet of whose shoes he was not worthy to unloose. Such evangelists with an excess of zeal are not uncommon; even in our day we have seen a man claiming to be the third incarnation of Elijah. This modern prophet is not exactly an ascetic, but like Elijah the First, he has foretold much evil, and like John, warned men to flee from some mysterious wrath. John was essentially of the Yogi type, and his power and earnestness sent a thrill of terror through the people wherever he went. The Jewish mind was quite prepared for such men as John, having seen others of his kind, and being already filled with the Messianic thought ❧ ❧

Jesus had a peace and poise that John did not possess. However, Jesus was powerfully impressed by him. John called upon the people to repent and to band themselves together, and the symbol of this repentance was baptism by immersion—a public renunciation and a performance that all could see. John had journeyed to within a few miles from where Jesus was then staying, and Jesus hearing of the excitement, and to a degree sympathizing with it, went with several of his comrades to the river Jordan, where John was baptizing.

John did not have a scintilla of that beautiful and gentle religion of Jesus—he was bold, denunciatory, iconoclastic, threatening.

But the people he denounced were the very same people whom Jesus inveighed against—the Scribes, Pharisees and the professional priests and politicians. So it will be seen there was a natural bond of sympathy between John and Jesus, and the difference in their methods and manners was largely a matter of temperament. John, like all evangelists, called upon the hearers to " come forward," and in common with many others present, Jesus accepted the invitation, went forward, and was baptized. Jesus did not think of rivaling John, nor did he assert his superiority—he simply showed that he was in sympathy with the zealot

Yet he did not mix with the disciples of John on an absolute equality; he and his comrades kept aloof and soon went their own way. But John had profoundly impressed Jesus, and we hear of Jesus imitating him, in soon starting on his own account to baptize his converts.

Jesus saw that the plan of baptizing was a good one—it was doing something positive, and could not help giving the candidate a thrill he would long remember. Such a form of initiation has its psychic use with people of moderate intellects—a simple spiritual change of thought and life is not enough — they want to do something positive and pronounced. And we can easily see how immersion would impress the converts in a way that the modern, attenuated manner of baptism by sprinkling would not. The nature of Jesus was essentially feminine—he was sympathetic, impressionable and easily moved towards imitation. Indeed, this is the artistic type of character, and most of us know the feeling of reading a great book and wanting to write one just like it. When preparing a speech, Webster used to read the orations of Cicero to key his mind to the proper pitch, and such a self-reliant man as Robert Browning had a habit of beginning the day by reading Shakespeare, that he might get somewhat into the swing and stride of the master. Jesus now began

to preach and baptize after the manner of John. One was on the eastern bank of the Jordan, the other on the western.

John had gotten along undisturbed while he remained in Judea, as Pilate, the easy-going Roman Procurator, was not inclined to dictate to this people; instead, he allowed them the fullest liberty of expression, as he believed that all excesses tended to cure themselves. But John had now invaded the province ruled by Herod Antipas, a degenerate son of Herod the Great. Antipas was a whimsical and weak man, with an ambitious, robustious, violent and turbulent helpmeet. This woman also had a royal pedigree, and so far as we know she never for a moment forgot it. She had a strong bias for interference—and also a grown-up daughter, Salome by name, born of a former marriage. Salome was the child of her mother.

Many reports had come to Antipas, and his interesting family, of John the Baptist, whose fame was constantly growing. Men were leaving their work, getting ready for the great change that was soon to end the world, with the coming of the Messiah. This of course meant an end to Herod Antipas. Excitement was in the air! Rumor was rife and great uneasiness was apparent.

Personally the Governor was not disturbed as to his own fate, but this religious excitement was taking on a political complexion. We have seen religious movements in America that gave spasms of fear, perhaps not without reason, to statesmen, so called, in Washington. Very seldom, indeed, do religious bodies keep clear of politics—they vote solidly. John inveighed against the existing government—against all governments—and he even went so far as to seriously criticize the domestic relations of his Governor or tetrach ❧ ❧

Herodias had been the wife of Philip, brother of the tetrarch. John condemned this second marriage as indecent, wicked, and contrary to the laws of God, thereby bringing upon his head the vindictive hatred of a revengeful woman who possessed the

power to punish—a proceeding more dangerous than the mere infraction of statutory law. John was as bitter towards Antipas and his consort as Hamlet was towards his mother and her husband, King Claudius.

Now, it came to pass that John the Baptist, the strong, the fearless, the virile, came up out of the wilderness crying in the streets of Jerusalem: " Repent ye! Repent ye! "

Salome heard the call and from her window looked with half-closed, catlike eyes upon the semi-naked, young fanatic. She smiled, did this idle creature of luxury, as she lay there amid the cushions on her couch, and gazed through the casement upon the preacher in the street. Suddenly a thought came to her. She arose on her elbow—she called her slaves. They clothed her in a gaudy gown, dressed her hair and led her forth. Salome followed the wild, weird, religious enthusiast.

She pushed through the crowd and placed herself near the man, so the smell of her body would reach his nostrils. His eyes ranged the swelling lines of her body. Their eyes met. She half-smiled and gave him that look which had snared the soul of many another. But he only gazed at her with passionless, judging intensity and repeated his cry: " Repent ye! Repent ye, for the day is at hand! " Her reply, uttered soft and low, was this: " I would kiss thy lips! " He moved away and she reached to seize his garments, repeating, " I would kiss thy lips—I would kiss thy lips! " He turned aside, and forgot her, as he continued his warning cry, and went his way. The next day she waylaid the youth again: as he came near she suddenly and softly stepped forth and said in that same low, purring voice, " I would kiss thy lips! " He repulsed her with scorn. She threw her arms about him and sought to draw his head down near hers.

He pushed her from him with sinewy hands, sprang as from a pestilence, and was lost in the pressing throng. That night she danced before Herod Antipas, and when the promise was recalled

that she should have anything she wished, she named the head of the only man who had ever turned away from her. " The head of John the Baptist on a charger! "

In an hour the wish was gratified. Two eunuchs stood before Salome with a silver tray bearing its fearsome burden. The woman smiled—a smile of triumph, as she stepped forth with tinkling feet. A look of pride came over the painted face.

Her jeweled fingers reached into the blood-matted hair. She lifted the head aloft, and the bracelets on her brown bare arms fell to her shapely shoulders, making strange music. Her face pressed the face of the dead. In exultation she exclaimed, " I have kissed thy lips! "

Repression is invariably the first ingredient in the recipe for evolution. The biting tongue of John had been silenced, his lips were dumb, his followers scattered, and Jesus, subdued and sorrowful, had returned to his home in Galilee. But he did not long remain silent. His new experiment had tended to broaden his mind, deepen his nature and intensify his thought. The execution of John was a terrible thing—done by government—his hatred for officialism was increased! In all of this tragedy Jesus seemed to foresee the somber symbol of his own undoing. But he was not dismayed. He would live his life—he would speak the truth as he saw it—he would express his inmost self! When he began once more to preach, it was with a confidence and power of expression that was before unknown to him. He talked now to " the multitude," which probably means several hundred people at a time, and in his oratory there was plainly apparent a dash of lofty scorn. Like all men who are led largely by their feelings his words were strangely inconsistent. He spoke in parable. He urged submission to the established order, yet rebuked those in authority. He explained that his kingdom was not of this world, but prophesied peace, now and here, to the souls of such as would follow him. He talked of glad tidings, and yet said that the right-

eous would be persecuted. " Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted," but whether comforted here or hereafter, he is not always sure.

The Old Testament contains no hint of future rewards and punishments—the grave ends all. If man is immortal the Hebrew Prophets did not know it. Jesus believed in a life after death, and urges his followers to lay up treasures for themselves in heaven—that is, in another world, where moth and rust do not corrupt, nor where thieves break through and steal.

Jesus now boldly proclaimed himself the Son of God, and said, " I and the Father are one."

Several of the followers of John had now come to him, and these by their presence and faith, if not in actual words, had inspired him to take up the work of John the Baptist. John had foretold the quick coming of the Messiah, and Jesus was now confident that he himself was the " Son of Man," prophesied by Daniel, who was to come and found a Kingdom and who would judge the world and lead it out of bondage. And by " bondage," Jesus meant the bondage to custom, habit and sin—not bondage to Rome. Yet for Rome he had not a shadow of respect. Jesus had now practically ceased to be a Jew—he had gone beyond that. He called all men to repentance, not the Jews alone, and deliberately placed his own commands above those of the Hebrew Law. He had a way of saying, " They have said unto you in olden time, but I say unto you," thus revealing his implicit belief in himself and his own divine mission.

He now lived at Capernaum, an important village located on the shores of Lake Tiberias. Here he had close personal friends and few carping critics. He had gotten quite out of conceit with the gossiping little hamlet of Nazareth—he had tried to arouse that place, but there he could do no " mighty work on account of the unbelief of the people."

Grave old men had shaken their heads and stroked their beards

as they asked: " Is not this Jesus, the Son of Mary? Why, we knew him when he was a youngster, playing in these alleys and going with the shepherds to bring in the lambs to the fold! " These old men belonged to the great order of " We knew him when! "

And Jesus repeated an old saying, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." At Capernaum he did not find this prejudice that is the result of familiarity. He made his home there with a prosperous and excellent man called Zebedee, and all deference and honor were paid him. Zebedee had two sons, James and John, who especially believed in Jesus and his divine mission and longed to help him bring about this " New Jerusalem " of which they heard.

The mother of these young men also had much faith in Jesus and his mission, as we are told she once secretly requested Jesus to reserve first places in heaven for her two sons—one on his right and one on his left hand—a beautiful and motherly request. This John, the son of Zebedee, was only a youth, but he was impressionable and full of the spirit—gentle and clairvoyant by nature. Jesus became much attached to him, although neither then knew what an important part this John, " the beloved disciple," would play in placing the Gospel before the people of the world. Then there were two other brothers, sons of one Jonas, by name Simon Peter and Andrew. Peter was married and in his family lived his wife's mother, who once was taken very sick, and they sent for Jesus that she might be cured of her illness. These fishermen continued their regular work while Jesus was with them, but we hear of Jesus one day telling them that they had better quit and go with him on an evangelizing tour, and " I will make you fishers of men."

For Peter, especially, Jesus had the greatest admiration. Peter was ten years or more older than Jesus and of a very strong sturdy type. His name meant " the rock," and Jesus was fond

of playing upon the fitness of it. Peter did not have a great amount of intellect or insight; he was impulsive—usually doing his thinking after he had spoken. He was of the motive temperament and a natural leader of the hardy, rough men of his class. Yet even though he had small delicacy of spirit, he had faith, which often answers the purpose of this world better. Jesus lived at the home of Peter part of the time, and used to borrow his boat and preach from it to the people who gathered along the shore. Capernaum, Bethsaida and Magdala were only a little way apart, and at all of these places Jesus had many friends. At Magdala was a woman named Mary, who was known as the Magdalene for the same reason that Jesus was called the Nazarene. This woman was to play quite an important part in his history. Evidently the Magdalene was a woman of much spirit, but of a neurotic temperament. She had suffered long for some nervous disorder, which the simple villagers said came from her " being possessed with devils "—her reputation being of a kind that doubtless made it easy for her neighbors to believe in this devil theory. Jesus was not afraid of having his reputation smirched—he was a friend to the Magdalene.

By his wonderful magnetic presence Jesus sent the " devils " out of her nature, and she became calm, poised and sane.

This territory where Jesus preached, we must remember, was very limited in extent—the entire distance that he traversed being only about fifteen or twenty miles and back. Jesus simply traveled through these simple little villages, where the people supplied their few wants by fishing, growing grapes and tending the flocks. The world of economics, education, science, politics and industry was absolutely unknown to them. There were no post-offices, banks, stores, or enterprises for public transportation; they knew nothing of geography, botany, astronomy, and little of history; the problems of labor and capital were unguessed. They planted little gardens, plucked the ripe fruits, ate the

melons, trod out the grapes for wine, drew their nets, looked after the flocks, and wore their simple, homemade garments. They did no traveling to speak of. They knew nothing of the size of the world, its evolution, nor of the people who inhabited it beyond a scant two-days' journey from their homes. They were children who ate when they were hungry, slept when they were sleepy, and worked a little when they felt like it. They were contented and happy.

The whole of Galilee is now practically a desert waste. For centuries men did not plant trees nor care for them. No effort was made to rotate the crops nor to fertilize the soil. They burned the wood and sought not to replace it, so Nature naturally grew discouraged and ceased to send her rain; the dews no longer formed, and where once were smiling gardens, trees, vines and flowers, there is now, for the most part, only a parched, barren soil and a desolate outlook of broken rocks.

In the time of Jesus one could live for quite a while along the shores of Lake Tiberias, practically without labor, and this is what Jesus and his disciples did. "Be not anxious for the morrow," Jesus said. "Behold the fowls of the air, are they not fed? And for clothing, look at the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!"

This, we would now say, is poor economics, but the disciples did not argue the point. Jesus was enough of a pantheist to believe men are brothers to the lilies and to the birds, and that the Power that cared for these would care for us if we only had faith: "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye can not serve God and mammon. Therefore I say unto you, Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than the food, and the body than the raiment?

Behold the birds of the heavens, that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not ye of much more value than they? And which of you by being anxious can add one cubit unto the measure of his life? ❧ ❧

"And why are ye anxious concerning raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. But if God doth so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Be not therefore anxious, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? For all these things do the Gentiles seek; for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first His kingdom and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Be not therefore anxious for the morrow: for the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Jesus would seat himself on the hillside and thus talk to those gathered near. They were all quite satisfied—was not this enough? Why should they not thus be happy always? The kingdom of heaven was at hand. Everything they needed was theirs, and like the Prophet of Concord, they owned the landscape. They helped themselves to corn on the Sabbath day as they passed through the fields—all days were good! The only thing that we should hunger and thirst after is righteousness, and if we really do hunger for it we shall be filled. The way to inherit the earth was not to sweat, work and toil for it, but simply be meek. If we desire mercy, we must be merciful; and if we are pure in heart we shall have the great happiness to see God. Then, after all, if we are persecuted, why, so much the better, for as reward for enduring the persecution, we shall be partakers in the kingdom of heaven. In playful mood he referred to the disciples as the sheep of his

pasture. It was a very happy period—this out-of-door life, with the grand comradeship of faithful friends—mountain, plain, valley, trees, birds, fowls and flowers as symbols for spiritual things. Men alone could not enjoy this life, but there were women, and this mingling of the male and female minds in joyous abandon produced a fine intoxication; and the lofty and delicate asceticism of Jesus lifted the whole atmosphere out of the sensual into the sensuous ❧ ❧

If Jesus was not able actually to procure and produce grand mansions, jewels and all the soft luxuries of the rich, he could at least inspire his disciples with a disdain and an indifference for such things. It seems a lapse in logic to offer as a reward in heaven the very things that his disciples affected to despise on earth, but such inconsistencies always go with simple minds, that make a virtue of necessity. Ill-gotten wealth is surely not to be desired, but rags are no recommendation, and poverty is of itself no passport to paradise, even though a rich man's wealth might keep him out. Lazarus, so far as we know, had nothing to recommend him beyond the fact that he was a beggar; and so far as we know, there was nothing against Dives but the fact that he was rich.

Then we hear of some peculiar political economy in reference to a certain steward who canceled the obligations of the debtors of his employer, without the employer's consent. Also, there are prayers asking that we may be forgiven our debts without payment. Such a philosophy could be attractive only to very poor and very childish people. Civilization demands that men shall face their obligations, and surely we do not want to be forgiven our debts—we pray rather that we may have the ability to pay them, and this prayer, moreover, is expressed by work and action much more than in words.

The admonition, too, as to bestowing alms and selling all one has and giving the money to the poor, we recognize now as unscien-

tific sociology. To sell goods simply to get the money to give away is not the method of an economist—goods may be worth more than money. To follow the advice would pauperize the rich and not benefit the poor. Every good thing in life must be earned. And if the wealth of the world were turned over to the poor, they themselves would have to give it away, or else be barred out of paradise.

And then if wealth is a bad thing on earth, why is it a good thing in heaven? Why should man toil and sweat, dig and delve, deny himself bodily comfort and pleasure that he may inherit a "mansion in the skies," and enjoy for an endless eternity the luxurious idleness that is condemned on earth as selfish and wrong?

These things are noted here not by way of criticism concerning a philosophy that glorifies poverty and execrates wealth, but simply to call attention to the fact that such preaching would appeal only to very poor and lowly people, those of the child-mind. Jesus was certainly not as ignorant as the average man in his audience, but an audience of ignorant people never will get an address that ranks uniformly high. In talking at jails and to people in prison, I have always found myself congratulating the prisoners on their condition and making pleasant references to the rogues who have not been caught. Oratory is always a collaboration between the speaker and the hearer, and in large degree the pew keys the discourse of the pulpit.

Jesus was certainly possessed of a very pure and lofty philosophy —the philosophy of love and service—but when he advocates quitting work, ceasing thrift, and the indulgence in sharp practice and violence towards the rich; when he places a premium upon poverty, and favors mendicancy as a legitimate business; we see in it all simply a reflection of the extreme crudity of the times.

¶ At the annual Feast of the Passover at Jerusalem, there was a great gathering of the Jews from all over Palestine. Jesus had

made several pilgrimages—how many we do not know—but now in his thirty-first year, we find him, with his little band of Galilean supporters, setting out for the Holy City. They could arrive there in three days, walking leisurely.

Just what caused Jesus to go at this time we do not know, since he surely had very little sympathy with the cold Jewish formulas that served as an excuse for bringing the throng together.

Possibly he wanted to convince the Galileans that he was still a Jew in spirit; or perhaps he thought it was time to strike a blow right at the heart of the cold sectarian practices that made clean the outside of the platter, but left the inmost hearts of many full of extortion and excess.

It is quite likely that the followers wanted excitement; they had grown tired of the ideal life that only dreams and rhapsodizes—they were Orientals, and the sweaty smell of the mob, the bells, the music, the gongs and songs and cries of the market-place were attractive to them.

In Jerusalem they could hire a room for a small sum and all huddle into it at night, and in the morning they would get food at the tents which supplied the wayfarer, and then all day long, like the true rustics that they were, they could wander, open-mouthed, and enjoy the sights of this great Celestial Midway. Camp-meetings are attractive places and have their social and psychic use ❧ ❧

The Temple itself interested Jesus more than all else. It was a great, stretching, white stone building, with porches and large pillars that ran clear around it. It was really the capitol, for the easy-going Romans allowed the Jews to carry on their own ecclesiastic government, up to certain limits, undisturbed. This Temple was courtroom, assembly and business-place combined.

¶ In the porches animals and fowls were sold for sacrifice, and for food as well. The money-changers were in evidence, and everywhere the whole place bore the bustle and boom of business.

¶ The Temple had been built by Herod the Great at much expense so as to please and placate the Jews over whom he ruled ☙ ☙

The fact that it was built by the Romans after their own particular style of architecture was doubtless one cause of the prejudice that Jesus seems to have felt towards it.

Besides the commercial air of the Temple, it was a place of contention, argument and dispute. The learned men here met and made plain the difference 'twixt tweedledee and tweedledum. Education at Jerusalem was nothing but the empty science of scholastics ☙ ☙

The study of the Law was pushed to the point of absurdity, and the topic of how chickens should be killed so as to make the most acceptable sacrifice to God was wrangled out with citations, precedents and references at great length. Fanaticism, hate, bitterness and pedantry grew like jimson-weeds out of a soil where swine have been fattened. And like all purely theological learning, the ones who could follow abstrusities and absurdities furthest, took to their vain and empty hearts much credit for their fatuous and futile performances.

The very things that drove love, gentleness, truth and pity from their hearts were the things upon which they most plumed and prided themselves. In these learned theological wrangles the humanities had small place.

Jesus plainly says that to make a profession of a beautiful sentiment is to degrade it into the mire. Love as a business gives us moral degradation; and the worship of our Creator as a profession produces pride, pretense and pompous hypocrisy.

Well has it been said by Edward Everett Hale that you will find God everywhere and anywhere but in a theological seminary.

¶ The controlling desire of Jesus was to do the will of his Heavenly Father, to worship Him in spirit and in truth, and here was only a perversion of all that he held most dear. Sim-

plicity, gentleness, unselfishness, kindness, love and truth—these were unknown.

And no doubt he was further stung by the indifferent treatment that he himself had received. He was a man, and a man of pride; he had grown used to a certain amount of deference: when he spoke in Galilee others had listened but here he was swallowed up in a bellowing crowd.

His companions were laughed at, and all of them, dust-stained, rude and rustic, supplied diversion for the onlookers. The inhabitants of Galilee were regarded by the Jews of Jerusalem as a mixed race: they spoke a peculiar dialect that often caused much amusement, and we hear of how once the brogue of Peter made his birthplace plainly evident, to his great discomfort, danger and annoyance.

Only Jews were allowed to go into the Temple: warning placards forbade, and the door-keepers were free with their challenges. It is quite likely that these priests had openly affronted the Galileans ❧ ❧

Jesus had seen before, all this scramble and disorder that called itself religion, but now he had grown in purpose and spirit. In a moment of revulsion, he took a scourge of cords, and making a dash at the keepers of the booths and the money-changers, who were calling and crying their business, he forced them from their places in the porch, calling to them in wrath, " Ye have made this place a den of robbers! "

This was certainly contrary to the general attitude of Jesus, who had been preaching the religion of humility and non-resistance; but he was a man of stubborn courage, and the old Adam got the better of his judgment, for the moment, and he drove them out in terror. It is probable that within the hour all were back, crying their wares, quite forgetful of the disturbance made by the fanatical and mysterious stranger.

Whether it was on this trip that Jesus met Mark and Luke, who

lived at Jerusalem, and Judas, who came from the south of Jerusalem, and welcomed them into the little company, we do not know: the chronology is much mixed, and just when a particular event occurred we are not able to say. Uncorroborated history is always received with doubt—the writer may have been mistaken or prejudiced.

The moral teachings and self-evident truths of the four Gospels are all that can be relied upon, for in the period immediately following the time of Jesus there were hundreds of gospels and creeds, each purporting to be the only true and authentic version.

¶ At the Nicene Council, in the year Three Hundred Twenty-five, the assembled bishops, after much argument, decided by ballot just which books were the inspired words of God, and settled on those Gospels which were written in Greek, the language of the fashionable circles of Jerusalem, while the immediate followers of Jesus were uneducated Hebrews.

Evidently at this time Jesus had not made the acquaintance of that interesting little family at Bethany, three miles beyond the walls, where he afterwards made his home.

All he had seen in Jerusalem saddened and depressed him. The coldness of the priests, the indifference of the people, the clutch for place and power on one side, and dense stupidity on the other, filled his heart with sadness. The Jews had even refused to give him a hearing at Jerusalem, so busy were they with their own sordid plots and plans. He declared to his disciples that such a state could not endure: God would soon destroy it all, and not one stone would be left upon another of this gorgeous Temple, that was quite as much pagan as Judean.

And the little company started back home, to Galilee, disappointed, silent and subdued, for fairs are always disappointing, since they tire us out.

The division of Palestine known as Samaria lay between Judea and Galilee. The Samaritans were regarded as heathen by most

of the orthodox Jews, and they were accordingly shunned and despised by their narrow-minded Hebrew neighbors.

When Jesus and his followers reached Samaria, and had passed beyond the dust and heat and the caravans of the Judean desert, good-cheer gradually returned to them. Once more were they among friends.

In a majority of these scattered villages Jesus had acquaintances. To these he returned, and having memory of the exclusive and insulting placards in the Temple at Jerusalem that forbade any but Jews to enter, he now proclaimed that he had not come to save the Jews alone, but the whole world. " I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

He broke down all lines of caste utterly, and purposely and openly visited with the outcasts of society. This love for the common people had become the distinguishing feature of his preaching; he welcomed the sick, the weak, the depraved, those " possessed of devils." In that day there was no public plan of caring for mental defectives or the insane: they roamed abroad at will, and often turned away from houses, they lived in the cemeteries—that is, in the neglected caves in the hillsides which had served for graves.

Jesus had no fear of these poor creatures, nor did he try to shield himself from the presence of lepers or those with any other contagious disease. By a smile, a look, a word, a blessing with his hands upon the head of the sufferer, his strong spirit of love caused a new hope to spring alive in the heart of the stricken person, and very often the patient was made whole, " leaping for joy."

There is no doubt that many of these miraculous cures were genuine, yet doubtless with the passing years and the stories told and retold and written out long after the death of Jesus, many errors and exaggerations have crept in, the result, largely, of excessive zeal.

In one town of Samaria, Jesus went to a well where there was a woman drinking water. When he asked her for a drink she was much surprised, for the Jews usually shunned the Samaritans. He told her how he had been down to Jerusalem to worship, and the woman, pointing to the hills, said, " Our fathers worshiped in this mountain." And he answered, " Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem shall ye worship the Father. The true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth."

Then again we have a vivid glimpse of his psychic power when he guessed the woman's whole history, much to her amazement. ¶ This insight into the hearts of things—seeing the motive behind the act, and knowing the conditions and environment of each soul—gave Jesus a sense of justice such as the world has very seldom witnessed.

Knowing humanity well, and realizing its many temptations and weaknesses, made him forgiving. " To know all is to forgive all." To really know people is to love them. So with the wrongdoer Jesus was ever lenient. All of his biting sarcasm was for those in high places, the rich, the educated, who deliberately entered into a life of selfish aggrandizement.

The courtesy and kindness that Jesus had been shown in Samaria he repaid by various complimentary references to the Samaritans —he glorified these people that the Jews despised.

His parable of the Good Samaritan is the finest piece of literature in the New Testament, and the only parable that rings absolutely true: "A certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho; and he fell among robbers, who both stripped him and beat him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

"And by chance a certain priest was going down that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And in like manner a Levite also, when he came to the place, and saw him, passed by on the other side.

"But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he was moved with compassion, and came to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in them oil and wine; and he set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

"And on the morrow he took out two shillings, and gave them to the host, and said, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, I, when I come back again, will repay thee.

"Which of these three, thinkest thou, proved neighbor unto him that fell among the robbers?"

Arriving back at Nazareth, Jesus now found that his presence scarcely made a ripple on the surface of the lazy town. It was also thus at Capernaum and Bethsaida—naught but indifference. ¶ Jesus did not seem to consider that in its very nature excitement is transient: to be accorded one big reception in a place is quite enough for a lifetime—a great success can very seldom be repeated

The dumbness, dullness and inane stupidity of the people seriously offended the Master. He cried aloud at the unimportant little crossroads hamlets: "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works had been done in Tyre and Sidon which were done in you, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. And thou, Capernaum, shalt thou be exalted unto heaven? Thou shalt go down unto Hades." ¶ This coldness and indifference that he had met with, for a time soured his disposition and made him forget his native poise and serenity

The chief charm in the teachings of Jesus lies in their paradoxical and enigmatic quality. Without this, it is certain that his words could not have endured.

The expressions of Jesus, which are found to be untrue literally, are never discarded, for they are believed by many to be true poetically and spiritually.

New interpretations and new meanings can constantly be found for doubtful passages. Indeed, a most prosperous and powerful sect has been built up in America within twenty years, founded upon an entirely new view of the work and words of Jesus.

¶ The use of metaphor, paradox and parable is an attempt to make clear an uncertain thought to one's self, and we indulge in it only when we do not exactly know what we desire to express. Metaphysics is valuable only to the man whose feelings outmatch his intellect. When he is cornered, such a one can always retreat in a fog of words. A metaphysician is an inkfish.

Such expressions as " the Kingdom of God," " the Son of Man," " the Child of God," " the Gospel of Truth," " the Son of God," " the World of Spirit," " redemption," " fallen man," " salvation," " damnation," all require an explanation, and are valuable only as we read meanings into them, and scarcely any two men will define them alike.

The chief advantage of metaphysics is that it makes people think—they have to cudgel their imaginations in order to comprehend what it all means. And it means, for them, what they think it means—all they can evolve out of it or read into it.

¶ From the day that Jesus left Jersualem until he returned there for the last time, was about a year and six months. During this time he seems to have been wandering about the country—preaching, talking, discoursing and healing the sick.

The tone of his discourses grew more severe, and life to him took on a somber tinge. The lightness and buoyancy of his spirit in degree had departed; the future seemed full of grim forebodings. He had broken loose from all home ties. The advice which he had so freely given to others, he himself now followed.

" There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or mother, or father, or children, or lands, for my sake, and for the Gospel's sake, but he shall receive a hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and

children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life."

He told his disciples to carry neither scrip nor purse, nor change of clothing, but when they wanted anything, to enter into the nearest house, gently and firmly saying, "Peace be to this house!" and there remain as long as they wished, "for the laborer is worthy of his hire."

This seems to be a reversal of his former teaching, for when a man preaches and asks for food and shelter because he preaches, and declares, "the laborer is worthy of his hire," he at that moment establishes a priesthood that demands recompense and also immunity from labor. The old, old idea of priestcraft has come back by a new route! All things move in circles.

It is very plain that Jesus could not have been a deep and accurate thinker. He knew nothing of mathematics, and the law of cause and effect was outside of his realm. For commerce and trade he had only contempt. Architecture and art he despised. He was a carpenter, but we never hear of his taking any pride in the product of his hands. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

He cared more for rest than for work, and seemed to know nothing of the difference between joyous work and joyless labor. He did not know that commerce is the carrying of things from where they are plentiful to where they are needed. He did n't know that business is founded upon man's faith in man, and is the real civilizer: missionaries only doing good as they prepare the way for trade. With such thinkers as that other great Jew, Spinoza, Jesus does not for an instant compare in point of intellect. Neither was his mind capable of the daring reach made by such thinkers as Leonardo, Newton, Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill and Ernst Haeckel.

Where he greatly surpasses the men just named is in his sublime faith in both himself and his divine mission. He believed that he

was in absolute communion with the living God, the Creator of the World ☙ ☙

And this great welling heart of love that went out to all humanity, seeking to bring all men into a relation of brotherhood, was at once his supreme virtue and his fault. For such faith as his there is no fulfilment. To do away with all property—and property is only stored-up labor—and to break all earthly ties, we do not now regard as sound philosophy.

Jesus was laboring under the illusion of all great reformers: he expected the great change to come quickly. " Lo! the time is at hand and now is! "

Nearly two thousand years have passed, and mankind is not yet ready to accept the doctrine of peace on earth, good will to men. The nations that, somewhat ironically, are called " Christian " have the largest armies, the most complicated and powerful machines for destruction, and a stubborn and dogmatic priesthood, almost as useless as that against which Jesus preached, and which, in truth, put him to death.

Those men of the French Revolution who expected that when they did away with this, why, then that would rule, were mistaken. Mankind is part of Nature, and Nature works by very slow evolution; her silent changes are scarcely perceptible to us in our little lives. " Leave all and follow me; " nothing is of value. ¶ " The end is at hand," said Jesus. But it was not. " Before you have gone over the cities of Israel the Son of Man shall appear." He did not seem to realize that the building up of a Perfect Society would necessitate a Perfect People, and that these require ages to evolve. A Perfect Society, to be sure, will be a matter of soul and right intent, all founded on the blessed idea of brotherhood, but beyond this it will be the result of deliberate, mathematical calculation. It will demand intellects that consider sanitation, architecture, agriculture, civil engineering, transportation and education quite as valuable as faith in a Supreme

Being who does not count the hairs of your head, nor note the sparrow's fall, since three-fourths of all sparrows die in the nest or fall to the earth and perish before they can fly.

The men who will bring about the Kingdom of God on earth will believe that sewerage is as necessary as prayer; and they will likewise realize that the useful work of Martha was just as much the " better part " as that of Mary, who merely sat and listened to the beautiful words of a beautiful teacher. We believe in the woman who sweeps a room to the glory of God.

More than this, when the Ideal arrives, it will come through useful effort, and not through contemplation. Starving India, lost in thought, falls an easy prey to barbaric " Christianity," active, alert and inventive. Work and love will be the solvents—not faith and prayer and preaching.

" There has been only one Christian, and he was a Jew," said Heine, but this was irony. Christ could not be called a Christian. The Christianity that we know is a composite institution, formed by the grafting of Judaism upon Paganism, and this hybrid faith by a series of strange coincidences took the name of the obscure but noble ascetic of Galilee.

Paul was the real founder of Christianity—not Jesus. Paul never saw Jesus, and it was many years after the death of the Savior before Paul heard of him. Paul was an educated Jew—and was a bit boastful of the fact. He was versed in all the intricacies of Jewish Law, and by habit was an expert in all the quip and quibble which occupied the so-called learned men of his time. He became convinced that Jesus was the actual Messiah foretold by the Jewish Prophets, and he set out to prove the fact by the use of exegesis and forensics.

The quality of Paul's intellect is shown in the remark, " If the dead are not raised, neither hath Christ been raised: if Christ hath not been raised, your faith is vain: ye are yet in your sins." All the gentleness, beauty and nobility of Jesus were as nothing

to Saint Paul, unless he was the Messiah foretold by Daniel, Ezekiel and Micah. Saint Paul was a sciolist, and it was sciolism that the spirit of the hive then wanted.

And curiously enough, this cleaving to the letter, and all of this wrangle and contention about abstruse nothings, was exactly the thing that Jesus had inveighed against. So, essentially, Christianity, with its hairsplitting differences, was what Jesus most despised

The newspapers nowadays having the largest circulations are not necessarily the best: they are simply those that most ably reflect the intelligence—or the lack of it—of the people. Great things are done only by the minority.

The zeal of Saint Paul and his apostles gave the people what they wanted, and Christianity grew so popular that, in three hundred years, the Roman Emperor thought well to make peace with it by adopting it. The fiat of Constantine turned every Pagan temple into a Christian church, and every Pagan priest into a Christian preacher.

The old Roman fable of Orpheus and Eurydice, typifying the approach of Spring, was changed to Easter, and the Feast of Ceres became the Eucharist.

Names change quickly, but humanity evolves so slowly that we almost say it is forever the same.

So Pauline Judaism and Pagan Rome joined hands, and we have "Christianity," with its thousands of variations and modifications, tempered and twisted by custom and desire, and the peculiarities of race prejudice. At the last, men do what they want to do, or at least what they can, and they name it what they choose

We refer to London, New York and Chicago as Christian cities —at least, all these cities send millions of dollars and numerous missionaries abroad to convert "the heathen"—but we can well imagine that the lowly Nazarene could not at this time, by

any stretch of his vivid imagination, see his spirit reflected in these "Christian" centers, any more than he saw his heart's desire made manifest in Jerusalem of old.

If the question were asked, "Is the religion of Jesus feasible in practical life?" the answer would have to be, "We do not know—it has never been tried."

The nearest approach to the Christ Life has been made manifest in the life and teachings of Tolstoy. Like Christ, Tolstoy believed he carried the burden of humanity. His mighty soul was gashed by the evils of the age. He saw that life and suffering were interchangeable terms; that man here below had been caught like a rat in a trap; that knavery, force and fraud ruled everywhere, especially in his own native land.

Although himself a man of noble birth, Tolstoy chose the company of the peasant, of the lowly and the suffering, because he knew that they held the secret of existence. He sought out the erring, because he felt that they were more sinned against than sinning

And he spurned the complacent pharisaism that swims in its own lard; he thundered against the sinning phrase-makers, the hypocrites on 'Change, the hypocrites in high places.

He made his appeal directly to the heart of his listeners. He went into the homes of the peasants, sitting with them at their meals, meeting them in the fields.

Mercy, charity, self-conquest, renunciation, and finally, through discipline, the extinction of the pain-absorbing and pain-begeting personality and union with God—this was the essence of Tolstoy's teaching.

Perhaps the methods of Tolstoy were mistaken, just as the methods of many reformers were wrong; but the heart of the man beat true to the tides of divinity that played through him. To follow the literal example of the Man of Sorrows would never redeem the world. In order to bring us up to the line, he had to

go beyond it. Like Christ he has sent his soul into the Invisible, and being dead, yet lives in minds made better.

Tolstoy was of his time the supreme Man of Sorrows, acquainted with grief. Yet, like Christ, no one could imitate him. He did what no other man could do. He had no system. He was a voice crying in the wilderness.

Men heard it, were uncomfortable, some were afraid, but no one prepared the way of the Lord. His religion is not mine, nor yours. The love of man and woman—the resulting love of beauty as manifest in Art—was not for him. He was great on account of what he was. He asked for nothing, and so was without fear. ¶ But with this single exception, no one has tried with any degree of success to live the Christ Life. Perhaps such a life would practically be an impossibility.

Almost eighteen months had gone by since Jesus and his disciples were at Jerusalem. Their life of leisure began to pall, and the ecstasy of their religious faith was on the wane. The simple fishermen Jesus had taken from their work were needed at home. Soon their little gardens and vineyards would be overrun with weeds and brambles. The disciples were growing restless—a holiday that is continued indefinitely ceases to be a holiday. They were going back to their homes—the promised Kingdom of God, to them, was not in sight.

Jesus, much disturbed by their complaints, sternly answered thus: "No man, having put his hand to the plow and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God!" At another time he met a man and said in his brief, direct way, "Follow thou me!" To this the man replied, "Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father." And Jesus answered, "Let the dead bury their dead, but do you go and proclaim the Kingdom of God."

Evidently he himself was growing impatient, for where he before was proclaiming the joy of owning nothing, and urging everybody to dispose of their homes and everything in them, and give the

proceeds to the poor, he now exclaims wearily, " The foxes have holes, and the birds of the heaven have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

There were monks before the time of Jesus, but his thoughts of celibacy and poverty, and of keeping one's self unspotted from the world—regarding the world and the world's work as unholy and unclean—gave a powerful impulse to monasticism.

Marriage was regarded by Jesus as purely an expediency and soon to be done away with. In heaven we would be sexless, and there would be neither marriage nor giving in marriage. It will thus be seen that to him the only true Christian was a monk.

¶ Our ideal of bravely living in the world and helping to carry the world's burdens, had no lodgment in the mind of Jesus. To him family ties and the life of business and useful activity would not win heaven.

" Teacher, what good thing shall I do, that I may have Eternal Life? " a young man asked. And Jesus answered, " Go, sell that which thou hast, and give to the poor: and come, follow me! "

¶ Jesus knew that there was trouble ahead—he could hear the mutterings of the thunder.

" Think not that I came to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I came to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law."

" They shall put you out of the synagogues: yea, the hour cometh, that whosoever killeth you shall think that he offereth service unto God."

" If the world hateth you, ye know that it hath hated me before it hated you."

He felt that it was impossible to prove by reason all he taught, and therefore he demanded faith, and urged all of his followers to " believe." Indeed, it is highly probable that he did not have any clear idea himself about his mission.

One day it was a heavenly kingdom; the next the perfect fulfilment was to take place here and now. Yet at all times he was clear on the purity of life, and the thought of living close to God. ¶ He experienced great anguish and was much disturbed by the crassness and indifference of the people and the opposition he met with. His enemies said he was insane—" possessed with devils."

Even the disciples became capricious, and quarreled among themselves about who should have precedence now and hereafter. Their impatience communicated itself to the Master. We become like those with whom we are associated. Contact with querulousness begets querulousness.

Such a nerve-tension can not last forever—we must get relaxation in some way; through death at the most we can gain rest! ¶ Jesus remembered the fate of John the Baptist and possibly he was aware that now his tone had become very much like that of John. If he continued to preach, he knew that death would be the result. He had little to live for—he had broken with his family—he had no wife, no property and no worldly ambitions. ¶ Jerusalem seemed to be a very den of iniquity. He would go there and do all in his power to reclaim it from its faults and wickedness. It is quite probable that his journey was hastened by reports which came to him that Herod Antipas was on his trail, believing that he was the successor of John. Jesus had been preaching within five miles of Tiberias, where Antipas and Herodias reigned, and there was danger of his being kidnaped, taken across the border and beheaded.

He did not value his life highly, but he was not yet ready to fling it away—he would first sound a warning voice to the iniquitous and corrupt Jerusalem, a voice that was to thunder down the centuries, cause thrones to totter, and affect the destinies of millions yet unborn. He started southward, accompanied by various disciples and faithful women, who ministered to him.

He was bidding goodby forever to his home, kinsmen and beautiful Galilee ❧ ❧

Imagine a Yorkshire man standing in front of Saint Paul's Cathedral in London, preaching the overthrow of the Episcopal Clergy, and we have a spectacle no more peculiar than that of Jesus standing in the porch of the Temple at Jerusalem, declaring of it, " Verily I say unto you, there shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down."

The rich Pharisees who prayed on the street-corners, who affected a peculiar apparel, and carried a holier-than-thou attitude, absolutely disgusted Jesus. He ridiculed them all with stinging contempt. The Roman publicans who collected taxes — and who therefore were to Jesus really thieves—were far preferable to these Jewish hypocrites.

He saw a poor widow approach the Temple and drop into the box a farthing, and turning to his disciples he said, " This poor widow cast in more than all they that are casting into the treasury: for they all did cast in of their superfluity; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

The proud, richly robed priests pushed in past him, jostling him out of the way, and his eyes followed them with pitying scorn. He was so much of a theologian that he could not keep away from the Temple, any more than can a Protestant clergyman at Rome keep away from Saint Peter's.

Jesus was very unhappy here at Jerusalem. He was separated from all the world of valleys and mountains and flowers and birds that he loved so well. His days were passed in bitter arguments. If he preached in the streets, he was interrupted, and his discourse would end in wordy warfare and often in sophistication.

¶ Evidently he came to be regarded as more or less of a nuisance by the self-important priests, but he was scarcely known at all to the people at large.

Not a contemporary writer mentions him, except that single

allusion by Josephus, and this is now believed to be an interpolation ❧ ❧

There were mad mutterings by the officials against his sharp criticisms. Nicodemus, who was a lawyer of some note, and admired him so much on his former visit that he came to him secretly by night for an interview, once defended him in an offhand way, and one of the priests asked, suggestively, " What! are you, too, a Galilean? "

And another one passed the pleasantry along by asking, " Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? " At which, we can well imagine, all laughed. This zealous Nazarene, to them, was a proposition not to be taken seriously.

Jesus disliked the city proper so much that he usually spent the night at one of the little villages outside of the walls.

At Bethany he was on the most friendly terms with Mary and her sister Martha and their brother Lazarus, a pain, honest carpenter. Mary, especially, though a woman of the town—a sinner—appealed to him, and he prized her friendship.

Jesus had no standing in respectable society, and we hear of his going to the houses of lepers and being entertained by them. It was at the house of one Simon, a leper, where Mary entered, and in a moment of adoration, bathed his feet with her tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head. There is no love like the love of a proscribed person. When Simon reproved her, Jesus at once came to her defense.

Once a mob had collected and were going to kill a woman. They asked Jesus what they should do with her, and he answered, " He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

¶ We can imagine how the mob slunk away before this glorious presence. He lifted the terrified woman to her feet and tenderly asked: " Woman where are they? Did no man condemn thee? " And the accusers all having fled, she looked around and then slowly replied, " No man, Lord."

And Jesus said, " Neither do I condemn thee: go thy way; from henceforth sin no more."

Very little headway was made in his preaching, however—only the poor, the outcast and the despised came to him. Jerusalem went its riotous way as of old—just as it does today.

So we hear of Jesus going up on the Mount of Olives above the Temple, and in sorrow and disappointment crying, " O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that killeth the prophets, and stoneth them that are sent unto her! How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

The exhibition of religious rancor that at times forms a fierce hate, seems to be an essential part of the fabric of most religions. It is like the sexual impulse in those animals which are docile except in the rutting season. Intensity of any emotion may produce an irritability that unships reason's rudder and makes life uncertain and unsafe.

We are all familiar with people who love their enemies, yet hold the balance true by hating their friends. If you are in sore distress, and the hot breath of the pack is close upon your heels, do not count on receiving succor and assistance from the ones who profess a religion of gentleness, magnanimity and love.

¶ In argument the Jews have ever been bitter and acrimonious when dealing with questions which they consider as sacred. Even among themselves they have revealed little patience in dispute. Jesus seemed to be a genuine Jew in his mental attitude toward what he thought wrong.

Several of the Greek and Roman philosophers understood perfectly that truth is a point of view, and is to be found at the end of a circle. Belief is largely a matter of temperament; so Epictetus, for instance, was lenient with opponents. Socrates once said: " No man is so thoroughly right as to be entitled

to say that others are totally wrong. It is well to affirm your own truth, but it is not well to condemn those who think differently." ❧ ❧

This judicial quality was lacking in the Nazarene—he was a thorough revolutionary in his intensity. With simple folks, the ignorant, the sick, weak or helpless he was gentle, but when it came to those in authority, he was most severe. He forgave the erring woman, but he would not forgive these priests.

" Woe unto you lawyers! for ye load men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers. Woe unto you! for ye build the tombs of the prophets, and your fathers killed them. So ye are witnesses and consent unto the works of your fathers: for they killed them, and ye build their tombs. Therefore also said the wisdom of God, I will send unto them prophets and apostles; and some of them they shall kill and persecute; that the blood of all the prophets, which was shed from the foundation of the world, may be required of this generation; from the blood of Abel unto the blood of Zachariah, who perished between the altar and the sanctuary: yea, I say unto you, it shall be required of this generation. Woe unto you lawyers! for ye took away the key of knowledge: ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered." ❧ ❧

The tide of events was fast hastening Jesus to his doom—that is to say, to deathless fame. Had he been left to himself, he would have beaten his wings against the bars of condition until discouraged, and then slipped back to the sheltering obscurity of Galilee. By his life he could not reform the world, and this he surely saw—but through his death he might accomplish much. ¶ Jerusalem was too densely dull and dead in a spiritual way to pay serious attention or take note of his warnings—in Jerusalem he had performed no wonders. And indeed it seems he remained there but a little while altogether.

From the last time he left Galilee until his death was only about six months, and much of this period was occupied in excursions to the villages round about. In these little places Jesus and his disciples felt more at home. Once they went as far away as Jericho, and there made at least one convert, Zacchæus, a little man who filled a big office, and he turned over to them one-half of his goods for the poor.

This circumstance encouraged them so much that when they again went back to Jerusalem they prepared a demonstration. Jesus rode a she-ass, followed by her colt, and the disciples ran before and strewed palms in the way, and called aloud: "Hosanna to the son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" They proclaimed the rider as "King of the Jews."

Doubtless this created some stir, and we can imagine that the little procession was looked at by many people in the amused way that we regard the drums and cries of the Salvation Army. In truth, Jesus and his disciples formed the first Salvation Army, and it is the claim of its leaders that the modern "Army" is patterned after the original one at Jerusalem.

In many cities the Salvation Army has been voted a nuisance, and in certain instances the police have placed the leaders under arrest

Only a few years ago in England, such people who did not work under the auspices of the established church paid the penalty for public preaching by an ignominious death.

The high priests of Jerusalem did not regard the brilliant and daring young preacher and his noisy disciples amusing at all—they were a menace. Jesus desired to disrupt Judaism, and if possible he would place himself at the head of the new order! Was he not, even now, being hailed as "King of the Jews?"

¶ Fear and hate spring from the same soil—this man must be suppressed for the safety of society. It is a curious fact that most

religious leaders regard themselves and their institutions as the corner-stone of civilization.

In February of what is now our year Thirty-three, the chief priests met in council, and the question was discussed as to what should be done with this Galilean disturber. And we hear of one of the speakers stubbornly putting forth the suggestive thought: " It is expedient for you that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not." That is to say, for the good of society, Jesus should be put to death.

The high priest at this time was Caiaphas, appointed by the Roman Procurator, Valerius Gratus. This office seems to have been merely nominal, for the actual high priest of the Jews in Jerusalem was Annas, sometimes called Hanan. Annas held no office, yet was regarded as the ruler, and evidently named the legal high priest, for Caiaphas was his son-in-law, and five of his sons filled the office in turn. Annas was a successful politician. It was a son of this Annas who caused James, " the Lord's brother," to be executed by being stoned, which was the death probably at first intended for Jesus. Society has always reserved for itself the right to destroy those who threaten its existence. This is as much so now as it was then. Annas was eminently logical and right from the standpoint of civilized Christianity. Jesus was clearly an anarchist—he was placing his own individuality above the law. He quoted the law, and then added a law of his own, saying, " But I say unto you—"

The Mosaic Law provides a penalty of death for any who seek to overthrow it. Law, like capital, is timid. Of course the political priests quaked and trembled.

Annas ordered that the warrant of arrest be issued. Hearing of the danger, Jesus went to a town called Ephraim, a day's journey from the city of Jerusalem. The Feast of the Passover was about to occur, so the enemy quietly waited, knowing he would soon return, as was his custom.

Jesus and his little band of followers had often been threatened before, and they thought the trouble would shortly subside and that they might go along as usual. After a few days at Ephraim, they returned to Jerusalem to attend the Feast of the Passover.

¶ The disciples were full of zeal—they thought "the kingdom" was at hand.

They were like John Brown at Harper's Ferry, imagining that simply to strike the match would be enough to start the conflagration. But for himself Jesus was troubled and in sore doubt

It was decided to enter the city in a bold manner, and this they did, the disciples going ahead and crying aloud: "Hosanna to the son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

"Teacher, rebuke thy disciples," advised a well-meaning and kindly disposed Pharisee. But Jesus refused to interfere in any way with their exuberance.

The officers of the chief priests could then very easily have arrested Jesus, but to do so at this public time might create a dangerous excitement. The city was full of visitors who had come to attend the feast, not to witness an execution.

Four days passed and Jesus came regularly to the Temple and preached on the steps and in the porches. The chief priests held another council at the house of Caiaphas. Some of them hesitated about taking the step, but now it was decided to arrest the man at once, and do it surely, quietly and quickly, so as not to create a public scene.

There was really great danger that an open arrest and a public trial might be used by Jesus to bring about a revolutionary climax—his eloquent tongue and noble presence must not be given too much chance to show their power! It was therefore decided to seize the man the next night, and to this end detectives of the priests bribed Judas, one of the disciples, who had

some personal grievance against Jesus, to guide the arresting party to the place where Jesus was to be found.

It seems that Jesus was not so well known to the police but that he had to be pointed out. And this Judas agreed to do for the miserably small sum of " thirty pieces of silver," or about five dollars ❧ ❧

Only a few days before, at the house of Simon the leper, Mary had taken costly spikenard and anointed Jesus, and Judas asked: " To what purpose is this waste? For this ointment might have been sold for much, and given to the poor? "

Jesus reproved him saying, " Ye have the poor always with you; but me ye have not always," and the rebuke had rankled in the heart of the disciple.

When we quarrel with a man, we lose all faith in his mission. Judas had entirely lost faith and thought the whole thing was going into dissolution very soon. The " Kingdom of God " was to him a failure and he had better get out of it all he could, and at the same time save himself from danger.

So he turned " State's evidence," an action that has made his name the most easily remembered of all the twelve, and handed it down to posterity as the synonym of all that is detestable and treacherous ❧ ❧

The person who deserts at the time of danger is a common type, easily understood. And that any man could have twelve disciples for three years, and none doubt, deny or betray him to his enemies, would be a miracle indeed.

It was night, and Jesus had just supped with his disciples for the last time ❧ ❧

They had passed beyond the walls of the city, and had gone through the valley and over the brook of Kidron.

Within a little park called the Garden of Gethsemane, close to the home of the father of Mark the disciple, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, they rested with the intention of passing the

night there. The weary disciples had disposed themselves under the trees and were asleep.

The heart of Jesus was heavy—he was sore oppressed and God's gift of sleep was never again to be his. He went a little way apart to pray. The deep presentiment of coming peril was upon him—his psychic spirit intuitively realized that at that moment an armed force was marching toward him with hostile intent.

¶ In a moment of seeming weakness, he cried aloud, in agonizing tones, " My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from me! "

And even as he spoke there was the flare of torches seen through the trees and the steady tramp of soldiers could be plainly heard. Judas advanced at the head of the troop and cried out in a voice that ill-concealed his agitation, " Hail, Rabbi! " Jesus moved forward to meet him and asked, " Whom seek ye? "

¶ " We seek Jesus of Nazareth! " " I am he," was the firm reply.

¶ Judas stepped forward and kissed him on the cheek, which was the signal of identification agreed upon with the soldiers. Malchus, a servant of the high priest, and Annas, probably the son of Annas the actual ruler, proceeded to bind the hands of Jesus behind him. Peter, who was suddenly aroused from sleep, seeing the Master in the hands of the soldiers, rushed in, and with a sword struck at Malchus.

Jesus reproved Peter and before the surprised soldiers could capture the belligerent disciple, he slipped away into the darkness and was gone.

Mark, wrapped in a mantle, stood by. The soldiers tried to seize him, but he struggled, freed himself and fled, sacrificing his robe.

¶ The disciples now had all forsaken the Man of Sorrows—he was alone with his enemies, a prisoner. The march was taken up for the house of Annas. It was a little after midnight when they reached there, and evidently they were expected, for Annas at once held court and questioned the prisoner.

Peter and John followed afar off, but now entered with the rabble. The night was chilly, and Peter had approached a brazier of coals in the hallway to warm his quaking form.

Evidently he was indiscreet enough to talk, for a maid standing near accused him of being in the company of Jesus: " Of a truth thou also art one of them; for thy speech maketh thee known." And Peter denied that he had anything to do with Jesus, declaring with an oath, " I know not this man of whom ye speak! "

Annas, having satisfied himself that they had gotten the right man, and not having the legal power to condemn him, sent him away to his son-in-law, Caiaphas, the high priest.

Here Jesus was also expected, and two witnesses were ready to swear that they had heard him say, " I will destroy this temple that is made with hands, and in three days I will build another made without hands."

To speak disrespectfully of the Temple was, according to the Jewish Law, the same thing as to blaspheme Jehovah.

At this place Jesus was given the privilege of examining witnesses and also of contradicting them by his own testimony, but he was silent. His lofty courage had now come to him in full measure

He knew that nothing he could say or do would save him, and in fact he had resolved to let the proceedings take their own course. "As a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before its shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." By his silence he admitted his guilt.

There was only one thing to do. The Law provided that any one who tried to disrupt the Jewish religion should die. With one voice the company who made up the Sanhedrin, or court, declared him guilty of blasphemy and fixed the penalty as death

But before the sentence could be carried out it must be ratified by the Roman Government. Now Pontius Pilate, the Procurator,

was not a part of the conspiracy, and there was no other way to approach him except in the regular order of business.

They could go to his office early in the morning and then demand that he should hear the case. If they could make it appear that Jesus had plotted against the State, pretending to be " The King of the Jews," and therefore was in actual insurrection against the Roman Government, which did not recognize any king save the Emperor Tiberius, why, then Pilate would endorse their indictment and the rest of the proceedings would be quite easy.

It lacked a few hours of daylight, and Jesus was left in charge of the soldiers, to be taken to the Judgment-Hall of Pilate early in the morning.

The priests and all the other members of the court had now gone and were sleeping in their comfortable beds.

As an extra reward for their night service, strong drink had been given out among the soldiers, and when the priests went away, all dignity and decency vanished.

Jesus was bound hand and foot with cords that cut deep into his sensitive flesh. There is always a temptation among brutal men to take advantage of a prisoner. One soldier struck the cheek of the Master with his open hand. Others did likewise, and still others spat in his face. They platted a crown of twigs and set it on his head. They hailed him in mock respect as " Rabbi, Rabbi! " and called him " King of the Jews," falling down upon their knees and worshiping him in derisive insult.

Through this drunken riot Jesus spake no word, enduring all in the majestic silence that had been his throughout the farcical trial ❧ ❧

The long night gradually came to an end, the stars slunk away, the heavens grew bright in the east. The soldiers were tired out with their revelry and were sitting or lying around in drunken stupor, careless of their prisoner, having fully satiated their cruelty ❧ ❧

The prisoner's face burned with fever, his lips were parched, his eyes beamed with a strange, unnatural brightness. He knew that this day would be his last on earth; never again would he and his disciples gather together in joyous comradeship and live the life of love and faith; the dream of universal brotherhood for him was past, but by no outward sign did he reveal the inward thoughts and emotions that surged through his brain. A new guard now appeared, and the others were dismissed. The soldiers unbound the feet of Jesus so he could walk. His arms were still pinioned behind him.

The order to march was given and the guard started down the stony street, the prisoner in their midst.

As the squad of soldiers, dragging their prisoner, marched along through the streets, a curious crowd collected and followed after to the great stone structure that always reminded the Jews of their subserviency to the Romans.

It was early in the morning, but Pilate was at his post. He was apprised of what was the trouble—a Jewish renegade from Galilee had come down to Jerusalem, claiming to be the " King of the Jews." He had been arrested, and was now at the door—would the Governor consent to listen to the charges against the man who had set himself against the Roman Government and defied the Emperor?

Pilate smiled in derision, but according to the demands of the gathering crowd, came out and mounted the Gabbatha, or Pavement, that faced the temple courts. These Jews were continually quarreling and bringing their racial quibbles to him for adjustment ❧ ❧

Twenty years later, Gallio, a brother of Seneca, was annoyed in the same way: the Jews had captured a little man, Paul by name, and had brought him to the Proconsul for judgment, and Gallio said: " If indeed it were a matter of wrong or of wicked villainy, O ye Jews, reason would that I should bear with you: but if

there are questions about words and names and your own law, look to it yourselves; I am not minded to be a judge of these matters." And then the historian adds, "And he drave them from the judgment-seat."

Pilate was tempted to drive the mob away. Here were Jews who had captured a Jew, and now wanted a Roman to punish him. Pilate knew that the Jews were not so zealous in their loyalty to Rome as to punish a Jew who was not in sympathy with the Romans. When before he had tried to apprehend Jews guilty of treason, he found such were always shielded by their countrymen ❧ ❧

Pilate scorned the clamor against Jesus, and taking the prisoner, retired into the Judgment-Hall and shut the door.

Here he questioned Jesus—no witnesses were present, and we know nothing concerning the specific conversation that passed between the two. In any event, Pilate was quite favorably disposed toward the man, and when he came out he said to the leaders, " I find no fault in this man."

At this there was a mighty clamor of accusation, instigated by the priests scattered among the mob.

We know a little about how the mob-spirit grows and how stupidly blind its immature judgments always are. " He calls himself King of the Jews! " " He refuses to pay tribute to Cæsar. " " Crucify him—Crucify him! "

Pilate asked, "Art thou the King of the Jews? " Jesus ignored the question, but calmly said without a tremor of fear, " My kingdom is not of this world."

Pilate was not a weak man—he was a genuine Roman—and in conflict with ignorance and stupidity had shown before this, and revealed later, that he had a will of his own—he could strike and strike hard when in his opinion the occasion justified it.

The record of his reign is told at length by Josephus, and Josephus, being a Jew, would not be likely to gloss the truth

concerning a man whom he considered as the tool of a usurping government ☙ ☙

Pontius Pilate was not a philosopher: for nice distinctions in ethics he had no head, and for religious differences he had a most profound contempt.

To him Jesus was only a Jew who had offended the Jews, and while he would save the man if he could, yet he was in Judea to preserve peace, and rather than risk a riot or seriously offend the people, he would let them have their way. Pilate's capitol was at Cæsarea, and he came down to Jerusalem only during the feasts. He never had with him a force sufficient to quell an insurrection, even had he desired to do so. The policy of all colonial governors is now, and was with the Romans, to allow the people to execute their own laws, except where vital issues are at stake, and the sovereignty is in danger.

Pilate was a diplomat. He had been a soldier before the influence of Sejanus had elevated him to the governorship of Judea, and life to a Roman soldier was cheap.

Yet the dignity and poise of Jesus appealed to him.

Finding that Jesus was from Galilee, Pilate put forth the excuse of lack of jurisdiction and said the man should be sent to the Galilean Governor for trial.

Herod Antipas, Tetrarch of Galilee, happened to be in Jerusalem at this time, and Jesus was sent to him, followed by the priests. Herod was " exceeding glad " to see him, and asked him to perform some " miracle," but he agreed with the priests that the offenses were committed in Jerusalem, and so here was where the man should answer. In this they were right, and Pilate was forced to retreat from his position.

Herod Antipas hated Pilate, and he would not free him from his disagreeable dilemma. Herod's share of his father's dominions had been only the provinces of Galilee and Perea, and here was a brawny Roman soldier, without a drop of royal blood in his

veins, given, by the influence of a court favorite of Tiberius, authority over three provinces of Palestine and holding revels in the great white Pretorium built by his illustrious sire, Herod the Great! This explains the hatred.

But another expedient suggested itself to the Procurator. It was the custom at the Feast of the Passover for the authorities to pardon one Jewish prisoner, and now if they would let this man go free Pilate would be glad. He suggested that they release Jesus, but their stony hearts were dead to pity and they cried aloud for Barabbas, a robber and an assassin, then in prison. Pilate, following precedent, was compelled to release the man for whom the people called, so Barabbas was given his liberty and a lasting place in history.

The mob grew and the priests and the Pharisees were bawling out in loud tones the supposed transgressions of Jesus. It is a curious fact that whenever a man is accused of one thing, there are always plenty of people who assume that he must therefore be guilty of various other crimes and misdemeanors. The cry of "Crucify him! Crucify him!" again rang out, and it was taken up and echoed back and forth by those who had never before heard of the man. A mob demands blood, always blood—it is demonism unmasked—only death will satisfy it!

One more chance was left to Pilate. It was a most desperate and brutal thing to do, but the experiment might work. If Jesus were publicly whipped then and there, the sight of his quivering flesh and the blood streaming down his bare back might appease these cruel priests, so they would deem his punishment severe enough and let him then go free.

Pilate gave the order that the prisoner should be scourged. The Roman soldiers, impassive as machines, tore the clothing from the man, and a brawny lanista stepped forward with a whip made of leather; the thong sang through the air and fell upon the white flesh of the helpless, crouching victim. The scourging

was continued until Pilate ordered it stopped for fear of killing the sufferer. But the bellowing mob still cried, " Crucify him! Crucify him! "

Pilate had only scorn and scathing derision for the priests. " Jews, behold, your King! " he called out in ironical tones. And the answer was: " We have no king but Cæsar—away with him! Crucify him! Crucify him! " Then they added, " We have a law, and by that law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God! "

Before this the Jews had lodged complaints against Pilate at Rome, and now if he let this man go free, who was accused of plotting to overthrow the State, there would in all probability be further charges. Pilate must protect himself. " Take him yourselves, and crucify him: for I find no crime in him! "

Crucifixion was exclusively a Roman form of execution, reserved only for thieves, brigands and those guilty of unnameable crimes

The Romans used the sword for political offenses, or the victim was allowed to kill himself. But crucifixion was something else. It was similar to the custom now in vogue in some Christian countries of hanging a man by the neck with a rope until he is dead. Soldiers we shoot, but those whom we seek to disgrace, we hang. The Jewish Law provides that one who seeks to destroy Judaism shall be stoned—it does not anywhere provide for crucifixion

The plotting priests, in their wily wisdom, demanded that Jesus should be crucified, for this form of execution would throw the onus on the Romans.

The Jews blamed the Romans for killing Jesus, and the Romans blamed the Jews. Both were right—and wrong—it was mob-law that did the deed, sanctioned by a Governor who could not prevent it, or at least thought he could not. The instigation was the work of the chief priests, lawyers and the sects known as

the Pharisees and Sadducees. All these Jesus had grievously offended and they had their revenge.

In passing, it is well enough to note that mobs are led, almost without exception, by citizens of prominence and worth.

A man who has no influence in a community can not get even a mob following. The man who hypnotizes a mob practises hypnotism more or less as a business. He is a leader of men.

The exact point where mob-rule begins and government ends is hazy and indistinct. The jury is often profoundly moved by the shouts of the crowd, and the judge who has not one ear close to the ground is a rare exception.

Most legal executions are now, and ever have been, to appease the mob. When the people cry, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" the courts have to obey.

"Law is the crystallization of public opinion," said Lord Brougham. Courts hold their sessions on sufferance of the mob that elects them. The difference between a legal murder and a judicial execution has not, so far, been clearly defined.

We are told that a lie always requires other lies to bolster it. This maxim is equally true of all departure from truth, reason and right. One misdeed sows the seeds of another. The number of murders, judicial and otherwise, that have grown out of this murder we are here considering, would stagger mathematics to express

The Crusades, the Inquisition, countless wars and fanatical sacrifices trace to that Judean mob.

Pilate's decision was no sooner made known than a loud howl of satisfaction went up from the mob. The priests and Pharisees had everything ready; for as in legal procedures the process is always well lubricated, so do the mob-leaders always know beforehand just what they are going to do. It looks like chance, but it is not.

Pilate had gone. A detachment of soldiers was standing near by,

with two thieves whom they were about to execute—probably they were detained so as to take a third victim! A cross was at hand—simply one rough plank nailed upon another in the form of a letter T.

This cross was balanced on the back of the Nazarene—each of the thieves carried a cross—and the command was given to march ❧ ❧

It was now near noon—the sun was burning hot. They had not gone far before Jesus fell, fainting under the burden. Sleeplessness, suffering, fasting, all combined to have their way, and tired Nature flagged.

The man was roughly lifted to his feet, once more the march was begun, when the Nazarene again stumbled forward, reeled and fell ❧ ❧

Every Roman soldier had a superstitious dread of carrying the cross: it was the instrument of death, and part of the victim's punishment was that he had to bear this symbol of his shame, disgrace, degradation and destruction.

In England, not so many years ago, the man to be hanged had to carry his coffin, but this led to so many accidents that later the culprit rode in a flat-topped cart, seated on the box that was so soon to hold his body.

As Jesus could not carry the cross and the soldiers would not, they seized a countryman, Simon the Cyrenian by name, whom they met on the way, and compelled him to bear the disgraceful burden. Simon used often to tell of this terrible experience afterward—he fully thought he himself was to be executed.

Much of the disgraceful insult of the night before was now repeated. Jesus was brutally struck, spit upon, scoffed and scorned. During it all he bore himself proudly, silently, and without resentment or complaint.

A march of a mile over a rocky road, much of it uphill, and the crowd reached Golgotha, "the place of a skull." The crosses

were laid upon the ground. The victims were offered, as was the custom, a strong narcotic that would stupefy them, lessen the pain and also make them easier to manage, rendering resistance difficult ❧ ❧

Jesus touched his lips to the bitter drink and put it away—he would endure the worst that his enemies could inflict.

Each victim was stripped of all his clothing and stretched out upon the cross. Nails were driven through the hands and feet. A strong cord passing under the arms of each victim and over the top helped to carry the weight, so the nails would not tear through the flesh.

Shallow holes were dug. The three crosses were uplifted and rocks piled around the bases to keep them in place. Jesus was placed in the middle, with a thief on each side.

Pilate had written on a board these words, *This is the King of the Jews,* written in the three languages, Hebrew, Latin and Greek, and sent the inscription, by the soldiers, to be placed over the head of Jesus.

There was something most ironical in this inscription. Pilate hated these fanatical Jews and hated them more for this frightful deed they had forced upon him. He would have the last word —they had killed their King!

The chief priests complained of this inscription—they declared it should have read, " He said, ' I am King of the Jews.' " But Pilate said, " What I have written, I have written." He would not erase or change the wording in any way: let them have the honors—and the disgrace.

All of the disciples but John had disappeared. He remained in the distance with Mary, the mother of Jesus, and a band of faithful women. As the excitement of the mob died away and the onlookers grew accustomed to the terrible sight before them, John and the women came cautiously forward.

One account says that Jesus recognized them, and seeing that

John and his mother were near together, as they approached, he said to the disciple, " Behold, thy mother," and then to his mother, " Woman, behold, thy son! " This seems hardly possible —Jesus would not imperil his friends by recognizing them. The agony for all of these was the greater because they could not express it

These friends were helpless. The soldiers were seated at the feet of their victims, waiting for them to die. They had divided the clothing of the crucified men among them and were now casting lots for it, as the clothing of the victims was a part of the executioners' perquisites.

The crowd around was hostile—there was no sympathy for the sufferers—the mob had seen such sights before and had grown to relish them

The knowing ones pointed Jesus out and gave parts of his supposed history. " He said, ' I am the Son of God! ' He saved others; can he not save himself? "

" He said he could destroy the Temple and build it in three days." " Let us see whether Elijah will come to save him! "

A storm came up—the clouds grew dark and dense. The strained position produced a terrible pain, yet this torture Jesus might have endured, but his spirit was wrung by the insult, stupidity and ingratitude of those he saw before him. Had he lived in vain?

¶ An awful agony wrenched his soul. He cried aloud, " My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me! "

Consumed by a burning thirst, he begged for drink. A soldier, with more pity than we should expect to see, saturated a sponge with vinegar and water, the drink the soldiers carried for themselves, and putting it on a reed, reached it up to the lips that had voiced so many words of tenderness and love—that had said, " Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water, only, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward."

A person with dull and sluggish temperament might exist on the cross for two or three days. But Jesus, with his exquisite capacity for pain, and his delicate and sensitive nature, could not long endure such agony.

For three hours he had hung there. He now felt the sleep of death creeping into his veins—his head drooped forward. Below he saw the soldiers; all around surged the waiting mob, watching his death struggles.

He aroused himself and prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" Another unconscious struggle—Nature trying to gain her freedom! Again he spoke—"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit!"

That proud head fell forward. The form relaxed, swayed, and hung limp and still upon the cross.

A soldier with a spear pierced his side, but there was no response of life. Death, in pity, had set the captive free.

NO ENEMY BUT HIMSELF

No Enemy But Himself

BOOK 1. CHAPTER 1.

"My father charged you in his will to give me good education."

STAMPED leather chairs of different designs; some choice bits of porcelain; several costly rugs; low book shelves; an oaken table in the center; two or three dainty water-colors; a few rare etchings. Here we have a glimpse of the library of Mr. John Hillard, bachelor, of West 23d Street, New York City.

The Society for the Study of Social Problems had just held its regular monthly meeting. The paper of the evening was by the Rev. Algernon Burtis, Rector of St. Cecelia's. Subject: " The Oppression of the Poor by the Capitalistic Class."

The motion to adjourn had been made and duly seconded; the question had been put and the ayes had it; but someway the Society for the Study of Social Problems refused to be dismissed. The members who came " just to listen, not to take part, mind you," as they warningly explained to the president, had gone home; but the seven men who were the bone and sinew, as well as the gray matter, of the society remained.

" You are wrong, my clerical friend—you are wrong. Your knowledge of spiritual things is very great, I will admit, but in matters mundane you are not out of the kindergarten."

The language was exasperating—almost insulting in fact—and that expression " my clerical friend," coming from a man whom he had known from boyhood! Yes, it was a deliberate fling at his high calling—and what under heaven is worse than to have one's statements pooh-poohed and patronizingly dealt with, and this after having spent a full week in prayerfully preparing the paper.

" Ah, I am wrong, am I? Who says I am wrong? No one but you,

whose conscience has been pricked by the truths I have uttered! I tell you the manipulation of the money market by the capitalists is the cause of this thing. Here comes the worst financial depression of the century; hundreds—thousands of honest men are driven into absolute beggardom. As I told you before, five men out of every hundred in the United States are out of employment, many of them homeless—wandering from house to house—from village to village seeking work—but there is no work; so they must beg, and if they can not get bread, what must they do but steal? "

The speaker paused for breath and his opponent thrust him again before he could begin, with that quiet sneering voice:

¶ "I said you are not out of the kindergarten, and should not discuss things of which you know nothing."

The man who spoke these words was stretched out full length in an easy chair, his feet in another, the steel-grey eyes looked straight at his antagonist; the calm insolence of the look was as bad as the words. The clean-shaven face, the heavy jaw, and thin lips showed intellect and depravity in equal proportions. A man capable of heroism and excellent acts, or of baseness that stalks close to the verge of crime; the face of one who was ripe for treason, conspiracy, and spoils. Such individuals are often seen in club-rooms or about the fashionable hotels. They toil not, neither do they spin, but they are well clothed. Of few words, self-contained, polite to strangers; but someway children never confide in them.

Yet the man had a suggestion of culture that the club *habitué* is not apt to possess. He looked like a combination of brigand and archbishop. This man perhaps had virtues, but they were like stars, for they shone out of a black background.

He arose, lit a cigarette, took a few leisurely puffs, and then sat down again as before.

With his feet on the chair, and holding his cigarette between his

fingers, he continued to look straight at the clergyman. His silence cut deeper than his language. The rector's clerical collar seemed to be strangling him—he grew purple in the face and started toward the door—then paused, and in a voice trembling with the emotion which he endeavored to suppress, he said: ¶ " I am in your house—here on your invitation—I have read a paper on a certain economic topic—the greatest subject of the time—the struggle between those who have and those who have not. In treating this subject I have spoken what I thought was truth, believing that you and other wealthy members of this club were men enough to listen to truth without making a personal issue of it; now what is the result? While several members have intelligently discussed my paper, you content yourself with a flat contradiction of my statements. Gentlemen, I bid you good-night." ❧ ❧

" Hold on, Burtis—not yet—just a moment, please—don't leave that way," called several voices in chorus.

One man ran after the fast vanishing clergyman, and seizing him by the arm just as he was about to pass out of the hall door, whispered to him that Mr. Hillard wanted to apologize. Leading the rector back, in a tone a little too loud and laughing for sincerity, he said: " Here you are now, Hillard, I caught him for you, you see—now apologize for your insolence!—Ring that bell, fool, —let 's have a quiet smoke and a night cap, and then we will all sing *Auld Lang Syne* and go home to dream out a scheme for relieving the down-trodden millions.—Here, James, Mr. Hillard says to bring in a box of those best cigars, the decanter of Burgundy, and the siphon of soda.—Oh! bother your apology, Hillard, they are devilish awkward things, anyway—I want to ask the dominie a few questions about his paper—I 'm going to make a synopsis of it for to-morrow morning's issue. You are no teetotaler, Mr. Burtis? It 's the Methodists who are daft on prohibition—I 'm glad to see the Church of England clergy on the

side of sense, as they always are. Good things are for use—moderate, healthful, and intelligent use—"

"I really have duties at home I should attend to," protested the clergyman, "but of course I do not—ah—wish to be rude,—and as you insist on publishing a synopsis of my address—ah—of course I could not be so ungentlemanly as to refuse the information you desire. The public at large of course look to the newspapers for the truth—"

The rector had now taken his seat at the table; he refused the wine, but was holding an unlighted cigar between his fingers. The man who had brought him back had whipped out a notebook and was making a bustling show of sharpening a lead pencil

"Now, let me see—you say there are fifty-five—thousand—men now in the United States homeless, seeking bread from door to door—?"

"Yes, that is what I said—outcasts—society's Ishmaelites, every man's hands turned against them—laws being passed to imprison them. Think of it, gentlemen—think of it! Homeless and hungry! searching for work that they may maintain the loved ones whom they have left behind."

"The—average—age—is—twenty—seven—years?" inquiringly added Mr. White, writing.

"Yes, that is what the registers at the lodging-houses show."

¶ "Strong—and—healthy,—well—able—to—work?"

"Yes, hearty and robust with hardly an exception. I visited the Bethel Home in New York last winter, and talked with many of the poor men who were compelled temporarily to accept charity from the hands of Christian people. One man told me, with tears in his eyes, how he had walked clear from Chicago looking for work, and of how farmers had set their dogs on him, policemen had warned him to leave town, women where he applied for a crust had thrown dish-water on him. Disgrace, contumely, and

insult was his greeting everywhere. Is this the spirit of brotherhood we read of? Oh! it is a shame, brethren—a shame!"

Hillard still lay back in his chair and silently smiled and smoked; he had not uttered a syllable since the clergyman had so abruptly started for the door. He now knocked the ashes off from his cigarette, examined the fire critically, and relieved himself as follows:

"You see, gentlemen, the rector views this subject from his own side, and not from the side of the vagabond. For Mr. Burtis to be suddenly thrust out, and be compelled to beg or steal in order to keep from starving, would, indeed, be very pitiable. But, God bless you, it is no hardship for these 'roadsters' who do this sort of thing. They tramp because they like it. Generally they follow this life from choice; they do not want work. They may be dislodged from their accustomed places by a financial high wind, to be sure, but they are only blown in the direction of their desires. They go to liberty, not to banishment. And this talk of their being separated from their loved ones is pure nonsense. They have no loved ones. It is only the working of the law of attraction. We move toward the thing that attracts, not away from it. The careless life of the tramp—without responsibilities, full of diversion and adventure, without danger to speak of, is after all, for a certain class of men an attractive thing."

Mr. White probably knew as much about the true philosophy of society as either the clergyman or Mr. Hillard. He had positive ideas, but he never forced them on others. He would argue with a man and seemingly give in by saying, "Well possibly you are right," when he saw that the talk had gone far enough. But now he felt that the clergyman whom they had invited here had not been courteously treated; and what he wanted was simply to make peace and let the rector down and out without loss of dignity. And after all here was Hillard trying to fan the coals into flame again! "A certain class," echoed Mr. White.

" Yes."
" It strikes me that you belong to a certain class."
" Of vagabonds? "
" Yes, if you want it so."
" Possibly: well? "
" You do not work," put in the clergyman, now gaining courage as he felt Mr. White was backing him.
" True."
" You have no responsibilities."
" My father's executor looks after that."
" You fill your life with adventures of various kinds to kill time and drive away *ennui!*"
" I sail a yacht, play polo, and attend an occasional prize fight! "
" You eat the bread that others earn by the sweat of their brow."
¶ " Indeed! "
" Having never worked you have no sympathy with the poorer classes."
" It is a fact, I never did a day's work."
" You have no family ties."
" None that I parade; proceed."
" If you should suddenly have your income withdrawn, what in heaven's name would become of you? "
" I would still lead a life of pleasure."
" How? "
" I would become a tramp."
The round of laughter that greeted this last remark was genuine.
" You say ' what you would do.' How often have we heard you declare that no man could tell what he would do until the thing came to pass! "
" Well? "
" So say I, well? "
" I have tried it."
" Tried what? "

" Tramping."
" You! ! "
" Yes—for six months at a time."
" When? "
" When you thought I was in Paris last summer."
" Hold on there, Ananias."
" Fact! ! "
" Of all the liars! "
" I am speaking truth."
" I am quite a fabricator myself, but I resign all honors."
" Believe it or not—what care I: I left Boston last May with ten cents in my pocket and no more. I came back in November with a quarter, and never enjoyed a summer better."
" But you had money with you, so if necessary you could fall back on it? "
" Yes, of course, as I told you I took ten cents."
" And how much more? "
" Not a cent, I was a tramp. To have taken money with me would have only been playing at the business, as children play keep store. I wanted to know the pleasures of the road, and I wanted to know its hardships, privations, and difficulties. All men have difficulties. When the pleasures outweigh them you call the man happy. The tramp's pleasures outweigh his troubles."
" If it was not for blackening the reputation of my paper for veracity, I would write the story up."
" It would be no ' scoop.' "
" Why? "
" Did you not read of how the New York *Herald* hired a man to make a month's trip as a tramp, and of how he wrote up the subject? "
" Yes, and they say the fellow liked the job so well that he resigned his position on the paper and took to the road."
" Only partially right—I never had a position on the paper."

" Or as a tramp."
" I tell you I did."
" Well, we will believe it—as a favor."
" I ask no favor, but seeing you have put me so on the cross-examination, I will tell you: I was bluffed into working my way to St. Louis and back, by Bennett. It was all over a bottle of wine. I made the trip stealing rides and begging my way, and got back in three weeks. The *Herald* paid me two hundred dollars for the articles I sent them. Of course they did not publish my name. When I started I expected to have a hard time of it, but there was so much fun in it that when I returned, I just gave that two hundred dollars to an orphan asylum and started off on a six months' cruise as a tramp."
" It were base flattery to call him liar."
Mr. White—standing with mock gravity—" Gentlemen—I propose you the health of Mr. John Hillard, the king of tramps."
¶ (A voice) " Or of liars! "
" I stand corrected, the king of tramps or of liars, we do not know which."
All drink—loud laughter with bravos for Hillard, etc., etc. All shake hands with the host and depart.

CHAPTER II.

" Sir, fare you well. Hereafter in another and better world than this, . ."

FIVE weeks had elapsed since the meeting last described; Mr. White and Mr. Jones were talking to the Rev. Algernon Burtis after the choir rehearsal at the rectory.
" Disappeared and no one knows where—you don't tell me! " exclaimed the clergyman.
" Yes, and did not even take a valise—much less a trunk."
¶ " And it is now ten days? "

" Ten days. He discharged his valet, gave the key of his rooms to the janitor, and said good-bye to no one."
" Have the police been notified? "
" No, but I intend to see them to-night."
" You called on his bankers? "
" Yes, it seems he saw the executor of his father's estate the day he left. Hillard told him simply to take care of his funds until he returned—that he would need no money soon."
" It can't be suicide—he had everything which a man needs. Think of it, an income of eight thousand dollars a year, and no one but himself to support. Look here, gentlemen—"
" Well? "
Mr. Jones peered around cautiously—winked one eye, placed one hand alongside of his mouth, and in a lowered voice, said:
" A woman."
" What? "
" A woman, I say."
" What woman? "
" How should I know—a handsome one, bewitching, petite, stylish, and a smart one no doubt. Do not trouble yourself about Hillard—he will come around next week and tell you how he has been down to the country to see his uncle. Oh, you bachelors are a sly lot! "
Mr. Jones nodded his head and smiled knowingly, as a man always does when he is inwardly congratulating himself on his insight
" That is all right, Mr. Jones, but I told you the man did not even take a clean collar."
" Who cares—he forgot to—you can buy collars and cuffs anywhere; if not, turn the old ones."
" Yes, but he took no money."
" Well, the girl has money probably."
" But he left his watch."

" No man wants to think of time on such an occasion."
" He even discharged his valet."
" An economical fit struck him."
" My friend, you are wrong," quietly put in Mr. White, who up to this time had stood near, merely listening to the conversation. " You are wrong for once. You remember the loud talk we had at the meeting of the Society for the Study of Social Problems? "
" Yes, when Hillard insulted me," exclaimed the rector.
" Well, Hillard told us what we thought was a great lie, about his once having been a tramp."
" Yes, but the fellow always had a way of making the most astounding statements without a smile— just to see what folks would say, I suppose."
" Gentlemen, it occurs to me that he told the truth on that occasion."
" And do you think he has turned tramp again? "
" The metaphysicians say that a man who has done a thing once will do it again."
" That's so—' Men who fail in business once will surely fail again ' is an axiom among bankers;—the act is shorn of its terrors."
" And do you really think that trampism is shorn of its terrors for this man and that he sees something attractive in it? "
¶ " Possibly; there is no output for his powers here—he does not have to exercise his wits, at all. His income is secure; he gambles a little, reads a little, hears a few lectures, and he once wrote a sloppy novel with a sociological moral."
" No one ever exactly found the moral."
" True, and Hillard fell back and found consolation in the thought that good things always go ' a begging.' "
" Yes, he was a little sour on society. Men who have too much are as discontented as those who have too little."
" Then you figure that a rich man might turn tramp for the same reason that a poor one would? "

" Not exactly that; but you know Hillard claimed that the tramp did not want to find work; so in this the tramp resembles a man who is rich."

" Precisely; it is the law of antithesis."

" The opposites of things look alike."

" You have it."

The clergyman sat thoughtful. He wrinkled his brow, he sighed, he was sore perplexed. He could not possibly conjecture why a man should leave a luxurious home and all the comforts that money could procure and make himself a vagabond. " If Hillard has done this thing he is insane," he said.

" Yes, but we are all a trifle touched; men penetrate the wilds of wildernesses, cross deserts, go to the north pole; aye, a white woman had recently made a journey alone through Africa."

" But all this for the benefit of science? "

" For self-gratification first and science afterward."

" And you argue that there are wilds in our social life which men traverse simply for the cause of science, too? "

" Exactly so."

" But this thing of an educated man—a Yale graduate deliberately becoming an outcast is beyond me. If he has done this he is insane, and I will feel it my duty to notify the police, that he may be properly cared for; but I believe it is twice as likely, yes, a hundred times as probable, that he has committed suicide."

" He drinks, does he not? "

" Why, of course, but seldom to excess! "

" Seldom, you say? "

" Yes; you see he is a man of strong will, he can drink or let it alone."

" I see, but men who can drink or let it alone never let alone. Liquor produces strange disturbances in men's moral natures. You can not calculate on the actions of a drinking man; he may carry himself sanely and he may not."

Mr. Burtis accompanied his two friends to the door, and added:

"Well, I will go to the morgue in the morning; I have a feeling that I will find him there. It makes me shiver to think of it. You remember that grewsome verse of Browning:

"'What fancy was it turned your brain?
Oh, women were the prize for you!
Money gets women; cards and dice
Get money; and ill-luck gets just
The copper couch and one clear, nice,
Cool squirt of water o'er your bust,
The right thing to extinguish lust!'"

BOOK II. CHAPTER I.

"O how full of briars is this workaday world."

OUR scene shifts. ¶ Travelling one thousand miles towards the setting sun from New York City will bring us to the center of population of the United States, a point twenty-five miles from the city of Indianapolis.

The geographical center of the great republic is in southeastern Kansas, where it will likely remain for many years to come. It is marked by a plain rugged piece of granite as is becoming. The hub of the universe was once the gilded dome of the State House at Boston, but citizens of Chicago maintain that times have changed. We have not space here to go into the issues of the case, but this we do know, that the center of population in 1830, was at Philadelphia. Some years it has traveled fast, others slow. It is now crawling to the west at the rate of nine hundred and seventy feet a year.

Twenty-five miles west from Indianapolis on the line of the I. B. & W. R. R., is the town of Lizton. The station (or depot as the people there call it) is a dreary place where the wind howls through the telegraph wires and whistles around the corners. Dust and dirt in summer, mud, slush, and snow in winter. In cold weather, the big " Volcano " stove in the middle of the waiting-room roasts the faces, burns the boots, and scorches the clothing of those who try to warm themselves in its hypocritical vicinity. People who prefer to sit back on the benches by the windows get the benefit of the breeze that comes joyously in through the rattling sash and the broken pane, where a time-table fights with the wind. Boreas holds a railway depot in perfect contempt

The station in a country place is where the loafers most do congregate. The city loafer is a saint compared with the rustic article. The rustic only hunts in crowds; alone he is as timid as a sheep. In the company of his kind his insolence is colossal. Country clergymen believe in the total depravity of the young. They have reason.

The loafers along the line of the I. B. & W. R. R. excelled in all manner of rural rascality. They were neither men nor boys—not big enough to knock down, yet too large to spank.

An hour before the eight o'clock passenger train came along at Lizton in the evening they were on hand. They pushed the grain cars past the elevator shute, they stole the links and hid the pins in cob piles. With a crowbar they started the lumber cars to a point dangerously near the curve in the switch. They set the brakes so tight with the aid of levers that the trainmen had difficulty to let them off. They played hide-and-seek through the waiting room and under the station, in the corn-cribs, and freight cars. And at the stock-yards, where the hogs and cattle were loaded, they once turned three lots of hogs together, and the owners had a lawsuit in consequence. These loafers whittled the

benches, spat on the stove, jammed the poker through the floor, made pictures on the wall, wrote doggerel on the door.
A sign over the ticket window read:

> Men are requested not to smoke in this room.
> Gentlemen will not .

This was decorated with various " cuds " of tobacco, evidently thrown by gentlemen sitting on the bench at the opposite side of the room, as some of the missiles had shot wide of the target. There they stuck, a monument to some one's bad marksmanship. When the train came, these loafers met it at the watertank and boarded every step. The more daring chased each other through the coaches. One barefoot, freckled youth, as big as a man, on being ordered off by the conductor, once protested: " I won't git run'd over, I won't."
" I do not care if you do," was the answer.
They stood in the passengers' way, made remarks to the women, mimicked the men, pulled the ears of little boys, jostled the girls.
¶ Complaints kept pouring in to the General Superintendent's office from all along the line about the gangs that infested the depots
The complaints came from patrons of the road, not from the agents. These patrons thought their town the only one thus scourged. They did not know that the publication of Darwin's book was hastened because the author accidentally found that a German thinker who never heard of Darwin had written the same things; that all great discoveries and inventions are evolved in different parts of the world about the same time; that thought is in the air, and is free to all that can seize it; that certain conditions produce certain results; that the springs of action are general, not particular; that the spores of everything exist everywhere, and when conditions are right a crop is sure; that a Spitz dog is a representative of all other Spitz dogs. In short, that a

loafer in Lizton is only a specimen—a type of the great Genus Loafer Rusticus.

The General Superintendent knew these things, probably, although he had no time to philosophize over them. The stockholders did not want philosophy, they demanded dividends. If the dividends were not forthcoming they requested the head of the General Superintendent on a charger.

On Oct. 15, 1885, the C. B. & Q., the Illinois Central, and the I. B. & W., each made a shift of agents at nearly every station on its respective line. And at the same time issued a warning to all loafers, idlers, and tramps to keep away from its property. ¶ This change was to make it easier for the agent to carry out the order. After a man has lived in a country village for a year, unless he is a very positive character, he will be only Bill, Joe, Jim, or Dick, as the case may be. It is what the scientists call the law of " Reversion to Type." Simplified, it means there is a very strong tendency for everybody to become like everybody else. This accounts for society's motto, gotten from Donnybrook Fair: " Wherever you see a head, hit it." It is only the working out of the social law which tends to pull every one down to one common level.

So after a station agent has been in one place a certain length of time, the law of Reversion to Type (which is much more rapid in action in villages than elsewhere) pulls him down to the common level, and his cap with the gilt band no longer inspires awe. ¶ The neighbors lounged in the station, reached over the half-door that separated the agent's office from the waiting-room, unfastened the spring lock, walked in, sat down, and read the *Weekly Times* or the *Ledger*. They " monkeyed " with the telegraph apparatus—knew which key to touch in order to get a mild electric shock; read the way-bills, made comments on the tracers, and kept themselves fully informed as to what was " short " and what was " over." They read all correspondence,

inspected all express packages, examined the letterpress sheets, appropriated lead pencils, smoked the agent's pipe, tested the pens, tried his tobacco, and discussed the telegrams.

A large amount of the village correspondence was carried on with letter-heads and envelopes marked R. R. B. The only thing sacred to the agent was the ticket-case and money-drawer; and he was not always dead-sure as to the latter.

Yet these friendly neighbors were not bad people—far from it, kind and accommodating. They helped switch the cars, carried telegraph messages, handled the baggage. When the way freight came in, some of them were always on hand to give a lift.

They knew the conductors, joked with the brakemen, played checkers with the agent. The children of these friendly neighbors were the loafers who made the trouble.

CHAPTER II.

" If ever you have looked on better days:
If ever been where bells have knolled to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast:
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 't is to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be."

IT was near nine o'clock, and Mr Puddefoote, the agent at Lizton, was just completing his second day at the new charge. ¶ The warnings posted on the station walls, inside and out, had been duly respected. They were probably respected for a full week. The sight of the agent's revolver—unloaded—lying on the table near the telegraph-key helped things.

Then the printed notices were headed: Warning!!! Three exclamation-points inspire very much more terror than one.

The passengers had gone through, but the agent could not leave until he had given orders to Number Nine, the fast freight. Why it was called " fast" no one ever knew.

" Where is Number Nine? " He ticked the question off to the agent at Pittsboro, the second station east.

" Left here a half hour ago with a hot-box. I knew it would get to smoking again going down the grade. Say, have you kept the loafers out? "

" You bet."

He took up his last copy of the *New York Weekly,* but could not find the place where he left off in the hair-lifting story. Then he reached up and took down a violin that was on the ticket case; he started to play, but the thing seemed only to shriek an accompaniment to the howling of the wind, and the noise echoed through the high hollow room like the moan of a lost soul. The new agent had never heard the moan of a lost soul, but he had his ideas. It had been raining all day—the rain had now turned to sleet, and the wind dashed it angrily against the windows that rattled in the casements.

Mr. Puddefoote placed his face close to the window, and putting a hand each side of his eyes, he gazed out into the darkness up the track that stretched straight out to the east; no headlight in sight. He sat down and picked up the paper again; but instead of reading, he turned his head on one side and listened. He thought he heard a step in the waiting-room outside.

The first fire of the year was in the " Volcano " stove, but no lamp was in the room. The stove threw out long fitful streaks of light that made grim dancing pictures on the wall. The bright light in front of the telegraph instrument made it difficult for the operator to see clearly as he peered out of the half open door into the waiting-room, but after an instant he made out a figure standing by the stove. He had been startled. Silence startles. A stealthy footstep will often produce more agitation than an explosion. But when we make out the dread figure, and recognize the youngster who has jumped out from behind a corner with a loud " boo! ! " we want to kick him.

Railroad station agents are but clay. The " boo! " was of the silent sort, and wholly innocent, but Mr. Puddefoote recognized the form standing by the stove. He wanted to kick it.

" Now, what the devil are you doing here again; did n't I tell you to keep out? "

" I am cold, and my clothes are wet," came back a hesitating childish voice.

" Well, go home; here you have been hanging around since five o'clock, and this is the fourth time I have told you to git."

No answer. The figure stood still.

" Did you hear? "

" Yes, sir."

" Well, why don't you mind? "

" I will in a minute, please."

" Go home, and go now. Did n't I show you the warning to loafers? "

" Yes, sir."

" Then git for home."

" I have no home, please, sir! "

Let us here open the stove door, so as to get a little more light, and we will take a look at this boy. He certainly was not over twelve years old, but rather tall and slender. He wore a man's boots, and a pair of overalls, straw hat, and the coat must have been his Sunday best when he was eight years old, for the sleeves came only half way to the elbows.

The hands were calloused, full of cracks, and the long wrists showed red and chapped. He held his hands up to warm them, and seemed to half crouch over the stove, evidently trying to absorb a good deal of heat in a short time, for all the while he looked furtively in the direction of the clicking telegraph instrument. His manner showed that he expected a strong man would rush forth and pitch him out into the darkness.

The boy was a stranger in a strange land,—that was sure. He had

the half-frightened look that told he was unused to the surroundings ❧ ❧

Mr. Puddefoote should have seen this—but railroad agents have the privilege of being dull—he had orders to keep the loafers away and he would begin with this one.

Is innocence sufficient shield?

Not always.

" You have no home, eh! Don't lie to me, kid, I 'll come out there and break every bone in your body."

Perhaps the man assumed a fury he did not feel, but he sprang from his chair intending to seize the boy by the collar, and kick him out. He was big; the boy was small. Mr. Puddefoote felt fully equal to the task of kicking him out. He had nearly reached the child, when a heavy footstep was heard behind, and a voice that would have been cheery were it not for the tinge of guttural, sang out: ❧ ❧

" Ah! you are the new agent—glad to greet you. I did not have time to call before—business prevented—I hope you are well. Say! what time does the nine o'clock train go? "

These words came out in a single mouthful without pause, or inflection; and they ceased as suddenly as they began. They were polite words, although not exactly " apples of gold in pictures of silver," for as they died away there was a suggestion of slur, sneer, and insincerity that robbed the greeting of its goodfellowship ❧ ❧

At the sound of the voice the station agent turned, and if he had before been startled at the sight of the boy's figure, he was now positively frightened at the sight of this. One glance was enough —he did not seize the child—he changed his mind. He walked right past him to a scuttle of coal, and made a noisy pretence of fixing the fire.

We said the voice of the man who had spoken ceased abruptly. He now stood with back to the stove—feet wide apart, and

coat-tails parted. He said nothing, but he stared straight at the agent. That stare, stony, cold, and threatening, hastened Mr. Peddefoote's movements more than words could have done. He answered not, but after slamming down the coal scuttle and dropping the poker, he made haste to get inside of his office and close the door.

The spring lock shut with a snap.

CHAPTER III.

" Unclaimed of any man. But who comes here?"

WHILE this man is standing back to the stove, staring at the closed door that leads into the operator's room, we in our turn will take a look at him.

He is a tramp of the tramps, beyond the ghost of a doubt, for the man who sleeps in the clothes he wears during the day, can never disguise the fact. This is not a large man, but there is a suggestion of the aldermanic about his goodly front. Twenty-eight—possibly thirty years of age. His round red face is covered with a three weeks' growth of red bristles, the beard growing thick, high up on his cheeks, giving him a gorilla-like look of ferocity. His shoes are sadly run down and turned over at the heels, making the toes turn up. The pantaloons are held in place by a piece of rope, knotted at a point to the southwest of the " umbilical region," as the doctors might say. He wears a cheap cotton shirt, next comes a long Prince Albert coat, over this a cutaway, then a light-colored sack coat much shorter than the others.

Good taste would suggest the wearing of the longest coat on the outside, but the width of the garments across the shoulders compel the order we have named. These coats are all unbuttoned; and the buttons being off from the shirt, show the short bull neck and the hairy breast of a Hercules. On his head he wore,

jauntily cocked over one eye, a battered high hat with a band of mourning about it. As he stands with back to the stove, his hands are in his pockets, held beneath his right arm is a short knotted cudgel. When he spoke the agent noticed the voice and accent were those of a gentleman and singularly out of keeping with his appearance.

The man is bow-legged and this is the only blemish on his splendid physique ❧ ❧

Knock-knees are a deformity; bow-legs an accident.

Bow-legs come from courage and strong will: the child insists on walking before cartilage has ossified—that's all. Men with knock-knees are weak, vacillating, cowardly. Where you want courage to rashness, hope that is deathless, and a will that may bend but never break, place your money on the bow-legged man. Hounds have knock-knees, bull-dogs are bow-legged.

Charles the First was knock-kneed; Cromwell (like Cæsar) had bow-legs ❧ ❧

CHAPTER IV.

"He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea; providently caters for the sparrow."

THIS tramp had come leisurely walking, hands in pockets, down the railroad track to the depot. When he got to the door he heard the high-pitched voice of the telegraph operator. He recognized it as an angry voice; if there was going to be a row he wanted to be on hand.

He did not want to stop the progress of a quarrel by calling attention to himself; his entrance might spoil it all you know; let the pot boil ❧ ❧

This man considered himself a seeker after truth. He argued that curiosity was the mother of knowledge. He aimed to secure truth direct. Many curious things had he seen through keyholes,

much wisdom had he acquired sitting beneath windows or lying in high grass.

But just as he was laying a dirty ear to the keyhole he heard the agent spring from his chair and—in he walked. This tramp always sided with the weak, his sympathies were with the under-dog, his motto was Protection; he protected everything that needed protection and some things that did not. Possibly he would protect the under-dog just for the satisfaction of whipping it himself, but we can not say positively as to this.

When he stepped into that waiting-room he had no idea of who or what it was that needed protection, but it made no difference. "Justice, justice though the heavens fall," he said to himself. It did n't mean much, it was only one of his pet sayings.

You have already seen how this railroad agent—long, lean, bony—a foot taller than our tramp, made haste to get into a place of safety ❧ ❧

"The wishes of a stout tramp with a knotty club command more respect than do those of a virtuous citizen with a consumptive cough and a sandy goatee," said our tramp to himself as he still stood with his back to the stove. The child was on the other side.

¶ "Well?" said the tramp, gruffly.

"I am going now," plaintively came the trembling voice; "I only wanted to get warm."

"Hold on, I want to talk with you."

"Please sir, I did n't mean to—I did n't know it was against the rules." ❧ ❧

"Did n't, eh?—plain enough, aint they?—'No loafers or tramps allowed around this building.'"

"I won't do it again, sir, please."

The child began to cry and sidled off toward the door.

"Now, kid, none of the briny, for God's sake—it makes me nervous; I have the heart disease, and might turn up my toes right here and it 's against the rules you know."

The man walked over and as he took the child by the arm, exclaimed: "Holy snakes, what are you, Barnum's living skeleton? Why brat, no wonder you were cold—your duds are wet with the rain—you had better be naked and be done with it. Nothing on under those overalls and your coat is made of mosquito netting—no stockings, I 'll bet, and got on your daddy's boots with all the holes. Why did n't you bring the holes and leave the boots at home? "

" Please, sir, let me go." The boy tried to wriggle away.

" By the great Horn Spoons! This is a fine social system; the kid is starving, that 's what."

The man was going through contortions trying to get a package out of the tail pocket of the Prince Albert.

" Here now what do you say to this? " and he began unwrapping something that proved to be a quarter section of thick home-made mince pie.

The pie had been sat on, and when the newspaper was removed a fine imprint of a New York *Tribune* editorial was plainly visible across the top. The child did not stop to read the editorial, excellent though it doubtless was; he reached for the pie and ate ravenously, then the two sat down on the bench, back by the wall, in the dull light of the red-hot stove. The tramp reached down into his open shirt. A package was fished up. " No, that 's my tobacco." Another, " And that 's sausage, but 't aint cooked. We must look out for trichina. Once more—here she is—bread and meat. I came near throwing it away, but Providence stayed my arm."

The child sat and munched the bread and meat. It was warm from the man's body, but when we are hungry we are not fastidious. The tramp got a tin cup of water from the wooden pail in the corner, and setting the cup on the flat top of the hot stove it was soon steaming. Then he produced from the mysterious depths of his shirt a package of tea, and sprinkling a proper quantity in

the tin cup he stirred it with his knife. The boy drank, and then the tramp made a cup of tea for himself. Instead of putting the empty cup back where he got it by the water pail he dropped it inside of his shirt and did the same with a piece of soap that lay on the shelf by the bucket, all without saying a word. What use has a tramp for soap?

It was now plain why he did not button his coats; the shirt was filled with a whole kitchen outfit of divers and sundry useful articles ❧ ❧

" I 'm an Olympian Seer from Sandusky," said the tramp. " I can look right through anything. I look at a man and I know what he has had for breakfast. I saw you had n't eaten anything since yesterday. I can read the mind, too. I know your thoughts—you have run away; do not answer, I know all about it. It 's the wrong Social System, that 's what. I 'll help you on Number Nine when she comes; I 'm waiting here for her too, but you 'll freeze, kid.—Here." ❧ ❧

The tramp stood up and with a few gyrations all so quick that the eye could scarcely follow, he whipped off his pantaloons. To the boy's surprise the taking off of the trousers made no difference in his appearance; he probably had on three pairs more.

" Here, Jimmy, get into these, quick."

The pantaloons came up around the child's armpits. A strong string was brought up out of the inside of that shirt and quickly a buttonhole was knotted in each end and the man buttoned the improvised suspenders over the shoulders of the lad, and stooping he turned up the bottoms, saying: " They call 'em a pair of trousers; why a pair, that's what I want to know. A coat has two sleeves but we do not call it a pair of coats. If a man wore no pants society would call it singular, but to me it is singular that pants are plural."

He pulled off two coats and stood in the Prince Albert. Not many of us have the bust to do justice to a Prince Albert: this man had.

His earthly tabernacle would have delighted the eye of a tailor. Removing the coat he put it on the boy and buttoned it up about him, turning up the sleeves. The coat came nearly to the child's feet.

The door with the spring lock here opened cautiously and the station agent looked out.

" Boys, you will have to go now, I'm going to lock up for the night."

The voice was needlessly loud but civil; yet the child trembled and his hand blindly felt for the hand of his new-found friend; it was a curious move for a twelve-year-old lad.

" You can't shut up shop till Number Nine comes, lunatic," gruffly replied the tramp.

" Can't, eh? "

" No."

" What do you know about it? "

" Come off, now, Puddefoote."

" How do you know my name? "

" Fool don't you know me? "

" No, and I don't want to. What 's your name? "

" Whiskers! "

" His Whiskers? Well as I 'm a sinner so it is! Shake, I did not know you."

" My son, Mr. Puddefoote, Mr. Puddefoote, my son, Mr. Jimmy Whiskers, just out of boarding-school and taking his vacation."

The agent shook hands with the boy and laughed aloud at his appearance

" Well, I might a knowed it, you fellows go in gangs; I would have asked the young man in if I had thought he was your boy."

It is always easy to forgive our enemies when we can not crush them

" Where is Old Number Nine, anyway? " asked His Whiskers.

¶ " Oh! a hot box. She may not be here for an hour; come in the office, both of you."

The tramp and the boy followed the man into the little room and took chairs by the baby volcano that was sending out a cheerful glow ❧ ❧

" By the way, Whiskers, you have not forgotten how to play the fiddle? "

The tramp sat silent looking into the fire, he made no answer. ¶ The agent took the instrument off from the top of the ticket case and handed it to the man. He placed the violin against his bared throat; he caressed it as though it were a thing of life. He played. It was a master hand that held the bow.

In a strong, clear, baritone, accompanying himself on the instrument, the tramp sang, ***Home, Sweet Home.***

❧

CHAPTER V.

" It is a melancholy of mine own."

" IT makes me homesick," said the agent, " why do you always sing that thing; you have no home! "

" Pud, you have mental myopia and you wear a six and a half hat, or you would not ask. John Howard Payne, the man who wrote it, had no home. We sing and write poems of the things that are not ours. We talk most of the virtues we do not possess; men write poems to their sweethearts, not their wives. No man appreciates that which is wholly his own. We never appreciate a jewel until it is lost. Don't ask me foolish questions, man—let me give up my spirit to music—divine music."

The tramp took off his hat, closed his eyes, and leaning back in his chair, imitated on the violin the sighing of the wind and the beating rain. Then he stopped, and still holding the instrument, exclaimed: ❧ ❧

" Do you know, Pud, this old fiddle allows me to give an expression to my feelings such as I have not known for months!

" Expression is necessary to life. Expectoration of a thought is solace. The wolf howls, the dog barks, the birds sing, and when a woman is in love she sighs. But with me it is a violin that brings relief

" The violin has a soul; it sympathizes with one like a sweet and loving woman: that is the reason the player holds it so close to his heart.

" It is human.

" The violin is so in sympathy with the player, that it knows his gentlest emotion—the merest breath of feeling that ripples across soul—all is taken up and echoed by it. It knows his longings, his joys, his hopes, his ambitions, his fears.

" Once there was a splendid woman who loved me—you doubt it but it is truth. She loved me; I was unworthy of her. I would not blight her life by marrying her, but I did the next thing worse: I trod on her heart and wiped my feet on her honor.

" This woman played the violin divinely. She played divinely because she had suffered. Her heart had been wrung! No musician can excel until he has had a baptism of fire.

" The last night I saw this girl she played for me on her violin. It was after midnight. She knew she would never see me again, yet she was gay. It was the gayety that has in it the rattle of death

" ' Come, let me tell the story of your life on the violin,' she said

" She played.

" Slowly, gently, lightly, she touched the responsive instrument. There were tones that hissed; pouting, they eluded one another, then intertwined, became one, and danced away drunk with joy. Then they came romping back like butterflies that play hide-and-seek amid flowers where the sunbeams keep guard.

" There were melodies such as the nightingale sings in the twilight of dewy dawn, when the perfume of coming flowers fills her yearning heart with the promise of spring.

" These notes of passion merged gradually into a long, low, swelling strain of melody. There was gentlest harmony, broken now and then, only, with the suggestion of a harmonious discord; loud, clear, deep, swelling, peaceful harmony that rose and fell like the waves of a summer sea.

" Suddenly there was a change—had a string snapped? No, but the harmony was lost. In its place came sad, sighing, reproachful tones suggestive of stealthily approaching footsteps; footsteps with a tread soft, tortuous, menacing: footsteps of a spy, footsteps of a midnight executioner, footsteps of an assassin.

" There were notes that told of pleading, then of despair, utter, black despair.

" The lamps in the room seemed to go out. It was dark.

" The weird light of the moon stole in and the pale rays fell on the girl's form. She seemed to be swaying and writhing with pain, fearful pain, as she played. She looked as if trying to give utterance to some charm that would act as a spell and give deliverance to the fettered demons that live down under the sea. Madly, stubbornly, she hugged the shrieking violin to her bosom.

" There were screams, shrieks, crashes, groans of pain, sighs of terror, fearful sobs. There were sounds which, if heard by the saints of God, the songs of praise would die on their lips and they would hide their heads in abject fear. Sounds that would cause the dead to creep forth from their graves and raise their bony hands in prayer, thinking the last day had come, and they were about to receive their dread sentence.

" I turned deadly cold. My teeth chattered and I grasped the chair for support. Merciful Christ! would she never stop! I tried to beg her to cease, but my throat was frozen.

" Still she played on.

" My hands were numb. Fumes of sulphur seemed to fill my eyes —my nostrils. I gasped for breath. I felt the cold sweat streaming from my face, but the heat of hell was in my brain. Summoning all my strength I managed to get on my feet, and staggering to the door, stumbled out, down the steps, out into the blackness of the night

" I have never seen the girl since.

" Now as to my fortune: it has wafted me through all the joys of youth, and now brought me to the blessed harmonies of middle life, but someway I feel that the Nemesis is on my track.

" What makes you stare, Pud; you look like a stone image of Rameses the Second—Here, I 'll thaw you out by playing *The Wind that Shakes the Barley,*—Kee-ristopher! If there aint old Number Nine right at the switch! "

The agent made a mad grab for the rope that controlled the semaphore, but it failed to work. He seized his lantern and yelled as he passed out the door: " I 'll swing her up. Run down by the water tank and you can get on. Look out for the conductor—it 's Mulligan! "

" Don't worry! " answered the tramp.

He was in no hurry; he placed the violin back in its case, pocketed a lead pencil that lay on the table, took a chew of the agent's tobacco, then turned to the boy.

The child was sound asleep, his head against the wall. The man jammed his hat down over his eyes, gave the boy a shake, and vociferated:

" Here, now Jimmy, wake up; we must go and claim our berths in the Pullman! "

The boy was too sleepy to open his eyes, but one hand went out, groping blindly for the hand of the one person in all the wide world who he felt was his friend.

Out into the storm they trudged, out into the darkness, down the tracks, hand in hand.

CHAPTER VI.

" A rugged man o'ergrown with hair lay sleeping on his back."

THE man and boy came near paying for their leisurely movements, for the train was again in motion when they came alongside. His Whiskers (we might as well call him by the name he was known) lifted the boy so that he could climb up the side of a freight car, and with an easy swing he followed after.

In a few minutes the train was well under way. The wind was blowing a hurricane, and the boy lay flat down on the car, and held tight to the boardwalk that ran along the top to keep from being blown off. His Whiskers stood upright, both hands in his pockets; he had not even taken the trouble to button his coat. Presently a bobbing light was seen coming up over the tender and on to the top of the train.

" We can't stay here," muttered His Whiskers. He placed his mouth close to the boy's ear and shouted: " I say, kid, the brakeman is coming, we will have to hide."

The roar of the wind, the shower of cinders from the engine, the driving rain, the swaying cars, and the deafening rumble of the train had terrified the child so that he could not move. He lay across the board-walk, and clutched it in abject helplessness. ¶ The bobbing lantern was now only two cars away.

Putting one arm around the lad the tramp lifted him and swung over the end of the car down the ladder. In an instant the brakeman passed almost directly over their heads, but never saw them. Climbing back on the car His Whiskers laid the boy down, and screamed in his ear: " Do not move, I will be back in a minute."

Over the cars he made his way. The first car was empty. At the next he listened; it was loaded with hogs, he could hear them squeal. The next had cattle, he could tell by the movements. The next was sheep, he knew by the smell. He groped for the trapdoor in the top, and was rejoiced to find it unlocked. Going back

to the boy, he half carried, half dragged him to the trap-door, and putting him down, supporting him by the hands; lowering the child as far as he could reach, he let him drop down among the sheep ❧ ❧

Following after, he closed the door.

" Now I will say my 'Now-I-lay-me ' and sleep the sleep of the innocent. I do not generally care to have the wool pulled over my eyes, this time we will not mind it," said the tramp, as he settled himself down in the warmth of the huddled sheep.

The combined roar of the storm and train made a fearful noise in this car with its reverberating tin roof. This was well, for it drowned the snore of the tramp.

The man was strong enough and thoughtful enough to catch a sheep and hold it for a pillow. The boy could not do this, so the moving about of the animals disturbed him, although their wooly overcoats kept him warm.

The train passed station after station, at some of which it stopped. Then the trainmen could be heard running overhead. The lad could tell when they set the brake on " his car; " he could hear the wheels drag. Every moment he would think, " Now, as soon as he gets through turning the wheel of that brake he will come to the trap-door and demand why I am stealing these sheep. He will seize me by the collar and choke me and take me off to jail. There I shall be kept in a cell on bread and water for weeks and weeks, and perhaps they will wall the cell up, and leave only a little hole to pass food in, and then they will forget me, and I shall starve, or I shall be taken to prison and wear a striped suit, and be only Number 1169, so that I shall forget I ever had a name, and when I get too old to work they will let me out, and then every one will shun me."

But the brakeman never bothered himself about the trap-door; he did not even come to see why the sheep kept up such a bleating. Why did they bleat so? Were they homesick because they were

being taken away off they knew not where? Were they calling for help because the train made such an awful noise; or were they hungry? It must be they were hungry; he had been hungry too. Poor sheep; he could sympathize with them, but would they not please keep quiet? this bleating would call the attention of the conductor, and he would surely come down the trap-door with the lantern, with his name on it, to see what was the matter.

¶ They came to Danville—he knew it was Danville, for he spelt out the name on the station, where there was a flickering, smoky lamp over the station door. They stayed at Danville nearly an hour, and changed engines and backed up and down and backward and forward, and they bumped into other cars, and other cars bumped into them. After one bump more severe than any before, His Whiskers came up out of a pile of sheep, and exclaimed angrily: "When I am superintendent of this damn one-horse road the first thing I shall do will be to bounce Bill Hogan—he can no more handle an engine than a baby." Then His Whiskers disappeared as suddenly as he had arisen. Men with lanterns ran over the top of the car and down the side, and other men with torches got underneath—they seemed to be searching for something. Were they looking for a runaway boy?

Finally the train started. The storm had ceased now, the clouds had drifted away. But by and by it grew very dark and the stars all went to bed. Instead of the stars there were lights now and then to be seen—in farm-houses. Perhaps it was getting toward morning and the folks were getting up. Some one was coming downstairs to make the fire in the kitchen stove. Maybe they had to get up so early because the corn was not all husked or the potatoes not all dug.

There was a faint red tint off in the east. Then great fiery streaks shot up and in a little while it looked as if a whole town was ablaze miles and miles away. It was nearly daylight.

When the train stopped at a water tank the barking of a dog

could be heard and the crowing of roosters. The boy saw a farmer come out of a little house and slap his hands as if it were cold—then walk off toward the barn and a straw stack around which were a drove of cows.

The cows "moohed," just as his father's cows did at home—how strange!

The train had started and His Whiskers sat up. His stout form loomed among the sheep, and as his hat was off—could you have seen him, you would have surely said: "There is a black sheep in every flock." He was combing his beard and hair, with a stump of a comb to get the wool out.

He called to the boy that they would get out at the next station.

¶ His Whiskers climbed up the side of the car and very cautiously put his head out to see if the coast was clear. Then he motioned for the boy to follow. As the train slowed down they climbed to the top of the car and down the side. Just before the train stopped they dropped off to the ground.

The conductor, station agent, and a brakeman stood on the depot platform and saw the man and boy leave the train. The three men watched them as they lazily moved off toward the village. They were debating as to where those tramps had concealed themselves

His Whiskers knew they were watching him—someway we all can tell when we are being strongly gazed at by some one behind—he turned and politely lifted his hat.

CHAPTER VII.

"How now, wit? Whither wander you?"

"I HAVE friends up this way, we will go and call on them," said His Whiskers.

The man seemed to be scanning the gate-posts as they walked along. Finally they stopped before a pretty homelike cottage

and going into the yard they passed around to the back door. The rap was answered by a tall woman, who had no more than opened the door than she slammed it.

"I had n't time to bid her good-morning," remarked His Whiskers as they walked away.

"Was she a friend of yours?" asked the boy.

The man looked at him. The lad's innocence was his protection.

¶ At the next house the door was held open long enough for the tramp to put his feet in, and he leaned against the casing in a way that prevented a repetition of the slamming.

"Madam, I am a poor man seeking work. I have not tasted food for three days; would you mind giving me from your plentiful store—a mere crust, Madam?"

The woman who held the door did not answer, but a gruff, masculine voice from somewhere in the house yelled:

"No-o-o-o, git out!!"

"Madam, excuse me, I bid you good-morning. Will you please tell your husband, with my compliments, that he should not speak so loud, he might rupture a blood vessel."

The instant His Whiskers removed his foot the door slammed as if the mere taking away of that foot had released a powerful spring ❧ ❧

The boy was frightened, and refused to go into the next yard, but the man insisted.

Exactly the same formula was gone through here, excepting that there was evidently no man at home.

"No food for three days?" echoed the white-haired motherly woman ❧ ❧

"As I live, madam, and my son here is starving—actually starving as you can see. Here, Jimmy why don't you take off your hat, don't you know a lady when you see one? How often have I told you. You will excuse him, madam—it is so seldom, so very seldom one meets a perfect lady, and then James never has had the

training which only the mother-love can give. Anything you happen to have, madam—do not go to any trouble, I pray you, just a bit of bread and butter, a little piece of meat, and any sauce or jelly you have handy! "

The woman had no meat cooked—the breakfast things were all put away, but she would give them a slice of bread and butter.

" Would that do? "

" Certainly, madam, certainly. Jimmy, how often have I told you never to enter a house, without wiping your feet? You will excuse him, madam, I know you will."

The tramp had pulled the boy in by this time, and they were both comfortably seated in the little kitchen, while the woman was busily engaged cutting the bread and spreading it with butter.

" You will not mind my mentioning it, madam, but you have a good fire in the stove:—fried eggs would be acceptable, inasmuch as you have no meat—you were not expecting us of course. I noticed your poultry as we came in and remarked to my son that you must be people of taste to select such beautiful fowls. Plymouth Rocks, are they not! I thought so—the finest hen that ever scratched a flower bed. My ancestors were Plymouth Rocks—that is to say—came over in the *Mayflower*. They brought with them the basket of eggs from which this breed of fowls sprang. I never eat anything but Plymouth Rock eggs. Fried on one side only, madam—a little brown, but on one side only."

" The boy does look as if he was starved," said the woman, as she put the skillet on the stove and began breaking eggs in it.

" Yes, madam, you have the true sympathetic heart. You are a mother yourself and you will not mind my telling you—we are both family people—his mother died in giving him birth, and I love the child so that I take him with me rather than trust him among strangers."

" Have you no other children? "

" Yes, madam, six, but they have gone before."

" Gone where? "
" They are Over There."
" Where is that? "
" On the Other Side."
The man had brought out a big red cotton handkerchief that was in the top of his high hat; his face was buried in this handkerchief, and he was now rocking to and fro in his chair.
" Oh, you mean they are dead."
" Yes, madam, dead—dead—only me and Jimmy are left of a once happy home.—Fry them on one side, madam, and a trifle brown, if you please," groaned the man.
The woman was touched. She evidently thought the grief sincere.
" I did not mean to hurt your feelings," she said, half apologetically so so
" Don't mention it, madam—I forgive you. Have you any coffee you could warm up quickly? "
" No, I have none made."
" Would it be too much trouble to make some?—You have the water hot—I do not care for myself, but my son here is just out of a sick-bed."
" He does not look very strong," said the woman.
" No, madam, when he was a baby, only the tender nursing I gave him brought him through."
The woman made the coffee. His Whiskers drank three cups, the boy one. They ate everything in sight but three big cucumber pickles, and as the woman turned her back His Whiskers dropped these down his shirt front. As the last morsel was disposed of and the chairs were being pushed back, the man said: " What do you say to the lady, Jimmy? "
" We thank you very much for the breakfast," said the child.
" I *will* bring him up to be polite. Speak the truth and be polite, though the heavens fall, I always tell him. Madam, would you mind shaking hands with a poor though honest man? "

The woman did not mind. "Madam, may God bless you. I bid you good-day!"

The tramp lifted his hat with a flourish as he turned to go. As the pair passed through the gate His Whiskers looked back; the woman was not watching. He took from his pocket a piece of blue chalk and marked on the gatepost: O X X X.

CHAPTER VIII.

"By my troth, thou sayest true: for, since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show."

"WHAT did you make those marks on the gate for?" asked the boy when they had gotten well out of sight of the house.

"Those were for the benefit of poor men seeking work. The cipher meant no dog; the first X stands for bread and butter, the next eggs, the last X stands for coffee, if you insist on it."

They were walking slowly along the road, away from the village.

"Where are you going? Let 's go back to town—we may be able to get work at the planing mill. Or perhaps some of the stores want a clerk. Oh, if you could get a place as book-keeper and I as errand boy in the same store how nice it would be!"

The child almost clapped his hands at the prospect. A good breakfast is a great inspirer of hope.

"I can't keep books," growled the tramp; "it is too sedentary, my liver ain't just right, anyway. I must have outdoor work or nothing."

"Well, you may get a place to drive a team!"

"I am no horseman."

"Or to handle lumber in the lumber yard."

"My spine is weak, I can not lift."

"Well, I am going back, anyway, and see if I can not get a job."

¶ The boy stopped. The tramp looked at him and smiled at this show of resolution.

" I 'll tell you, Jimmy, we are tired, both of us. We did n't go to bed till midnight, and we did not sleep well either; a woolen comforter is no good — eider-down is what I am used to — just plain eider-down. Let us just go across the field to that straw stack and get rested up and then we will talk about it."

They made their way across the plowed field to the stack, and the tramp pulled out enough dry straw for a good bed on the sunny side where the wind did not strike. The boy followed his example and lying down was soon sound asleep.

Tired nature had her way.

It must have been four o'clock in the afternoon when the boy awoke. He had not realized how tired he was. The first thing that greeted his gaze as he started up and looked about, was His Whiskers, seated in the straw, calmly smoking a pipe. The boy was horrified. Smoking in a straw stack is dangerous business! ¶ The tramp did not consider it so; leastwise, he was willing to take the chances.

The man took a generous piece of bread and meat out of his shirt front, and handed it to the boy.

As the lad finished munching it, he stood up and said:

" Now let us go and find work in the village."

" It is too late—wait until to-morrow; besides that, I ain't feeling well. Tell me, did you run away? "

The boy was silent.

" You must speak the truth. Now tell me, did you run away? "

¶ " Why, you said yesterday you could look at any one and tell what they had for breakfast; and that no one's thoughts could be hidden from you."

" True, exactly so. You have run away. Am I right—yes or no? "

" Well—y-e-s."

" You want to get a little money, and then go out west and kill Indians, and bears, and buffaloes, and find a gold mine; am I right again? "

" No, you are not."
" Ain't, eh? "
" No."
" Well, then, you tell what you want to do, you are so smart! "
" I want to grow up and be an honest man, and earn my own living."
" Ever been to Sunday-school? "
" Yes."
" I thought so."
His Whiskers smoked in silence.
" I want to get a place in some store as errand boy. Then, if I am honest and speak the truth, I will be promoted to book-keeper, then cashier; and if I learn the business well and always do my duty, I will some time be one of the partners."
" And marry the old man's only daughter, who will inherit the entire fortune," added the tramp.
The boy was grieved; he felt that he was being trifled with.
" I do not believe you want to get work."
" What wonderful insight the boy has! "
" No, you are only a tramp. Tomorrow I will leave you."
The man smiled grimly. This puny youngster that he had rescued from starvation was upbraiding and threatening him. It was funny!
" Don't forsake me—what will become of me—alone in an unfriendly wurrld," moaned His Whiskers, in mock despair. Then changing his manner:
" Why did you run away? "
" My father would not let me go to school."
" That was right; education of the head is not all."
" He would not let me read books."
" But they are mostly lies anyway."
" He beat me."
" You deserved it: spare the rod and spoil the child."

" I had to get up at four o'clock in the morning, and milk seven cows before breakfast."
" Cows must be milked."
" Then I had to husk corn in the field until dark."
" You said you did not believe I wanted work—how about yourself? "
" But I got no pay for it."
" Of course not. You are only a child—what would you do with money? " ❧ ❧
" My father gave me a calf, and then sold it when it was a year old. Then he whipped me because I cried when the butcher drove the calf away."
" You should have been glad to be rid of it. Have you any brothers or sisters? "
" Yes, three sisters, two older and one younger than me; they have to work in the field as I did too."
" Plow and harrow, haul manure, drive reaper, and husk corn? "
¶ " Yes."
" Well, your father is a man after my own heart; women nowadays are usurping men's places in everything—your father is willing they should. Is the old gent religious? "
" My father is a deacon in the church," replied the boy, with a quiet show of pride.
" Your pa is a nice man. Mother alive? "
" Yes, but she is sick most of the time."
" Would you like to see her about now? "
The child's chin quivered. He fought hard to choke back the tears ❧ ❧
" Shut up now, kid; none of the lachrymose, or I will use my parental authority, and make you think of old times. Now come with me, and we will get supper over at that brown house, a friend of mine lives there. Dry up that sniffle, or I will lick you and put you to bed without your supper! It pains me, James, to

have to reprove you so, but it is my duty—you are so perverse—if I whip you it will only be for your own good—to correct your evil tendencies—and if you are not thankful for the chastisement I will give it to you again for your ingratitude! Shut up, now!"

CHAPTER IX.

"Is not this a rare fellow, my lord?
He's good at anything, and yet—a fool."

ARRIVING at the brown farm-house they were greeted as they entered the yard, by a tall, angular woman, who looked like an Amazon. "What do you want here!!" she demanded before His Whiskers had time to speak.

"Madam, I am a Sociologist travelling *incognito,* studying the ways, habits, customs, and manners of the common people."

"Well, you can't study me—go 'long with you."

"I would not care to. Madam, I wish to see your husband on very particular business."

"My husband is not at home, but the bull dog is."

"So I perceive," said the tramp.

The dog was chained to the kennel which stood at the corner of the house. He was as vicious and savage a looking brute as ever gnawed a bone. He plunged against the chain, making leaps into the air, growling, barking, and showing his gleaming teeth.

"You git, now, or I 'll turn him loose."

"I was just going to suggest it. Turn him loose, madam, and I will teach him to jump through a hoop. I like dogs."

The boy was white with fear. He was tugging at the tramp's hand and begging him in a whisper to come away.

"I want to get a place with you for my nephew here, you are such kind good people."

" I don't want to work *here,*" whispered the boy; " Not *here*; let me go."

Instead of the boy holding the man's hand, the man was holding his by the wrist, and dragging the child along behind him as they followed the woman around the house.

" We will sit here on the back stoop if you have no objection. I do not care to go in, thank you! "

" I have not invited you in, and I *do* object to your sitting on my porch. Now go."

His Whiskers had seated himself on the steps, pulling the boy down beside him, and was now lighting his pipe.

" Madam, see what a fine lad he is. I know you will like him; look at this head."

He pulled off the boy's hat.

" Did you cut his hair? " asked the woman.

The question was in order. Such a case of hair cut probably was never seen before or since. In places, especially on the forehead, the hair was cut to the skin and in others it was several inches long. The whole head a mass of corrugations.

" Poor folks can not afford a private barber," gloomily answered His Whiskers.

" You say the boy is your nephew; down at the village he was your son." ❧ ❧

" They misunderstood me, madam. I never married."

" For the good of the woman I hope you never will."

" For the good of humanity, madam. I am a philosopher—philosophers should never marry."

" Why not? "

" When farmers marry they sometimes breed philosophers; when philosophers marry they produce nothing but farmers. Madam, does it not strike you as a humiliating fact that great men are not capable of transmitting their genius to their sons? In fact, genius never comes from the male parent. On the contrary, all the

meaner traits of character seem to be supplied to their sons by great men, while the characteristics that have made the father famous are entirely wanting.

" The same law seems to prevail in man's moral nature. Truth, honor, courage are less frequently transmitted from the father to the son than the baser passions. Physically, the same thing is seen. Men of splendid physique rarely beget sons of equal perfection. A man will almost invariably transmit a disease or a tendency to it, but no well developed muscular system.

" Man is a lonely creature. He stands by himself, independent even of the parents who beget him. Even they do not know him. There are recesses in the nature of every person into which no eye ever penetrates. There are traits in the character no glimpse of which is ever obtained. Paternity, Madam, is quite a necessary office we must admit, but it does not compare with maternity.

¶ " It was a bad blunder of the ancients to account for genius by paternity when the real facts are that the great man is under obligations to his mother for his heritage. The Roman Catholic has a scientific basis for his deification of Mary. Assuming the divinity of the son, it will never do to dispute the divinity of the woman who bore him."

" Well, my bread is in the oven, I must look after it. Now git, both of you, or I 'll let the dog loose! "

" Madam, one moment. You have touched on a great moral question; I must make it plain to you—genius should never marry—to marry is to die at the top; for a great soul the wedding bells peal the knell of joy. Men and women who study and read before marriage never do after. Gallant lovers make surly husbands; charming maidens scolding wives. Bluebeard was a gallant lover; Xantippe a charming maiden. Men engaged, write poems; married men, promises to pay. What! me marry? To have a woman kissed by a frowsy justice of the peace and then turned over to me to do with as I please? To be granted permis-

sion by a preacher to embrace the woman I love? Never! To sum up the whole subject, madam, in a single word, allow me to say that marriage creates a definite situation, suppresses choice, subverts the will, murders spontaneity, substitutes law for love, strangles reverie, makes life a scrimmage, paralyzes power, destroys imagination, ties a rope to your leg, puts a stop to philosophy, saps religion, belittles ambition, kills aspiration, smothers hope, dwarfs sublimity, shortens the pleasures, circumscribes your orbit, dilutes your horizon, halves your joys, doubles your sorrows, triples your woes, multiplies your troubles, gives you nightmare for sleep, death for life, petrifies progress, legalizes lust, taints the soul, ossifies truth, tarnishes beauty, damages intellect, poisons poetry, distorts the senses, puts a fly in the ointment, strabismatizes spirituality, dissipates ideality, dispels illusion, chokes inspiration, confers rights but cancels favors, reduces animation, dulls desire, increases friction, stifles genius, vaporizes passion, adds to misery, minimizes merit, makes courage a coward, lessens piety, gives fixity for freedom, breeds confusion, throttles—"

!!!!!

The dog was loose ! ! ! !

CHAPTER X.

"Let us sit and mock the good housewife."

EVIDENTLY the brindled bull-dog was glad to be set loose, for as soon as he knew that he had freedom, his rage was turned to joy. He showed no disposition to attack the man and boy, who sat so quietly on the steps.

" Sic 'em, Tige! " shouted the woman.

The dog wagged his stumpy tail and ran off a little way and rolled on the grass. The tramp whistled and threw him a stick. The dog picked it up in his mouth and brought it back.

Had it not been for the tramp the dog would certainly not have been released.

Did the dog know it?

Perhaps ❧ ❧

Have dogs gratitude?

More than men.

" Are you going to sit there the rest of the day and all the night? " snarled the woman.

" Yes, madam, that is what we propose doing."

" Well, stay there then."

She slammed the door, and probably locked it.

The tramp took from under his coat a little coil of telegraph wire that he had picked up somewhere on the railroad track. He straightened it so it was about twelve feet long as it lay stretched out in the grass at his feet. There was a hook at the farther end, bent down close. The man took a few bread crumbs out of his pocket and threw them towards a fine flock of young chickens that were in the yard. The fowls came up eagerly to get the food. Much to the surprise of the boy he saw one of the young roosters moving gradually toward where they sat. Strange to relate, the bird was coming tail first. On closer view, he saw the wire hook was around the chicken's leg. Quicker than thought the chicken was in the hands of His Whiskers, its neck broken by a quick twist, and the bird was buttoned under his coat before it had time to squawk ❧ ❧

The wire was then coiled up and stowed away.

The tramp filled his pipe, lit it, and the pair started off down the road, followed by the bull-dog, that frolicked and wagged his abbreviated tail.

They had gotten a quarter of a mile away, when the woman came running after them, calling:

" Don't you steal our dog; bring back that dog—bring back that dog—bring back that dog! "

" He has no collar on. I was going to put him in the pound; but call him back, I will let it go this time."
The boy was much relieved to know it was the dog the woman wanted; he feared she had missed the rooster.
" Why did you not pay for that chicken? " asked the lad.
" Am I a millionaire? "
" No, but the woman might have given you the chicken if you had told her that you had no money."
" Not that woman; that 's old Mrs. Gopher, Jimmy. She is the meanest woman that ever stood in stockings—the very worst, I do believe, on this terrestrial. She would n't give you a feather out of a chicken's tail. I once asked her if I could get a drink of water out of the creek that runs through their pasture, and she refused it."
" What did you do? You must have been very thirsty! "
" I just went off and milked one of her cows."
" In what? "
" Oh, a pan. I waited until she went in the house, and then I got a pan off that shelf you saw."
" Is she such an awful wicked woman? "
" Wicked! Worse than that; she is a she devil. Such people have to be punished. The last time I was through here the folks were all away to a camp meeting. These country people are such fools that when they go away they advertise the fact by pulling down all of the blinds; and then they always leave the key to the back door under the door-mat or behind the blinds on the nearest window ledge. Well, I just locked the dog in the pantry, drowned a brood of young chickens in the milk, put the cat in a beehive, dumped ashes on the kitchen floor, filled the well with cord-wood, painted the mirrors with mud, spit in the coffee pot, mixed the sugar and salt, opened the window-screens so the flies could get in, put tobacco in the tea, turned the clock back, carried off the old woman's spectacles, took the gates off the hinges, turned the

cows in the corn, the pigs in the garden, let the calf loose, and then took just one young rooster. It was so very choice, broiled, that I thought I would go back and get its brother today.

" Another time I came here with three fellows. The folks were at dinner. Two of my friends held the doors shut while I upset the bee-hives; then we all made off with mosquito netting over our heads, leaving the family to fight it out with the bees.

" The busy bees of course were mad, and tackled every one they could get at, and the only thing the farmer folk could do was to go inside and shut all the doors to keep from being stung to death."

¶ The man and boy went across a field back from the road. His Whiskers picked and dressed the chicken as if he had done such work before. A fire was made under a wire fence, and the fowl was nicely broiled.

His Whiskers had three pickles, four crackers, and two slices of bread, which with tea that he made in the tin cup, made a good supper. Then they went back to the stack, and burrowing deep in the straw went to sleep.

CHAPTER XI.

" Stroke your chins and swear by your beards that I am a knave."

WHEN the boy awoke in the morning the tramp was nowhere in sight. The child thought he had been deserted; he did not care much if he had. He was coming to the conclusion that his friend lacked ambition, and was also untruthful.

Perhaps he was right on both counts.

The air was cold, and the white frost covered the stubble all about. The sun was just coming up, and the boy stood irresolute, debating in his own mind what was best to do.

He decided he would return to the village and go straight to the woman who had given them their breakfast. She was a kind,

motherly soul—he would tell her the truth. He would confess that what His Whiskers had said the day before was false; the best way is to tell the truth, deceive no one. He knew the woman would give him his breakfast, and he could get warm by her kitchen fire; his teeth chattered with the cold.

Yes, perhaps she would help him get a place as errand boy or clerk in one of the stores.

He was starting off when the straw began to move as the mountain did when in labor. At length a grimy hand came up, then a towsled head, and forth crawled the tramp.

" Was that the breakfast bell I heard? "

The boy had heard no bell.

" Well, I must have dreamed it. I 'm hungry, anyway. We will go over to my Aunt Jane's."

" But you said we would go back to the village so I could find work." ❧ ❧

" Work, boy! work on an empty stomach? Never; it is n't healthy."

They walked across the field and followed the road for half a mile, when they applied for breakfast, His Whiskers telling the usual tale of distress.

" So you are looking for work, are you? " said the man, who answered the rap.

" Yes, sir! and the condition of things in the country is getting pretty serious when an honest man can not—"

" Well, what kind of work can you do? "

" Me! I can play you on the piano the entire opera of *Tannhauser,* by Wagner, from memory."

" Indeed, but we have no piano."

" Well, I will paint the portrait of your first wife."

" I have had only one wife; she is living, and we want no portrait."

" I can write you a treatise on the binomial theorem."

" Don't."

" Then I will teach your son every paradigm of the Latin verb, *amo.*"
" No, English is good enough for us."
" I will show your daughter how to dance the racquet."
" We are Methodists, and never dance."
" I will model your bust in clay."
" I 'd rather not."
" Then I will give you the entire play of *Hamlet,* taking five characters myself, to say nothing of the first and second grave-diggers."
" Get out with your grave-diggers, just dig me five bushels of potatoes and my wife will give both of you breakfast."
The tramp hesitated, and began to explain that his back was weak; could he not wash the dishes or do something else? something not requiring so much mental exertion! The boy broke in with a glad acceptance. The tramp shut him off:
" Hold on there; have you an accordion? "
" Yes, we have an accordion, but *you* can't have it."
" Bring out the accordion, I will sing you a song, and we will dig three bushels of potatoes instead of five, provided the coffee is not muddy nor the meat cold."
The farmer smiled, and told one of the several children that were crowding about the door to get the accordion. It was brought, and seating himself on the step, His Whiskers sang, first announcing: " Ladies and Gentlemen, I loaf and invite my soul; I sing you a song of myself. The title of the touching little thing I will sing is:

HIS WHISKERS TO HIMSELF

1.

I 'm a most æsthetic tramp,
Fol de rol,
Though I 'm said to be a scamp,
Fol de rol,

Oft I watch the grazing herds,
And the happy mating birds
'Neath the clouds as white as curds,
Fol de rol.

2.

I observe the starry skies,
Fol de rol,
And I never yet told lies,
Fol de rol;
I adore the violet,
And the modest mignonette,
With the early dew-drop wet,
Fol de rol.

3.

When I think of winters spent,
Fol de rol,
And the fasting days of Lent,
Fol de rol;
When the cold March winds did blow,
And the hash it was no go,
And the beer had ceased to flow,
Fol de rol,

4.

Then I dote upon this spot,
Fol de rol,
And your little vine-clad cot,
Fol de rol;
Where I chase the butterflies,
'Neath the cloudless summer skies,
Dream of tarts and pumpkin pies,
Fol de rol.

5.

I am wandering but to look,
Fol de rol,
For impressions for a book,
Fol de rol;
When I am in New York back,
At this place I 'll take a whack,
Ridicule it, paint it black,
Fol de rol.

" Did you compose that song yourself? " timidly, but admiringly, asked a buxom young woman who stood in the doorway.
" Yes, Miss; most people take it for one of Longfellow's productions, but it is my own; I have the true divine inflatus."
" The what? "
" The poetic eczema."
" Oh! "
The boy started for the potato field and the tramp followed. The potatoes were soon dug, and the pair were rewarded with a good breakfast
While the young woman was waiting on the table, His Whiskers was glibly talking about the science of agriculture.
" Uneducated people call potatoes ' spuds,' little knowing that this is the Greek word for potato. You doubt it, Miss, but if you will bring me your Xenophon I will show it to you in the original. Has it never struck you as queer, Miss, that we never raise potatoes from the seed? We raise them from eyes, that is, by transplanting a piece of the root, for if we plant the seed that is found in the potato ball we get something entirely different. That is the way we get the sweet potato, and once I planted potato seed and raised squash. Talk about ' like producing like,' it is a hollow theory. It is not true in the human family—black eyed women have red-haired babies—now I will leave it to you! "

The woman scorned the question, and asked:
" Why don't you button up your shirt collar? "
This was a very proper question, for although the weather was cold, the man's shirt front was open nearly to the waist, as usual.
" Miss, I see you are of an inquiring turn of mind. I will explain. It is only a matter of fashion or custom as to what part of the body we cover, or in fact whether we wear clothes at all. You remember what Thomas Carlyle says in *Sartor Resartus* about a naked House of Lords! All a matter of habit—just habit. Now about covering certain parts of the body and leaving other parts exposed, why, in the islands of Timbuctoo, where I once went for my health, there is a custom—but we will let that pass. You yourself do not cover your face; well, you do not suffer from the exposure. Now, my dear young lady, I am all face. But this is a sad world."
" Why do you say so? "
" Luck is against me; I 'm in love again."
" Since when? "
" Since I saw you."
After a hearty breakfast they started for the next town five miles away, where His Whiskers explained to the boy he knew a man who would give them work.
" By the way, kid, what 's your name? "
" Jimmy Whiskers! " came the quick reply, without a smile.
" You have me— here is a quarter."
The tramp felt in his many pockets, but the quarter could not be found
" I know, but your other name! "
" What is yours? "
" Mine? Smith—my name is Smith."
" But your other name of Whiskers! I think they might have given you a prettier name than that."
" It would have been very difficult."

" Why do they put on the ' His'? "
" Oh, that is a title—a mark of honor. You call the President, His Excellency; the Pope, His Holiness; a bishop, His Eminence; a duke, His Grace; a judge, His Honor; a king, His Majesty; a peer, His Lordship; and I am His Whiskers."
" But you have n't nice whiskers! "
" Have n't I though—but you should have seen me when I was working the preacher racket—I had a whisker like a billygoat; it came to my waist and was the color of a sunset at sea—the chiaro-oscuro was very elegant."
" It must have been very nice, why did you shave it off? "
" Oh, wherever I went people would ask me if I was expecting ' a call.' I could not step into a church without being asked up into the pulpit. At prayer meetings I would be called on to 'lead' or 'occupy the time,' and women used to pass me out cold victuals just to hear me say grace. Then I had the finest clerical cough you ever heard."
" What 's that? "
" Clerical cough—why, don't you know what that is? No preacher can hope to succeed without he has either a fine long chin whisker or a big, round, smooth face with a double chin; and then if he has the clerical cough in additioin he can get a ' charge' anywhere he chooses. Or if he prefers to ' supply ' he must have a couple of sermons, a duster, and the cough, then he is fixed."
" But what is the cough for? "
" Why, when you get up in meeting and say: ' Beloved brethren, I have been thinking while sitting here'—then you cough and it gives you time to think—besides that, it is very impressive. A large man who begins his address with: ' My friends (bow-wow-wow)' always creates a favorable impression."
" What denomination was you? "
" Why, all of 'em of course—just according to whom I was visiting with. Presbyterian—for revision and against. High

Church Episcopal, Low Church, Broad Gauge Baptist—close communion or Baptist with liberal tendencies, Seventh Day Adventist, Ranting Methodist, Congregational — both wings, Hook and Eye Baptist, Dunkards, Quakers—Hicksite or Orthodox, Campbellites. I have been sprinkled, poured, immersed and ducked—backward and on my knees—being put under once or three times just according to the ' convictions ' of my friends."

¶ " If you had such a good time why did you quit it? "

" Well, I 'll tell you—one thing, I did not like performing marriage ceremonies—it made me feel guilty to think of all those people I left behind fighting just because I had joined them and they could n't get apart. Then at christenings the babies would yell so it began to affect my nerves, but that last funeral fixed me."

¶ " What funeral? "

" Why you see the regular preacher was off on his summer vacation, and when I came along and dropped in at the undertaker's for a bite of mince pie, he said: ' So you are a preacher, eh? Well, you are just my man. I want you to preach a funeral obsequy for me at ten o'clock.' The undertaker loaned me a pair of white cotton gloves, and I combed out my whiskers, braced up my cough, and waded in. I met the coffin at the church door, and walked up the aisle stroking my whiskers. My atmosphere was so solemn that it made even the sexton shed tears. He told me afterward that he had jerked the bell rope in that same church for thirty years, and never had he seen a manner so griefful and grievous as mine. But the sermon, Jimmy, the sermon! was a dandy. I raked history from stem to stem; I launched in on poetry and ancient folklore. I quoted from the Vedas, the Icelandic Sagas, and the Rumtetum of the Hindus. Then I brought in Jeremiah, Jonah, and Malachi. When I got through with these I tackled Max Muller on his philology, squared off at Darwin, and ripped Herbert Spencer up the back on evolution. I scouted Beecher's ' six periods,' and insisted on the six days of twenty-

four hours each; for if the Almighty has the power we say he has, he could do the job in six days as easily as in 'six periods.'

" Then I waltzed in on Plato, Plutarch and Epictetus; denounced Marcus Aurelius for persecuting the Methodists, and got around to the deceased on the home stretch. I compared him with Alexander the Great, Francis of Assisi, St. Paul, Columbus, Napoleon, and John Brown. I told how he had enjoyed, been misunderstood, suffered, and of how he was now in Father Abraham's bosom, wearing the crown of life reserved only for those who prove faithful. Oh, it was a great sermon, boy—you missed it by not being there. When I got through I went down for the sexton to congratulate me, and what do you think he said! He just gazed at me with lack-lustre eye and remarked, " ' Deceased was not a he, deceased was a her.' "

" ' Can you tell me the way to the nearest barber's? ' I asked.

¶ "I had my whiskers shaved off and have never preached since —it is very tiresome on one's feet to stand in a pulpit! "

They walked along in silence for some time when the tramp said, " Now, Jimmy, you need not tell me your name—it is no difference. What 's a name, anyway? only a sound—a mere contraction of the throat—an expulsion of air—a twist of the tongue and it 's a name. Any one makes the same sound in your direction you say ' what! ' But if one asks your name just tell them it is Smith—Jimmy Smith, and that my name is Smith too."

After walking a couple of miles they came across two very seedy-looking men seated by the roadside.

" Hello, Whiskers," said one. They got up and greeted him joyfully, evidently very glad to see him. They entirely ignored the presence of the child. A greasy pack of cards was produced and the three men sat down on the ground and began playing, just as if they had only left off the game five minutes before.

The boy was nervous, and His Whiskers noticing it, said: " I 'll be through in a minute, then we will go."

They must have played for nearly an hour when one of the new men shouted, " It 's on you, Whiskers—it 's on you—no backing out now! "

" All right, I 'll get you the next time, Nibsy."

The tramp searched his pockets and with more success than before, for this time he found a half dollar and also an empty bottle ☙ ☙

" Here, Jimmy, hustle over to the village and get us some whiskey—one of these gentlemen has been snake-bitten, and I am not well myself."

The boy refused. His Whiskers coaxed, then he threatened, but the child stood firm. Then one of the other tramps began to threaten, and made a move as if to strike the boy.

" Hold on there, Oshkosh, if you want to hit any one hit me. Come on now, just hit me! "

The man stood still.

" If you don't see what you want, ask for it," said His Whiskers, as his grey eyes glared at the fellow.

" Well, you are terribly touchy over the kid, ain't you?—Here, give me that bottle and the mun; I 'll go myself."

The man started off toward the village, bottle in hand.

" Come, please do come, I 'm afraid," whispered the child, as he tugged at His Whiskers' sleeve.

" Go on yourself—I 'm tired of you, you are a nuisance."

The lad started off alone. He had walked nearly to the next village, when coming to a rising piece of ground a voice was heard calling loudly: "Jimmy, oh, Jimmy! "

He looked back and there was His Whiskers on a slow run—his hat in his hand. The sweat was streaming from his red face on which the purple veins stood out as if ready to burst. It was probably the first time the man had moved out of a walk for a full year. He was gasping for breath so he could scarcely speak, but he managed to exclaim in a disjointed way:

" Hold on now—what 's the matter with you anyway—could n't you wait a minute? Here I 've had to come off without even a taste of that ' red eye'—and after paying for it too—and furnishing the bottle beside. You 're a pretty kid, you are, to run away from a fellow this way! "

CHAPTER XII.

" . . . swore by his honor that they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor the mustard was naught."

WHEN they reached the village the boy proposed that they go at once to see the man who His Whiskers was so sure would give them work.

" That is just what I was going to say," assented the man. " He lives in the brick house there by the church."

They walked straight up to the front door and rang the bell. A girl appeared.

" Please tell Mr. Marshall that his old friend Smith wishes to see him," brazenly remarked the tramp.

" Mr. Marshall? "

" Yes, tell him I want him at once—be quick."

" Mr. Marshall does not live here; I don't know any one in town by the name of Marshall."

" Why, he lived here last year! "

" No, he did not—we have lived here for ten years."

As the pair walked down the gravel walk the tramp explained: " She lies; that 's what she does. Mr. Marshall does live there—he saw us out of the window—I got a glimpse of his mug as we went in at the gate. It 's the cold shake, that 's what. All these rich people are down on us—we are only poor folks! "

The boy was disappointed, but it gradually dawned on him that " Mr. Marshall " was a myth.

They washed at a horse trough marked W. T. C. U., which was in the center of the street, then trudged on.

" We only had two meals yesterday; I am feeling the effects of it —let us try to strike a ' square ' in here," said His Whiskers.

¶ A woman was digging up tulip bulbs in the front yard, and as they approached she called out:

" You can't get anything to eat here."

" Don't want anything to eat."

" Well, we have no ashes to sift."

" I would not sift them if you had."

" Our wood is all split."

" I am thankful for the information, but, sister, I only wanted to ask a trifling favor! "

" Well, what is it? "

" My dear madam, there is a storm coming up, a thunder shower. Now four of my brothers were killed by lightning—it runs in our family. Could I go upstairs, lie down on your feather bed, and wait till the clouds roll by? Feathers are a non-conductor—"

¶ " What do they want? " called a man who was working in the garden and who had not been seen up to this time. Before the woman could speak His Whiskers replied in a loud voice:

" Only a slice of bread and butter for my poor invalid son, good sir!"

¶ " Oh, Mary, give 'em a bite—poor devils—one can not afford to turn them away for fear there may be a worthy man among them who is really hungry! "

" But you stated that you did not want anything to eat," said the woman addressing His Whiskers.

" I do not for myself, but my son here has eaten nothing since day before yesterday. Neither have I for that matter, but I never could beg for my own wants—I would die first."

The woman looked at the marble whiteness of the child's face. She saw the dark lines beneath the eyes. The boy's appearance certainly bore out the man's assertion that he was sick. Her

sympathies were moved. She led the way to the back porch, where the boy and tramp sat down. A generous supply of cold pancakes and butter, also two pieces of ham were brought out for them. As they ate, the woman stood in the door and watched them ❧ ❧

" You like it, it seems," she said pleasantly.

" Yes, madam, the pancakes are all right, but the butter is a trifle ' off.' "

" You tramps are a most ungrateful lot! I do not see why Heaven made you."

" Neither do I, madam, neither do I; the ways of Providence are inscrutable. Yet there are people who, if they had been present during that week when God was making things, would just have stood around in the way and given advice. But you are a sensible woman—that last remark you made proves it. You have what we call the inquiring or philosophic mind. That remark of yours suggests the great theme of the Elimination of the Unnecessary, which is now shaking Europe to its very center.

" The wise men who explain everything tell us that nothing was made in vain. You and I, madam, will not be so presumptuous as to set up our opinions against the wise men aforesaid, but I wish to explain that a thing which once perhaps was very useful is now often retained, although the necessity of its being here has long since vanished. For instance, there is that little thing with the long name: the appendenda vermiformis. No stork brings a baby but what he brings, too, an appendenda. The baby grows up and the appendenda kills the man—that is to say, kills one out of every ninety-five, if we believe the wise men, and of course we must. And now follows a most dire state of affairs; the appendenda is getting more and more savage—wusser and wusser. Formerly we had to obstruct him with a strawberry seed or a bristle from a tooth-brush, in order to arouse his wrath. Such as did not like strawberries could use the tooth-brush bristle, provided they were

so silly as to use a toothbrush. But now if a man merely *thinks* appendicitis and thinks it hard, lo! a severe pain strikes him in the right side, his pulse leaps to 96, a cold sweat envelops him, he takes to his bed, and—the doctor charges him just two hundred dollars for performing the operation.

" But, you say, if imagination can cause appendicitis, why can not imagination cure it? To which, madam, I answer: While your question might be proper at certain times, it is entirely out of place here, for we are not discussing metaphysics, but I have mentioned this subject simply by way of illustrating another point which we will get to if you are patient; the subject I am discussing being none less than the sublime one of the Elimination of the Unnecessary.

" We now reach the vital point; why does Nature still retain the appendenda? My answer is that Nature does not know it is loaded; the dame is ignorant, wasteful, reckless, and faulty in many ways, as we who know her know full well. But with all her faults we love her still (as the man said of his talkative wife) ❧ ❧

" Then there are rudimentary muscles in the face that were once used for flapping the ears. Men and women who have read books on etiquette no longer flap their ears, but the muscles are still there ❧ ❧

" Madam, I once had the felicity of helping dissect the body of a South Sea Islander, and we found several muscles that the professor could give us no light on. I mention this fact as it was the only time I ever knew of a college professor acknowledging ignorance; this is what fixed the fact so firmly in my memory. No doubt there will come a time when the entire body will be a superfluity ❧ ❧

" Possibly in religion there are forms, ceremonies, and figures of speech—theological appendenda, so to speak—things we do not want, yet dare not throw away, which were once significant, but

now are retained only because we do not remember a time when they were not; but of this I will speak later.

" The letter ' l ' at one time was always sounded as in calm, could, would, etc.; so with the ' e.' But we have ceased sounding the final ' e ' except in certain instances where we wish to make bad poetry. I wish to say a word in excuse for the letter ' e,' though: A smart fellow, in days agone, has shown us how we can utilize it in certain instances to show the sound of a letter preceding. Thus in ' car ' and ' care,' ' bar ' and ' bare,' but generally the final ' e ' is merely a harmless philological appendenda. Harmless, yet costly, as statistics show that it costs the dear people $76,981.50 per year for ink to write this letter in commercial correspondence and book-keeping alone. This vast sum is utterly wasted, and note the liberality of the computation, for I make no mention of the writers of serial stories. Accepted and rejected MS. would beyond a doubt swell the grand total to at least $200,000 per annum. This sum if expended in loaves of bread, baked after the French fashion, would make a band extending from New York to San Francisco.

" The letter ' q ' is a superfluous alphabetical appendenda—a nondescript of the worst sort, and of no more real value for helping to express our thoughts in writing than one of the Chinese word-signs would be. It never ends an English word, and, can not begin one without the aid of the letter ' u,' being invariably followed by the last mentioned letter in all words belonging to our language. The man does n't live that can tell the why of the peculiar relation of the letters ' q ' and ' u,' or why the former was given its curious name. Some argue that its name was applied because of the tail or cue at the bottom of the letter, but the original ' q,' when sounded just as it is to-day, was made without the cue, the character much resembling the English sign for pounds. ' K ' and ' w ' give us the sound of ' q ' as in the word 'quilt.'

" No language should be burdened with the letter ' h.' The Greeks showed the sound of the aspirate by a simple mark. Even now, Englishmen use or omit the sound of this letter at will. They call it ' Haich,' and they speak of a ' orse ' or a ' hass,' as the notion strikes them, or as their grandfathers taught. The letter ' aich ' must go.

" Our alphabet would be just as well off or better with twenty-four letters instead of twenty-six. And what a saving to child-life to have to learn but twenty-four letters instead of twenty-six. Nine per cent of all teachers in the kindergarten departments of our public schools could be discharged, and the money used for increasing the salaries of principals.

" However, madam, we are all obliged to accept life with an appendenda. The muscles for flapping our ears are also insisted on, but their use is now elective under Republican forms of government. The law of the land compels us to commit to memory an alphabet of twenty-six letters—or at least we are forced to try it ten months in the year from our sixth to our fourteenth year. After that, Allah be praised! we can be as ignorant as we choose; we can learn or not, and we even have the privilege of forgetting the alphabet without losing our votes.

" I now reach at last, madam, the *summum bonum* of this panegyric: Why not for a Pan-American society for the Abolition of the Superfluous? It must be done. I will be its first president, madam, if you will nominate me! "

The tramp turned to look at the woman; she was not there. She had probably gone into the house fully fifteen minutes before ☙ ☙

" I was deceived in her," mused His Whiskers, as he deposited the pancakes that were left over inside of his shirt. " I was deceived in her; my words of wisdom were wasted. I thought she was a member of the Chautauqua Circle."

CHAPTER XIII.

" I have trod a measure: I have flattered a lady: I have been politic with my friend, smooth with my enemy; I have undone three tailors."

" JIMMY, this is the deadest town on the I. B. & W.—Let 's go out of it to-morrow sure. We will sleep in the barn yonder, but we better not go to bed until after the folks do. I will be polite; ' after you ' is my motto. Let 's go down to the depot."

" Won't the man care if we sleep in his barn? " asked the child.

" Oh no, he wants us to—in fact, he asked me to do him the favor."

" Why does he want us to sleep in his barn? "

" To keep the tramps out, my son, of course."

At ten o'clock they went back to the house, and found the lights all out—the folks abed.

The barn was locked, but leaving the boy outside, the tramp climbed through a hole that was used for throwing out compost. He then felt his way through to where the carriages were kept, and opened one of the large doors, which was closed only with a bar. It was moonlight, and the trembling child could make out four horses that stood blanketed in their stalls.

" It 's too early in the season to blanket a good horse," said His Whiskers, " it will make 'em tender."

He removed the four blankets, shut the barn door, and making the boy climb into the hay mow, he rolled him up in two of the blankets. Then he covered himself with the others, and they were both soon asleep.

Before daylight His Whiskers was up, and placing all four blankets on one horse, " for luck," they started away.

" I always get up early when I sleep there," said His Whiskers; " the man that owns that barn is a great chinner—the greatest I ever heard! He can talk the horns off from a muley bull. If he saw us he would invite us in to breakfast, and then we would have to

stay and hear him buzz for two hours. If there is anything I hate it is a man who gets to talking and does not know enough to stop —anything but that."

They found breakfast with very little trouble, and then the boy refused to go on to the next place, as His Whiskers wished to do.

¶ " I positively will not—I am going to find work, and I am going to find it at once."

Such a show of resolution in this frail little mortal, on which the man's coat seemed to drag heavily, was comical. The tramp looked at the wan face and the bony little hands, and he sat down on a grassy bank where he could rest his feet in the ditch. Then he laughed a loud peal of merriment. It was so funny—the child was weak—his big round eyes showed physical pain. Besides, the man had noticed a tremor as if shooting pains were being felt in the frail body, and yet the youngster was laying it down as to " positively " what he would *not* do, and what he positively *would* do.

The tramp laughed, and then he ceased, rather abruptly, as if half ashamed of his rudeness to one so helpless. That is, if we can imagine this man as capable of shame. Possibly the fellow had more heart than we have given him credit for.

" Come, sit down here now. I will go over in this field and get a turnip; then we will have a nice little visit, and I will tell you something good."

The tramp got the turnip, and peeling it, offered half to the boy, who refused it. The man sat down as before, but the boy still stood.

¶ " Come, sit down, and I will tell you a fairy story."

" I will not sit down, and you have already told me too many fairy stories."

" Now say, what 's the use of getting mad—I was only going to tell you a scheme for making more money in one day than you could make clerking in a store in a week."

" You want me to steal."

" No, s' whelp me."
" Is your plan an honest one? "
" Certainly, or I would never think of working it."
" Well, what is it."
The boy now sat down on the other side of the ditch, facing the man
" It 's the directory racket, and the smoothest thing on earth for an unfortunate man. I made five dollars one day in Indianapolis last week—"
" Where's the money? "
" Keep still, will you?—I lost it."
" Playing cards? "
" Well—yes; I met a fellow who bluffed me into a game. My last half dollar went for that whiskey—which I did n't get a smell of yesterday."
" You are better off."
" Oh, you are a temperance crank, are you? So is your pa, I'll bet!"
" My father is a temperance man."
" And pounded you."
" My father might be wrong in one thing, and right in another. Go on, please, and tell me of the plan."
" Well, you just get into a big town, and you borrow an old directory. Then you start in to get names. You go to a house and say: ' I 'm canvassing for the new directory—what 's your name? —married or single? '—and all the other questions you wish, and all the time you are writing them down in a book. Then you say: ' Good-day—Oh, I almost forgot, do you want your name in small type or caps? The large type are like this [turning leaves of book and showing]; they cost 25 cents extra—no charge, of course otherwise.' Lawyers, quack doctors, insurance agents, and the like, want to advertise, so they often hand out the quarter—nearly half you call on if you pick your men, and you look as if you did n't care whether it rained or snowed."

" But you said the plan was honest."
" Ain't it? "
" Do you publish the book? "
" Well, not exactly; but a man can't starve! "
The boy got up and started to go.
" Hold on there, kid. I have n't told you the plan at all. I was only fooling you—of course I would not want my only son to practise dishonesty by working the ' directory racket.' Now sit down, and I will tell you all about it."
The boy sat down, and His Whiskers explained the scheme. It was a wonderful thing. The plan benefited the man who invested in it—excellent! Nothing like it ever before heard of! The boy was delighted
" When shall we try it? "
" At the next town—ten miles away."
The boy was more light-hearted than he had been for many days. The tramp, too, seemed to be in good spirits. That day, as they walked he called the child rascal, scoundrel, thief, tyke, rogue, liar, scamp, cur, cub, and curmudgeon; he shook his club at him, he pulled his ears, he made motions as if to kick him.
He was learning to love him.

CHAPTER XIV.

" Well said: that was laid on with a trowel."

WE are now in Champaign County, Illinois. This is the garden spot of America. What it lacks in scenery is made up in fertility of soil. Poor roads and good soil go hand in hand. Rich rolling prairie everywhere, with woods skirting the little muddy streams, like the fringe on a petticoat.
Stones are curiosities in a goodly portion of the " Sucker State." Smart village people, and farmers with grown-up daughters who have ideas of beauty (and budding womanhood always has an

eye for the beautiful), pick up bowlders and carry then home—long distances sometimes. These stones are often seen in parlors as ornaments, or piled in little pyramids in front yards where the phlox, the live-for-ever, and the peonies grow. If the occupant of the house has the true artistic instinct, that is to say, the art impulse, the little pyramid is whitewashed, otherwise nature is left unadorned.

The true bowlder as an æsthetic specimen is now being replaced in the Corn Belt by the " pot-hole stone," which is secured at the mouths of coal mines for the asking.

Indeed, so willing are the coal-mine people to distribute these geological curiosities, that I am told no car of bituminous is sent out without a half dozen or more of big pot-hole stones being placed among the lumps of coal, as a glad surprise to the lucky purchaser.

Driving along the highway in this prairie country, you see these pot-hole stones, all nicely whitewashed, placed where the driveway leads to the farmhouse. On dark nights these whitened landmarks light the way for the belated traveller.

We left our man and boy trudging along the highway. It was near evening when they approached the town. They were not so fortunate as usual about supper, but the apples were not all picked in the orchards, and there were plenty of raw turnips. Then His Whiskers had stopped at a pasture that was out of sight of the house, and milked a cow. The tin cup came in handy; warm milk is very nourishing.

They " put up " at a haystack that night, and the next morning His Whiskers thought it best not to apply at any of the houses for breakfast. So they went a little distance down the railroad track where they made a fire and cooked potatoes in the ashes. These potatoes the tramp dug with his hands in an adjoining field. His Whiskers had two pieces of bread, and these, with the potatoes and apples, made a fair meal.

" Now, Jimmy, you have eighty-five cents, you said? "
" Yes, sir."
" Well give it to me to buy our material—you supply the capital, I the brains."
The boy handed out the money which he had carefully knotted up in the corner of a handkerchief.
" Now you stay here until I go down to the drug store—I will be back in half an hour."
The gentle reader is here quite sure that the tramp will not return, but this is a hasty conclusion.
The man returned as promised, carrying two bottles and also an old tin can.
" Now, Jimmy, when I mix this stuff in that can it will spit like ten thousand cats. Look out! ! "
It did " spit," sure enough, but chemicals that hate one another do not fight forever, any more than two mortals. The length of time hate lasts, shortens according to the fury of the fray.
His Whiskers next gathered fragments of an old rotting log that was near, also some decayed bones, and pulverizing the pieces between two flat stones, the powder was added to the mixture in the can. Then he poured in oil from one of the bottles and stirred it in well with a stick.
The boy watched the performance with almost breathless interest.
¶ " Now, James, my son, we will go forth and seize the world by the tail and snap off its demnition head."
They went across to a fine house that stood in the outskirts of the town. A grey-bearded old gentleman was tying long rye straw around some rose bushes. Evidently this was the man of the house
The tramp approached him, smilingly extending his hand.
" You do not know me I guess? "
The old gentleman shook hands and acknowledged he did not have the honor.

" Ah, I am Professor Boccaccio of the University of Athens—my son and I are travelling through the country in search of botanical, geographical, topological, geological, technological, biological, archæological, palæontological, and hydrostatic information. I am an expert, if you will pardon the seeming egotism, in Chromatics, Osmosis, and Chymosium—that is to say, the laws of color, smell and taste. I rattle around in the chair of Ethnology in my Alma Mater, but Chromatics is my specialty. In this innocent little can, I have one of the most wonderful inventions that has ever been made by living man. I would not sell the secret for compounding this most wonderful mixture for a million—no, not for two million piasters of the coin of my native land. But I see you are a man of appreciation—I will reveal the beauty of the thing to you without charge—have you any tobacco? "

The old gentleman listened to this harangue with patience—he took it with a large grain of salt, not in the slightest deceived by it, but evidently amused.

He did not use tobacco, but he called up to a hired man who was working in the barn, who supplied the required article.

" I thought the tobacco had something to do with your invention? " queried the old gentleman, smiling.

" It has, but only indirectly," said Professor Boccaccio as he handed back the plug, after cutting off a very large chew. " Only indirectly—now for an old paint brush."

The hired man brought a paint brush from the carriage house. The Professor then picked a small pot-hole stone from a pyramid that stood near the front door. Placing the stone on a shingle, he proceeded to paint it with the mixture in the can.

" Now, my friend, take this stone into the cellar where it is dark—set it down, then stand off and look at it ten feet away."

The old gentleman did as requested and soon returned to call the women of the house.

" Most strangely wonderful," said one of the women; " it throws out a pale light that illuminates the whole cellar."

" And remember," said the Professor, " it is only freshly done. It takes fully three days for my electric paint to dry, and then the surface covered with it shines so as to dazzle one. Next week that stone will make a large room as light as day."

Under no circumstances would Professor Boccaccio sell the paint. For no price would he impart the secret for making it, but he would cover two pot-hole stones that were down by the gateway, for five dollars.

" They will light your whole front lawn," added the Professor.

" But how long will this illumination last? " asked the old gentleman

" Forever, man—a gate-post in front of my ancestral castle, painted by my grandfather before I was born, is now so bright at night that it nearly blinds the passers-by. They have to cover it with a blanket, it is so dazzling. This compound simply absorbs the sunshine and gives it out again."

" I 'll give you four dollars if you will paint those two stones and not decorate any others in this town or vicinity."

" Never, never! " exclaimed the Professor, who then made a show of consulting his son.

" I am a man of ideas—my son is the financier. He says to make it seven dollars, and we will do the work and give you a written guaranty that it will last ninety-nine years. I do not care to warrant it longer."

" And you will not sell to any one within ten miles of my place, in any direction? "

" Well, yes."

The stones were painted, the money paid, the receipt given, and guaranty duly drawn up and signed.

His Whiskers then went across to the other side of town and made the same agreement with two other parties, receiving five dollars

from one, and three-fifty from another. This used up all the material, but it made just fifteen dollars and fifty cents, which the tramp tied up in a rag and pinned inside of the boy's blouse.
" Jimmy, my son, in this business there is only one thing you must look out for, that is a cross-eyed woman. When you meet her you must swipe the soap at the next house or you will have bad luck for a week."
At nine o'clock that night they boarded a freight train for the next town.

CHAPTER XV.

" I'll put myself in poor and mean attire and with a kind of umber smirch my face."

OUR man and boy left the train at Le Roy, at three o'clock in the morning. They found a comfortable place to stay until daylight, in the boiler-room of an elevator that stands near the depot, the solitary watchman being evidently glad of their company. ¶ When morning came His Whiskers made up another can of the phosphorescent paint. They " worked " a goodly part of the village with fair success, embellishing eleven stones at prices varying from fifty cents to three dollars. The boy wielded the brush, His Whiskers doing what he called the " fine work "—talking. But, in compliance with the boy's appeals, His Whiskers did not promise " exclusive," excepting in one instance where the temptation was too great and he fell. He tried by sophistical reasoning to make the boy believe that his falsehoods were matters of necessity for the good of all parties, but the child did not see it so.
Result for the day was eight dollars and sixty cents, which was duly turned over to the lad for safekeeping. During the day they had secured food at the houses where they had called, His

Whiskers positively refusing to patronize any restaurant, " out of principle."

The child thought it strange that a man should be so firm in principle on one point, yet very lax in all others. We who are older are not astonished at such caprices and somersaults of conscience. " We must never sleep in a house, Jimmy, the air is rank poison; and then if you pay people for things it is only encouraging them to be mercenary."

" Well, ain't it all right to make money? "

" What does Shakespeare say? "

The boy did not know what Shakespeare said.

" Shake says: ' Therefore, thou gaudy gold, hard food for Midas, I will none of thee, thou base and common drudge 'twixt man and man.' And then what does the Bible say about rich men? "

¶ The boy knew what the Bible says, but thought it only applied to very rich men—that is, men who had over fifty dollars.

That night they slept in the boiler-house again. Early in the morning the tramp proposed that they " get a move on " for the next place.

" But we have not been all over this town yet."

" I know; but it ain't healthy here."

" Why not? "

" Oh, there is no refinement about the people, no culture."

" But we are introducing the Great Discovery, and the people are as good here as anywhere we have been. Don't you remember that woman who patted me on the head and asked how old I was?"

" Yes, but it looks like rain! "

" What do we care? "

" Well, I 'll tell you if you will promise never to reveal it! "

" What do you mean? "

" Why, the first shower will wash every pot-hole stone we have painted, clean."

" So they will not shine at night? "

" No more than the inside of a rat-hole."
It was a cruel blow to the boy. He supposed they were doing an honest business, and the thought of deception troubled him more than the loss of the prospective fortune.
It required all the diplomatic skill the man could bring to bear to keep the child from leaving him then and there.
" Well, it 's getting towards winter, let us strike for Chicago," said His Whiskers.
" What will we do there? "
" Oh, go to the Home for Unfortunates."
" But we are not unfortunates—we can work."
" Go 'way, at the Home you do not have to—only an hour a day sawing wood, then you get three checks, good for two meals and a bed."
" What kind of meals? "
" Why, soup, with chunks of bread and meat and carrots and spuds swimming around in it—but the beds are the finest in the land. One great big long sawdust pillow and shavings to lie in—fifty men all in a row."
" And you liked it? "
" Certainly—I was studying Sociology."
" And you are going back? "
" Yes! "
" Well, you will go alone—not with me."
" For heaven's sake! Jimmy, how sassy you are getting! What is it you want, anyway? "
" How many times have I told you that I want to earn an honest living? "
The man's countenance changed, his bantering manner ceased. He said: " Boy, look here. I will take you to New York and put you in a place where you can become a man."
The child instinctively turned his head and looked at the speaker, the tone was so entirely different from what he had before heard.

Some way, it came over him that at last this tramp was in earnest. The child did not reason this out logically—he only felt it. Children divine things; men reason them out. The child is often nearer truth than the man. Women sometimes retain this intuitive faculty. You can not lie to certain women—they read the heart. It is dangerous to tell a falsehood to a child; this little soul may be weighing you in the balances of God. Beware!

" Will you take me to New York? " asked the boy after several moments of silence.

" Yes."

" And help me to find a place in some store? "

" Yes, or how would a newspaper office suit you? "

" Where they make newspapers? "

" Yes."

" Oh, I always wanted to work in a newspaper office. Do you think I could go in as errand boy and some time—some time write things that would be printed so that I would see them in the paper the next day? "

" Of course."

" But—are you sure that no one will find me in New York? "

" You mean your folks? "

" Yes."

" They will not find you; you are safer in New York than you would be hidden away in a forest. A big city is solitude. I have been more lonely in New York than I ever have been in the woods.

" But I will not be lonely for I will be busy. When do we start? "

" To-day."

CHAPTER XVI.

" Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's."

THE wanderers got into a box-car and rode to Bloomington, arriving there in the afternoon.

" Now, James, my son, you want to make New York without loafing along the way—I 'll show you how to do it. No-sir-ee, no tickets will I buy—it 's a matter of principle—No tickets. Besides that, you will need your money for a better purpose. What good would our few dollars do a rich railroad company? No, sir—I am a stockholder in the Chicago & Alton—we ride free."

They found their way to the yards of the C. & A. and hid themselves in a lumber car, riding to Chenoa—twenty miles.

" We wait here for ' The Hummer '; she comes through about two o'clock in the morning—that gets us into Chicago in time for breakfast."

They boarded the train below the depot where it stops for an instant to get the target before crossing the T. P. & W.

The man went in at one end of the car, the boy at the other. The lights were turned low and people were piled about in all the uneasy and uncomfortable positions that are common in such places. Men, women and children endeavoring to rest their aching bones; two o'clock in the morning is the most trying time of night in a " day coach." His Whiskers saw a double seat occupied by a woman who leaned a tired head over against the window. Opposite her was a four-year old boy, and with her head in the mother's lap was a little girl.

" The cars are very full, madam, my son and I can not find seats, let me hold your little girl! "

The woman had doubtless come on a long journey—she was too weary to be critical—she knew it was a gentlemanly voice that spoke—of course she made no protest. In fact she had no time to. The man had pushed the boy into the opposite seat and laid the sleeping child's head in his lap and he himself was seated with the little girl on his knee in an instant. The train was again in motion and the restless sleepers snored, talked in their dreams, shifted positions—all as usual.

The conductor had collected all tickets just after leaving Bloomington. The brakeman thought he saw a passenger get on at Chenoa below the crossing, but he was not sure. The conductor came through peering into the passengers' faces. " Can't you open the ventilators? " asked His Whiskers, testily, as the lantern flashed in his face.

The conductor reached up, opened three ventilators, and passed on ❧ ❧

His Whiskers took a nap.

Just before they reached Chicago the conductor entered the car with a burst. " Tickets—everybody!! "

He picked up the bits of punched pasteboard right and left, but the man who was holding the little girl was very hard to awaken. Conductors on the C. & A. give checks to adults but not children, so the boy escaped.

" Wake up here, man!—your ticket! " was yelled in the man's ear, as he was shaken vigorously by the shoulder.

He was finally awakened, the ticket was searched for in many pockets, but could not be found. A lantern was borrowed and careful search was made under the seats, but all in vain.

" Where did you get on? " demanded the conductor.

" St. Louis."

" Through ticket for Chicago? "

" I told you so four times, idiot."

" Well, you must have a check."

" You did n't give me a check."

" I certainly did."

" Don't you call me a liar. Here I am a peaceful American citizen, travelling with my wife and little ones. Must I be bullied and insulted by the gilt-braided minion of a blood-sucking monopoly? " ❧ ❧

His Whiskers had arisen to the full height of his outraged dignity. His voice was pitched to a key that could be heard in the next

car. Any explanation from the woman was out of the question, and the conductor's words were completely drowned.

" A beastly, blood-sucking monopoly. Must decent passengers be browbeaten in this shameless manner? A spirit of tyranny runs through most large corporations: especially is this true of railroad companies. The chief stockholders threaten the directors; the directors tyrannize over the general superintendent; he does the same by the division superintendents; the heads of departments lord it over the agents and trainmen; the conductors over the passengers; the division superintendent does as much for the section boss, the section boss tyrannizes over his men; the men over their wives; the wives over the children, and the children give it back to the people. The people are the stockholders. Tyranny moves in a circuit; innocence alone can ground the wire. Wherever you find a man gruff, surly, dictatorial, inconsiderate, uncivil, cruel to those beneath him, you may know that he is receiving the same treatment from some one else. We visit on others the treatment we receive. When a man is tyrannical to those below him, he is fawning, cringing, crawling to the one above. It is only innocence that refuses to kneel; it is only innocence that does not tyrannize. I am innocent, so I never reproach others—never! "

Before this speech was over the conductor had retreated into the next car, and the wrathful tones of the speaker had slightly subsided ❧ ❧

The passengers listened with earnest nods of approval: especially a party of Russians who did not understand English. They only knew that the conductor had endeavored to coerce an innocent passenger and that this passenger had arisen in his might and defied the entire railroad company and the State as well. Such courage is always commendable.

The Russians were Anarchists.

CHAPTER XVII.

" Still we were coupled and inseparable."

CHICAGO is a great city. It is twenty-eight miles long and is destined to be the largest municipality in America. Chicago has eight thousand saloons. Chicago also has a Home for Unfortunates

When the train reached Chicago, our friends went straight to the " Home." They were given permission to split wood; a certain stent being laid out for them, which they completed in short order. Each was then rewarded with a generous dish of soup. In the woodyard the man saw several " unfortunates " whom he seemed to know. His Whiskers wanted to stay a week at the " Home " for repairs—to get " Keel-hauled," as he expressed it, but the boy had his way and the man grumblingly consented to leave the same day they arrived.

" If we take the Pullman we can make better time," explained His Whiskers, " but it is a little cool at this period of the year."

" What do you mean by ' the Pullman? ' "

" Why, the ' hammock route.' "

" What 's that? "

" Don't you know? Swing a hammock under a Pullman and let 'er go. I have a hammock stored here—all woven out of the finest linen. It is just eight feet long and has steel hooks on each end. You fix your hammock when the train stops at a water-tank, then you tumble in and ride as far as you want. But you better crawl out just before you get to a big town, or you may be grabbed. Once I rode right into the Union Depot at Buffalo. I was sound asleep and one of those fool car inspectors crawled under the car with his torch and burned a hole in my new lavender spring trousers before I could yell at him. It cost me all the tobacco I had and a good knife to get off—he was going to turn me over to the police."

The boy refused the " hammock route." His Whiskers said it was not much difference, anyway!—it would only take a couple of days longer.

They walked out to Englewood and managed to lay in several doughnuts, two " quarter-sections " of pie, and a piece of bread and meat for future use. This, besides satisfying present hunger.

¶ At Grand Crossing they boarded the Atlantic Express on the Lake Shore road. They rode on the front platform of a mail car, as all of the other cars had end doors. It was night, but the flashing light from the fire-box when the furnace door was open revealed their position as plain as day. After riding some miles they were discovered by the fireman, who began throwing coal at them. Two could play at that game. His Whiskers caught the chunks of coal like an experienced base-ballist, and he threw them back as if he was pitching curves. One chunk came dangerously near the steam gauge, and the engineer here motioned to his fireman to let them alone.

They rode in peace to Elkhart, where they found a place to sleep in the round house.

Next day they reached Toledo on a stock train, getting there in the night. In the morning they " did the town "—got plenty to eat, with a whole pan of cookies which His Whiskers found in the kitchen of a house where no one was at home.

" The woman can thank her stars that I am an honest man or I would have taken the pan," mused His Whiskers, as he poured the cookies down his shirt front.

They took a freight to Fremont—then caught the Limited, but were detected settling themselves in a passenger car. The conductor pulled the bell-cord and Mr. Whiskers was asked to alight.

¶ " Come, Jimmy, we made a mistake—we are on the wrong train." He shook hands with the brakeman, searched for his valise through two cars, and finally got off without it, the conductor fuming all the time. A brakeman was posted on the rear car

to see they did not get on again. Once after this they were put off before reaching Buffalo.

No man ever laid hands on His Whiskers—there was something about his hardy build and calm self-possession that said, " Hands off! " But a brakeman once took the lad by the collar and he had no sooner done so than a voice hissed in his ear, " Don't touch that boy! " The brakeman was as startled as if he had heard the ominous " sing " of a rattlesnake, and he took his hand from the boy's collar with a jerk.

The plan of riding only on the fastest trains at night, and boarding them at the first point possible after the conductor had collected the tickets, was a favorite one with His Whiskers. Then, if he could get into a seat and have a child on his lap he knew he was safe for a hundred miles at least.

They got to Buffalo the third day after leaving Chicago. Applying at the East Buffalo stockyards, His Whiskers was given permission by a shipper to accompany a car-load of horses to Albany. For his passage he agreed to look after the stock. He explained to the freight conductors along the way that Jimmy was his son and must be allowed to ride too. It was against the rules, but plausible argument and good nature won; and the boy and man feasted surreptitiously out of the trainmen's dinner baskets—taking pains to take only a little from each so the food would not be missed

Arriving at Albany they warmed themselves in the lobby at the State House, visited the " Mission," where His Whiskers volunteered to play the organ. He also exhorted the brethren who were present. They walked ten miles to Castleton and boarded a through train to New York City, arriving at 7:15 after a grand row with the conductor.

" Don't talk back to me Cornelius, I won't have it! " exclaimed His Whiskers. " Don't talk back to me—you have our tickets and you know it. I 'll report you to Chauncey. You only want to

get cash out of us which you intend to 'knock down.' Oh, I am on to you. Put us off—that 's right, put us off. That is what I want. Put us off and I 'll sue your road for twenty thousand dollars' damages—yes, put us off—but give me your name first—give me your name and the number of your engine and your train number and your engineer's name. Yes, you won't give me your name, eh! Well, I 'll just take the names of a few of these passengers for witnesses, and then you will put us off."

A piece of paper was produced and a pencil then fished out, and the names of a dozen passengers written down with a great show of importance. The conductor did not put them off.

Arriving at the Grand Central Depot they alighted with the rest of the passengers, and were curiously scrutinized as they walked hand-in hand toward the waiting-rooms. Women stepped aside so that their clothing would not brush them. Men smiled. A policeman who saw them called another, and they both laughed.

¶ They went to the lunch counter, and the girl refused to wait on them until they showed their money. The boy paid for the coffee and sandwiches, and this was the very first cent that either he or the tramp had expended since they had met. except the money paid for the phosphorescent paint materials.

They had traveled just twelve hundred and thirty-five miles and been together two weeks lacking one day.

"Now, Jimmy, I want you to wait here, I will be back in just two hours. Then I will go with you and get you a suit of clothes, and as soon as you get washed up and rested we will go and see the newspaper man who will give you work."

"Let me go alone and get the clothes—I will be here when you come back in two hours."

"No, you will be cheated, you must do as I tell you. Do not stray out of this waiting-room or you will get lost."

"Please let me get the clothes? "

"No—do as I tell you—in two hours."

CHAPTER XVIII.

" Who gave me fresh array and entertainment! "

THE boy sat in the waiting-room, and looked at the big clock that hung on the wall.

He mused: I wanted to go and get the clothes alone. I can pick them out; surely I must make a presentable appearance, or the man at the newspaper office will never even give me a trial. Two hours is a long time to wait. The minute hand of that big clock just stands still for five minutes at a time, and then when it jumps forward it only marks a minute on the dial. I think I will get a dark suit—a sack coat, and a white linen shirt with a pretty stand-up collar; I know what I want—I have the money to pay for the things, too. Yes, I can feel it all safely knotted in the handkerchief, and pinned inside my blouse. How the people do keep rushing in and out—those coming in seem all out of breath; they thought they had lost their train, but the man at the door told them the train would not go for an hour, and they must sit down and wait. And the woman with the big bundles, the two little boys, and the sick baby—how weary she looks. What would she say if I should go over and offer to hold the baby a while for her. The policeman looks very fierce—has he killed many people?

Only ten minutes have passed by the big clock—it must have got tired and stopped. What does that man say who comes in and calls off the trains—no one understands him; he always says the same thing. Why don't they hang up a sign with big white letters when a train is ready, then every one can see for himself. Who is the woman who goes about with a dust brush? She wears a white cap and a big white apron; she must be the wife of the president of the road—she comes down every day to see that things are kept clean and neat. How much would a suit cost—eight dollars? What would the woman in the white cap say if I

should ask her about how much a pair of shoes and a white shirt would be—she might be awful cross, and hit me with the duster. But no, she looks like a kind woman—she spoke pleasantly to the man who calls out trains—perhaps she has a boy of her own at home—if so, she surely would not be cross to some one else's boy. Would Mr. Whiskers be very mad if I should ask the woman the way to a clothing store, and buy the suit alone?

Only fifteen minutes have been marked off by the big clock. The woman with the duster is coming over by this seat—dare I speak to her? How my heart thumps—she certainly must hear it.

¶ " Do you care, missus, if I speak to you? "

" No, my boy. What is it you want—you have not run away from home, have you? "

The poor child's heart thumped more than ever.

" No, ma'am. I was going to ask you about how much a suit of clothes for me would cost."

" Mercy, child! I can not buy you a suit."

" I do not want you to, ma'am; I have the money, but I do not know where to go to buy the clothes."

The woman smiled good-naturedly.

" Well, you look funny enough in that long coat; I saw you when you first came in. If you have the money, you might get a good enough suit for—say seven or eight dollars—could n't he, Jake? "

¶ The last words were addressed to the big policeman, who had come up unseen by the child. The policeman looked as big as Goliath. There he was with a belt around him that must have been ten feet long—and the club in his hand, but the woman would not let him do any harm, surely.

" What does he want, a hand-me-down, or a made to-order? Stand up, kid; let us see how big you are! "

The child stood up. The coat he wore reached nearly to the floor, and the sleeves were rolled up, revealing the silk lining. The straw hat and the man's boots completed the picture. The police-

man could not see the big, wide open, wistful brown eyes, and the wan, sad face. It was too funny! The officer laughed aloud, and motioned to the man who called out the trains to come and see ❧ ❧

" Well, he did n't run away, and there is nothing for you fellows to laugh so much about," said the woman, coming to the child's defence ❧ ❧

" Sure about his not running away, are you? "

" Of course I am; his father has just gone out around the corner. You don't want to get your new clothes until your pa comes back, do you? "

" Yes, I want to go alone and buy them," said the lad with a sudden burst of resolution.

The policeman seemed to have softened, for he took the boy by the hand, and led him out on Forty-second Street; then he gave very specific directions about going down, " two blocks to Third Avenue, and turning up one and crossing over, and then keeping four doors down, and you come to ' Ullman's'."

" Tell them I sent you," added the giant.

The boy followed directions. He got to the store, and was treated with great deference; the clerk who waited on him even asked if his folks were well, and, without stopping for an answer, inquired if it was going to snow.

The boy picked out a neat dark suit, with knee pants, that seemed good and cheap. Then a cap, made of the same stuff. If he would buy an overcoat they would throw in a Waterbury watch. The temptation was very great, but the boy did not give in. He then bought one shirt, one pair of stockings, one stand-up linen collar, and one very red necktie was thrown in " in consideration of his using his influence among his friends in favor of Ullman's." ¶ He promised.

Then the clerk went with him into the shoe store next door and introduced him as a very particular friend of Mr. Ullman's. He

selected a pair of button shoes and when he paid for them the shoeman presented him with a button-hook and told him to call again. Surely no place on earth is equal to New York, thought the child, only the people on the streets are in such a rush. Just before he went into Ullman's he saw a striped pole which he was almost positive was a barber-shop. He had never been in a barber-shop, but after a careful view of the front of the place he read a sign " Hair-cutting and Baths."

He went in carrying his bundle of new clothes. The barber eyed him a little suspiciously, but seeing his bundle, asked him if he had been investing in a suit. One man sitting in a chair, his face covered with lather, said it was a waste of money, for the suit he had on was a perfect fit. Then the man laughed. Did he want to get shaved? No, a bath? Had he money? Yes. He was shown into a bath-room and when he came forth in half an hour, clothed in his new suit, the barber could not believe his eyes; he declared it was the greatest transformation he had ever seen.

" There is one thing wrong with you, young man," said the barber as he walked around the boy, surveying him with the critical eye of a man of taste. " There is one thing wrong and that is your hair—it nearly gave me a fit when I glanced at your head, that fellow up at the corner did the job—I 'd know his work anywhere. No, get right into his chair—the only thing to do is to use the clippers, then you come around in a few weeks and I will fix you out so that your hair will look as a fine-looking young gent's should."

After the boy had paid for the bath and the hair-cutting, he counted his money. The amount was just eight dollars and eighty-five cents. The money was then tied up carefully in the handkerchief and placed in the inside pocket of his coat.

" Oh, don't bother with these old duds—leave them here and I 'll give them to the rag-man," said the barber, as he bade him good-day and asked him to call again.

Surely New York City is a paradise filled with kind and courteous people. But the lad's good opinion of New York was slightly shaken when he returned to the depot, and the big policeman scarcely glanced at him and did not return his nod. And the woman with the white cap and big apron did not even deign to look in his direction although she dusted all around him. It still lacked five minutes of the two hours. He was glad of that—he was afraid of being late.

The man who called out the trains seems to speak a little plainer now. How many well dressed people there are in New York! Most of the men wear overcoats, and many of them high silk hats. How did they make so much money as to afford such costly things? They must be Wall Street millionaires. Then there is a man with a gray suit on that looks like mine. Oh, if my suit only fitted like that—his clothes fit like the feathers on a bird. And then he had an overcoat, too—did he get a Waterbury watch with it? My shoulders are not broad enough for my height, but still my suit looks pretty well, although the policeman did not say so—I wish he would.

Twenty-five minutes past the time—where is he? He must have got lost in the crowd, he will surely come soon. How surprised he will be! I hope he won't be mad at me—I did not want to disobey him ❧ ❧

There that man is again with his gray suit—he has new shoes too, but his are russet and mine black. I like mine best. He has a new black derby and I have a cap—he is getting nervous waiting for a train to come with his wife on board I suppose. What a square jaw he has and face shaved smooth—I like a man with a mustache best. Smooth-faced men who shut their mouths tight look cruel. Wonder where the lady is going who has the pug dog on her lap. Thirty-five minutes past the time now—he will surely come soon.

¶ The train must be late for that man is here yet—he is tanned, and has more color in his face than most of the New York men;

they are nearly all pale. It will soon be an hour over time. I am afraid my clothes are not a very good fit—women know more about such things than men; my mother always made my clothes. My mother is thousands and thousands of miles away! It is the first suit of store clothes I ever had on. I will go and ask the woman anyway—she was very kind before—she should have spoken to me before, but I will speak to her the next time she comes over by the ticket window. Here she comes now.

" Oh, missus—say, please, I was going—to ask you how you like my suit! "

" Mother of Moses!—you ain't that hoodlum who wore the straw hat and long coat? "

" Yes, ma'am—if you don't care."

" Why, there was a man in here looking for a ragged boy—I thought it must be you and I told him you went away, but I thought you were coming back. He ain't here now—he got tired of waiting, I 'spose. Oh yes, that is him now, the stout-built man in the gray suit, the one looking out of the window, I mean."

¶ The boy walked across the long room and standing near the man, looked up in his face.

The man turned—started; then he stared; then he smiled; then he stooped, took the boy in his arms, and tenderly kissed his cheek

BOOK III. CHAPTER I.

"Nay, answer me: stand and unfold yourself."

IF we had the space at our disposal, it might be a pleasant diversion to use a dozen pages for a *denouement* in revealing the identity of His Whiskers; it is not necessary. Long before this the reader has guessed that John Hillard, bachelor, of West 23d Street, New York, and His Whiskers are one and the same individual. It is a pleasure to write for discerning people.

We have shown that Mr. Hillard was surprised at the changed appearance of the boy, but he knew the lad had money enough to get a new suit, and that he should go and buy it and put it on was all very natural. The disappearance of His Whiskers and the coming of Mr. Hillard were supernatural.

The boy could not understand it, excepting on the score of magic —all children believe in the supernatural; some grown people as well ❧ ❧

And yet this hocus-pocus does not satisfy—we seek for a cause. ¶ "Jimmy, you have played a great joke on me—you are a good-looking boy, and I am proud of you. Come now, we will go." The voice was the same—perhaps milder though; the eyes were the same, too, but—no, it is another man.

"I am waiting here—I am—I can not go with you, sir, I am waiting for my father!"

Mr. Hillard laughed.

The child looked at him in wonder. The boy had read the *Arabian Nights*—he knew of beggars having been changed into princes—here was an instance. This man before him had a round smooth face—His Whiskers had a stubby beard clear to his eyes. This man was handsomely clothed; the other was in rags. This man carried two watches; the other none. This man wore clean linen

and a necktie with a scarf-pin; the other's shirt was dirty and flaring open at the neck. This man's nails were pared, his hands clean, he carried a neat white handkerchef in his pocket; the other's nails were unkept, his hands soiled, and he had no handkerchief but the red apology for one, which he carried in his hat. Such was the rapid mental inventory the child took, and he summed it all up with the convincing proof that His Whiskers had no money to buy these things, and his mind fell back on the magic. All things are possible in the realm of the supernatural. "We will go," said the child. He took the hand of his friend, and they walked out to the street where a carriage was in waiting. "Hoffman House," said Mr. Hillard to the driver. The driver touched his hat. They seated themselves in the carriage. The door was slammed, and the lad wondered at the beauty of the driver's coat, with its big, shiny, flat brass buttons. He noticed the high silk hat, too, and he had an inward glow of pride to think that this fine gentleman, who drove the horses, touched his new silk hat to His Whiskers—and was n't Mr. Whiskers his father? No one knew the difference anyway. But, no, it was n't His Whiskers either. His Whiskers went off and got lost in the crowds that were rushing in every direction—he could not find his way back to the Grand Central Depot. A fairy saw him, and, knowing he had been kind to a friendless boy, this fairy passed her wand twice to the right and once to the left over his head, and —presto! ❧ ❧

I wonder what is going on in New York to-day—there must be a circus or a "big meeting"—all the people are out on the street. How beautiful the store windows are! I wish the windows in this carriage did not rattle so—I wanted to hear that hand-organ—would the driver stop if the gentleman who was His Whiskers, before the fairy touched him, should ask him if he would please? It 's too far past now anyway. What funny men with boards on them front and back, all covered with signs. They own the

stores, I 'spose, and when they go out on the street they wear those things—it is necessary, though, for all the people look so much alike that no one could tell them. I wish the driver would go slow, I want to see the things in the windows. It is an awful big town, ain't it? What would my mother say to this? She would be afraid, I guess, and I don't believe my sure-enough father (not His Whiskers) could drive our horses down this street, where there is such a crowd. He could n't if he drove the colts, that is certain. He might hitch up one of the colts with the old mare, and then cut a good hickory whip, so if they got to backing up or trying to kick over the traces, or if they shied—

" Hoffman! " said the driver as he opened the door.

They went into a palace—finer than any that was ever pictured in the old bound volume of *Gleason's Pictorial.* Then into a dining-room where there were hundreds of tables, all set as if Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman were expecting company. A gentleman wearing a swallow-tail coat bowed to them, and took the man-who-was-His-Whiskers' hat, and then he took the cap made out of the stuff like the suit, and another gentleman in another swallow-tail gave them seats at a table, and presented them each with a fan, although it was n't fly time. Then he brought two great long printed lists of all the finest things to eat one ever heard of. There were so many things the boy could not decide what he wanted. He was not hungry, he only wished to look around. " What do you want, Jimmy? " asked the man-who-was-Mr.-Whiskers.

" A bowl of bread and milk or a slice of bread and some cold meat," bashfully answered the boy.

The man smiled, and searching over the bill of fare he explained that these delicacies were not down.

He told the waiter to bring raw oysters for two. They were brought—stingy little oysters for such a palace, the boy thought. Then the waiter brought in soup—not much though. The lad was

disappointed, for his appetite was coming back. Nothing but soup, and so little in a plate that the boy sent the waiter back three times for more. Then to his great surprise one of the gentlemen in the swallow-tails brought on the dinner—the finest ever seen. Chicken, roast beef, turkey, mashed potatoes, squash, and more vegetables than one could possibly eat. The boy just then found out how thoroughly hungry he was, but what was the use! He could never eat all there was there! Why did n't the waiter bring the dinner on before? Was he trying to be funny and play a trick on them? The boy watched his chance—no one was looking—he worked the plate of chicken over near his side and slid off a " drumstick " and a wing and put them in his side pocket—then he captured two pieces of bread.

It was plain now that the man who sat opposite was not His Whiskers, it was another individual entirely. First, he did not talk philosophy to any one—His Whiskers always " buzzed " every one in sight. Second, this man did not once think to lay in a supply out of all the plenty on the table, for supper. ¶ The lad ate until he felt that the waistband of his trousers was too small. Then, to his utter chagrin, the waiter took all the dishes off from the table and brought in pie, pudding, and a big dish of fruits and another of nuts. It was too much—it was the meanest kind of a trick. How did *he* know these nice things were coming? He was full to the chin, when the waiter brought in two small cups of coffee—little play cups out of some little girl's tea-set. It was now evident beyond a doubt that the gentleman in the gray suit was not even a distant relative of His Whiskers, for he did not utter a word of complaint about the size of these cups. The coffee was very black, and the lad did not try it. The waiter then cleared the table and brought in two round, flat glass dishes, each on a red napkin that was on a plate.

" Lemonade! " said the lad to himself, " but rather weak," as he sipped it.

" Have you had enough to eat? " asked the gentleman in the gray suit

" Enough for a week," seriously answered the child.

CHAPTER II.

" Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer."

THE sensation of riding in an elevator is a peculiar one when experienced for the first time. This snug little room, with its soft cushioned seats and mirrors, and the wire door that shuts with a click, and then the simple pull on a rope by a small boy and up you go.

Manhattan is the Enchanted Isle, thought the lad, as he and his friend got off at the fifth floor. Walking down a hallway where were glass doors with names painted on them, they entered an office where there were a dozen or more bookkeepers at work before high desks. At one side of the room a glass partition enclosed a row of small apartments, one of which they entered. A revolving bookcase, a roll top desk, four chairs and a table made up the furniture.

A bright young woman was busily engaged at a typewriter. At the desk sat a man who was so intent on his work that he did not look up when they entered. When he did, it was with a shout of amazement!

" By the bones of the prophet! Is that you or your ghost, Hillard?"

" It 's my ghost, Mr. White, but it answers the purpose," said Hillard, as he coolly sat down without even offering to shake hands with the man.

Mr. White got up and shook him by the hand and pounded him on the back.

" A ghost—well it weighs a hundred and eighty! "

" No one ever saw a ghost that weighed less! "

" But where in heaven's name have you been? Here we have been laying bets that you were dead. Burtis notified the police and wanted the harbor dredged, but I knew you would show up all right. Now, where have you been? "

" Oh, out west to see my folks. Let me introduce you to my nephew, Jimmy Smith. Is n't he a fine boy? Looks like me, don't you think so? "

Mr. White agreed that the boy was a fine one and that there was a marked family resemblance, although the boy had dark eyes and Hillard gray.

" Then your hair is red, Hillard, not even chestnut or auburn, just plain red, and your nephew's is—well—that is, it might be black if he had any. Your taste, of course. Give him a tight cut just as winter begins, and next summer let him wear it long. You always delight in defying society."

" Yes, my name is Ajax—defying society's lightning. Do you know what I want? "

" How could I when you do not yourself? "

" But I do this time."

" Well, you want a drink of whiskey."

" Right you are—but something else."

" Well, I give up."

" I want you to take Jimmy Smith and make a man of him."

" Why don't *you*, you have nothing else to do? "

" Hold your jokes back for another time—I am in earnest."

" You want me to give this boy work where he can show what he is made of? "

" Yes."

" Do you not know that a big establishment like this kills a hundred times as many men as it makes? "

" You are talking to a man fully as smart as yourself, Mr. White."

" You have not answered my question."

" I know that you sold papers on the street and started in here as printer's devil."

" Hillard, I thought you were looking so well that you had all the iron in your system in form of red corpuscles, but there is more ' tincture ' than ever in your conversation."

" You are a nice man, Mr. White—your name is a symbol of your character—I have only two things against you; you are bald-headed, and you will argue."

" You want a place for the boy? "

" You are a mind reader."

" Well, I 'll take his name and address and the first vacancy—"

¶ " You will give it to the fellow who happens in, forgetting all others—you have now a pigeon-hole full of addresses. Make a place for the boy! "

" But—"

" Uncle Rodgers was complaining that his work was behind, you remember, Mr. White! " modestly suggested the young woman at the typewriter, without turning her head.

Typewriter girls know everything. They never look up yet they know all visitors and all the secrets of the office. They pound the machine, yet hear all conversations. They know the rogues and the confidence men that come in to work their schemes, and they know the worthy among the beggars. If employers could consult their lady stenographers (this is a republican form of government—if we use the word " lady " at all we can apply it to stenographers) without making love to them, many a business man might be saved from a bad bargain.

Jimmy Smith stood with cap in hand and watched with open mouth the deft fingers of the girl as she struck the keys—such rapidity was astounding! The girl never ceased her work for an instant, yet her heart went out to Jimmy Smith. " He is innocent and he is worthy," she said to herself, as she viciously pulled out one sheet and replaced it with another in a twinkling.

" That is so," said Mr. White, " Uncle Rodgers may need him."

¶ Mr White blew into a rubber tube and a whistle answered. " Tell Mr. Rodgers I want to see him, please."

Now Uncle Rodgers is in the basement and we are on the fifth floor. Uncle Rodgers will not ride in the elevator; he worked for Mr. White's father before the days of elevators, when the *Commercial* office was down on Cedar Street. Elevators are new-fangled things that may break down and drop to the basement almost any time. Uncle Rodgers will patronize the stairs, and as he is quite an old gentleman (sixty-nine), it will take him several minutes to get up here.

Let us fill in the time by telling a little about who Uncle Rodgers is. He has a little dry-goods box of an office in the basement, where he must burn gas all day. It is the old gentleman's duty to check up all bills of paper that are received. He sees that every bale or bundle holds out in weight and quality. Then when stock is wanted in the press rooms the order has to go through Uncle Rodgers' office. Once Mr. White helped himself to two sheets of cardboard and failing to report the fact, the old gentleman threatened to resign and let the whole establishment go to perdition. " Your father was a business man, Charles White, a business man. He is dead now, sir,—I am glad he is, for I would not see him pained by the sight of such a son as you."

Charles White owned a half interest in the establishment, but he apologized to Uncle Rodgers—he even suggested an entry in the card-board account that would make it balance—" An erasure, never! You go out and buy two sheets of card board to replace those you took! "

Mr White did so.

Uncle Rodgers wore a suit of broadcloth with doeskin trousers as a gentleman should. He wore a stock and he wore boots, not shoes. On the street he always appeared in a high hat. He carried a gold-headed cane that had been presented to him by the elder

Mr. White thirty-seven years before. This cane was marked: " In recognition of faithful services."

Mr. Rodgers had watched the evolution of the paper trade. He knew bogus manilla from genuine, across the store; and " all rag " from "pulp filled" by the touch. He could tell a "cream laid" from white after dark, and an " antique " that tried to pass for " hand made linen " never deceived him.

" Now what is it, Mr. White? I am very busy this morning and have no time to waste—you don't think we are paying too much for that rope manilla, do you? " piped the cracked voice of the little man, as he stuck his bald-head in at the door.

" No, the manilla is all right—come in. You know Mr. Hillard, don't you? "

" Indeed I do, sir. I knew his father before him and a fine man he was; he used to give all hands a turkey at Christmas; and never a year passed but what he sent the whole shop up the river on an excursion, and never did he dock a man's time when he was sick. Please be quick, Mr. White, I have a car of straw board coming in, and an invoice of ' Androscoggin ' ! "

" Don't be in such a rush, uncle, you will never get out of life alive anyway." ❧ ❧

" It 's well enough for you that sit around in the office to talk ' Don't be in a rush,' but what would become of the business—"

¶ " Never mind that; I know you are overworked. How would you like a good boy to help you? "

" You know what that last boy did? "

" No, what did he do? "

" Made three blots on my stock book—first in twenty years."

" Yes, but it was an accident."

" How about the mucilage he poured on my stool so I stuck fast in it." ❧ ❧

" Well, boys must play pranks."

" That's right, you uphold them in their deviltry; that is why this

place will go to smash as soon as a few of the old hands drop out."
" But a good boy—what do you say to a good boy! "
" There are none."
" Why there is one behind you—Mr. Hillard's nephew."
" I know Mr. Hillard's relatives—his cousin Paul is in Sing Sing for shooting a man. That is what comes from giving a child a Bible name."
" But this boy has no Bible name—his name is Jimmy—Jimmy Smith."
" James is a Bible name—perhaps Smith is too—he ain't a bad-looking child though, but you can't always tell—looks are so deceiving."
" Is your letter book indexed up to date? "
" No—a month behind."
" And the invoices? "
" They are behind, sir, too, since we took on the new line of fancy covers."
" Well now, Uncle Rodgers, give Jimmy a chance, let him come tomorrow and index everything right up to date and show what he is made of."
The old gentleman took the child out in the hallway and put him through a civil-service examination. He had him write his name, then add up a column of figures, then compute how much 1161 lbs. of No. 2 book would come to at 8¾ cents, less the freight $7.20 and two off for cash ten days.
The boy answered the questions and figured out the problem to the satisfaction of the little old gentleman. " Come to-morrow morning at eight, and I 'll try you—three dollars a week," and the old man dived down the stairway.
" What did he say, Jimmy? " asked Mr. White as the boy came in
" Come tomorrow," smilingly answered the lad.
" And how much is he going to pay you? "

" Three dollars a week, sir! "
Mr. Hillard and Mr. White laughed aloud.
" You see I always let the old man hire his own help—it pleases him," explained Mr. White to Hillard. " But where will the boy board? "
" With me, of course," answered Hillard.
" Then he can't work here."
" Why—you think I will spoil him? "
" I don't think so, I know it. What time do you get up in the morning? "
" None of your business."
" But it is, this time—tell me—what time do you get up? "
¶ " Well, anywhere from seven o'clock to noon."
" Is that teaching a boy to be a man? "
" Well, I 'll tell him to do as I say, not as I do."
" But the young learn from example, not precept."
The young woman at the typewriter had never once looked up or ceased the eternal click. She paused now, and stopping over her work corrected an error with a lead-pencil that she took from her hair
" I think—my mother would board him," said the girl, as she put in a clean sheet and struck the space key five times; Click, click, click went the machine, faster than one could count, and she was off.
Hillard looked at White—White looked at Hillard—the boy looked at both—the young woman looked at nobody.
" Go down in the basement, Jimmy, and ask Uncle Rodgers how much time you will have for dinner," spoke Hillard, gruffly.
¶ The boy obeyed.
" Stop the music-box a moment, please, Miss Griggs," said Hillard. " Your mother would take the boy if you said so, would n't she? "
" Perhaps."

" Your mother is a widow? "
" Yes."
" Where do you live? "
" In Exeter Flats—off Twelfth Street."
" How many in the family? "
" No one but mother, my little sister and myself."
" You support the whole party? "
" I can easily do it."
" Well, I 'll pay your mother just five dollars a week to board that youngster, on condition that you let him think Mr. White pays for his keeping."
" I think four dollars is enough—we live very plainly."
" He says we have half an hour at noon, but we get off at five," panted the boy. He had run all the way upstairs.
" I live so far away, Jimmy, that Mr. White wants you to board with Miss Grigg's folks. Good-by, White—oh, by the way, Miss Griggs, I will bring Jimmy around at five this afternoon, and you can take him home with you—good-day."

CHAPTER III.

" Food and diet: to some enterprise that hath a stomach in't."

A MONTH has come and gone since our last chapter.
" Don't smoke in here, Mr. Hillard—the insurance policies forbid it," squeaked Uncle Rodgers one winter morning, as Hillard sat in the little six by ten office.
" Can't I smoke, Jimmy? "
" You might smoke in a straw stack, but you can not here," answered the lad, with a smile.
Mr. Rodgers had gone out into the wareroom, and the two were now alone together.

" You are a joker, Jimmy. I hope you have not been telling our little adventures to any one! "

" Trust me for that, I am too much ashamed of them."

They sat silent for a space—the boy working diligently making out shipping bills. As fast as he had finished one Hillard would take it and carefully scrutinize the cramped little schoolboy hand, and smile approvingly.

Hardly a day passed but Hillard dropped in to ask about " the state of trade," and " the paper business." And strange to relate instead of calling at the main office for his facts he made his inquiries in the basement.

Jimmy was getting along famously.

The first few days Uncle Rodgers was surly, crabbed, and suspicious. He knew the boy was like all others—worthless. He took him in simply to please Mr. White—just let the youngster stay a day or so to prove his utter inefficiency to do anything but make trouble, and then let him go.

" Smith, you aint so bad after all," he said on the third day as the boy handed back the indexed letter book. " You may some day be able to take my place; who knows?"

Uncle Rodgers noticed that " Smith " did not play with the mob of boys that worked up in the press rooms, and he also observed that he was promptly on time—always coming with Miss Griggs, " the stenog.," that he was respectful, and evidently had a very high regard for Mr. Rodgers's business ability. Mr. Rodgers was mollified.

" I will make a pretty decent fellow of that young Smith yet," he once said to Mr. White.

Rodgers gave young Smith lectures on ancient history, that is to say the founding of the *Commercial*, and the starting of the paper trade forty-four years before; of how the present Mr. White was a wild, harum-scarum young fellow until his father took him off the street and put him under Mr. Rodgers's care. All the

business education he had he received from Mr. Rodgers, who was the head bookkeeper, until they got the new system, and then he voluntarily consented to look after the paper stock, as there was not a single man in the building who could tell " white print " from " book."

Uncle Rodgers and the boy ate their lunch in common after the first week. The old man would often take the whole half hour telling about " old times."

On several occasions Miss Griggs brought her lunch down and they had a triangular picnic.

Uncle Rodgers was a bachelor and a gentleman of the old school. He treated Miss Griggs with the most marked deference, and the lad thought that his conversation at such times was not near as entertaining as when they were alone. He called the boy " Mr. Smith " when Miss Griggs was there, and he took little mincing bites and scraped all the butter off from his bread to put it on hers.

Then she invited them to come up and lunch with her one day. Uncle Rodgers took off his long linen coat that he wore in the office, and brushed his black one with great care. Then he adjusted his stock with much precision, before the little mirror that hung behind the door. After carefully plastering the very scanty locks over his bald spot, he stroked his high silk hat, set it on his head with a wicked little tilt over one eye, and, taking his cane, they mounted the stairs, the boy carrying his lunch basket and a peculiar black tin box which opened on hinges. This box looked exactly like two books, escepting when closely examined. On the back, in neat gilt letters, were the words, ***Shakespeare's Complete Works.*** This box contained Mr. Rodgers's dinner.

When they reached the private office of Mr. White, Miss Griggs had the little table cleared and covered with a sheet of white " No. 1 book," which Mr. Rodgers had sent up an hour before with his compliments.

Mr. White always left the office at 11.30, so the three were alone. Miss Griggs opened the two lunch baskets and Shakespeare's Complete Works, and set the table, while Mr. Rodgers made complimentary remarks about the grace a woman lends to every festive occasion. Then the old gentleman quoted a stanza from Scott: " O woman," etc.

They were seated, and eating; the excitement of the occasion had started Mr. Rodgers off on a chapter of history of New York before its degenerate days, when, without a moment's warning, in walked Mr. Hillard.

There was a little start of embarrassment, which Hillard quieted with: "Ah, ha! I'm just in time—never so hungry in my life. Here Jimmy, take this half dollar and slip down to Macaroni's on the corner and get some oranges and Malaga grapes! " ¶ Hillard drew up a chair, remarking that the table required four anyway, to preserve its equilibrium. The boy soon returned with the fruit, and a very jolly time they had of it.

The day before Christmas Mrs. Griggs was much surprised to see a grocer's boy come staggering into her little kitchen with two big baskets.

There were a fifteen-pound turkey, cranberries, mince-meat, apples, nuts, candies, and several other packages of things that people who live in the Exeter Flats seldom see, and, perhaps, are just as well off without.

" These things do not belong to me," protested the good woman.

" Griggs, ain't it? " inquired the young grocer, and slid down the banisters without waiting for a reply.

Mr. Hillard often stood at the street entrance of the *Commercial* office at five o'clock. This was the time and place where Jimmy waited for Miss Griggs. Hillard would walk with them a couple of blocks, because " he was going up that way anyway."

Christmas Eve, he was there as usual.

" It was very kind of you to invite Mr. Rodgers and me to a

Christmas dinner, Miss Griggs," said Mr. Hillard, as they started up the street.

" I do not remember inviting you."

" Oh, I forgot—it was your mother. I gave the message to Mr. Rodgers—tell Mrs. Griggs we will be on time."

Christmas morning when Mrs. Griggs opened her door to take in the milk, at the threshold were two big bundles. On unwrapping these, great were the cries of astonishment from the little girl. Jimmy had a cubby-hole of a room to himself, with a window that opened out on the hall. He was summoned with loud calls that " Santa Claus is here—come quick! " He hurried into his clothes, and Miss Griggs came too, in her stocking feet—she did not have time for her shoes.

There were a full dozen packages in the big bundles, each one having a name on it. There was stuff for a new black dress for Mrs. Griggs, an ulster for Jimmy, and a dozen pairs of stockings, books, gloves, and ribbons for Miss Griggs, and more playthings for the little girl than she ever saw before outside of the shop window ❧ ❧

The people who lived on the lower floor at " Exeter " were quite surprised about one o'clock, to see two gentlemen who inquired the way to Mrs. Griggs's. One of these men was small, thin-faced, and wore a suit of faultless black. He carried a gold-headed cane, which he twirled jauntily. On his left hand was a yellow kid glove; its mate was carried between the fingers. The other gentleman wore a well-fitting suit of gray.

" They look like lawyers—I hope they have n't come to make Mrs. Griggs trouble," said the first floor.

Jimmy met the visitors at the door. They were ushered in and greeted by Miss Griggs, then presented to her mother. Mr. Rodgers bowed to the floor and kissed the finger-tips of the ladies. This stateliness of manner put the older woman in quite a flutter. How could she ever properly entertain two such eminent gentle-

men! Hillard thawed out the ice, though, in short order by a challenge to Martha to play grace hoops.

" Santa Claus brought them this morning and a whole lot of things, shall I show you? "

Hillard had captured the little girl, that was sure.

" No. We will play with the hoops first, and then look at the things " ❧ ❧

The stakes were duly placed, and Jimmy threw first and missed. Then the little girl tried it with no better success. It was now Hillard's turn. With great show of care he sighted for the stake and then tossed the ring. It went wide of the mark; in fact it went straight over the head and around the neck of Mr. Rodgers who was sitting very prim and proper in a high-back chair. ¶ This accident made a great commotion. The children shouted with laughter which was so contagious that Mrs. Griggs threw her apron over her head and rushed for the kitchen to see that the turkey was not scorched.

Hillard was profuse in his apologies. " Never played the game before," etc.

" Then I will show you," said Uncle Rodgers.

He took hold and played with all the skill he could bring to bear, and was beating them all when Mrs. Griggs announced the dinner.

¶ " Uncle Rodgers must carve," exclaimed Hillard.

" Please do not call me ' Uncle'; I 'm as young as you. Do I look an old man, Mrs. Griggs? "

" I am sure you do not, sir," replied the widow, as she glanced at his weazened face and shiny pate.

Mr. Rodgers had read a book on carving, but had little practice in the art. The refractory bird was finally reduced.

Every one had a good appetite. Hillard declared that Mrs. Griggs was the queen of cooks. Uncle Rodgers wrote down her recipe for making mince-pies, and Jimmy argued with little Martha that turkeys had only one wish-bone.

" Then it 's ducks that have two, ain't it, Mr. Hillard?" appealed the little girl.

" Yes, ducks have two and guinea hens three, my dear."

When the coffee was brought in Mr. Rodgers arose and proposed a toast to the ladies. Hillard replied in a very funny speech and then sang a comic song. The party adjourned to the little sitting-room where there was a melodeon that was given to Mrs. Griggs on her wedding-day, as she explained to Mr. Rodgers.

Mr. Rodgers sighed; " What a charming bride you must have been!"

Hillard sat down at the melodeon and sang *Where is My Boy To-Night*

" Why can't we sing gospel songs? " asked Jimmy.

Miss Griggs found a copy of Moody and Sankey hymns and then they sang for an hour or more. The little girl stood in a chair and recited a piece. Jimmy sang *Shall We Gather at the River* as a solo, all joining in the chorus. Mr. Rodgers and Mrs. Griggs danced an old-time minuet, just to show the young folks what graceful dancing was, and then Mr. Hillard sang *Down by the Deep, Sad Sea* to Miss Maud's accompaniment.

The early dusk of winter was gathering when all stood about the little melodeon and joined in *Auld Lang Syne.*

Mr. Rodgers kissed the little girl and the boy, pressed the finger tips of the ladies to his lips, and declared it was the first real Christmas he had known since 1853.

Mr. Hillard shook hands all round, and taking Mr. Rodgers's arm the gentlemen departed.

" What a fine time we have had," remarked the young woman as she sank into a chair.

" I never knew a more charming gentleman than Mr. Rodgers," said Mrs. Griggs.

" Oh, was n't it just like heaven! " exclaimed the boy.

" Is there any of that turkey left? " asked the little girl.

CHAPTER IV.

"The time is out of joint."

"HELLO, Hillard, I want to see you. Come in to Tony's a minute, please." It was Mr. White who spoke. The men entered and seating themselves at a table Mr. White nervously began:
"Hillard, I am your friend—you know that!"
"Of course."
"Well, may I speak with you frankly?"
"Certainly; let 'er go."
"Now you need not apologize or explain. I do not set myself up as a censor of morals, but here it is: You must cease your attentions to Maud Griggs! Quit it, at once. She is a fine honest girl and, if nothing worse, you must not turn her head."
"Must I quit it?"
"You certainly must."
"Need n't apologize?"
"No."
"I 'm glad. Shall we go?"
"Yes."
"Well, not yet, White, I have been wanting to see you—I am your friend—you know that!"
"Certainly."
"May I be frank?"
"Yes—to be sure!"
"Well, White, you are a large mouse-colored ass."
"What 's that?"
"You are a long-eared burro of the largest pattern."
"Why do you insult me, sir?"
"I do not insult you. I am only frank—I am not in love with your stenographer. If I was I would surely apply to her employer, who seems to be the guardian of her virtue, for permission to speak to her on the street."

" I did not say you were in love with her—you are not capable of love—I said you must cease paying her attentions."
" It 's not her — it 's her mother. White—I 'm courting her mother—the charming widow Griggs—O Griggsy, old boy, how glad I am that you are in Hades."
" Hillard, you are a fool."
" Then there are two of us."
" I am in no mood for trifling; will you let that girl alone? "
" I always have so far—but you suggest—I can not say what I may do. Adam would never have climbed the apple tree if he had not been prohibited! "
" You have stood at the door waiting for her three evenings a week for a month."
" Have I? "
" You certainly have."
" Mr. White, I will be serious with you—you are revealing myself to me—I did not know I had been waiting at the *Commercial* office—ah, I see it! White, I am insane—I care nothing for Miss Griggs—she has never entered my mind, excepting as your stenographer and the friend of my boy—Ah! not my boy, either, I mean Jimmy. The boy meets her there, I am a fool. White, I love the child, that 's all. I, John Hillard, who have scorned and scoffed at every kind of tie—who have boasted of my absolute freedom—here I am, insane—possessed of an hallucination, and think a vagabond of a youngster is my child. He used to call me father—that 's it. Do we crave affection, White; do we hunger for sympathy? My nerves are not right—it is this cursed city air—it poisons me,—these late hours—these balls and parties. I have been drinking lately too! These fools we meet, not one of them cares for me! They know I am a hypocrite—that child believes in me—He puts his little hand in mine so confidingly. Here I have come night after night just to feel the little handclasp, and to look into the only honest eyes I ever saw; and you think I am

planning to undermine a woman's happiness! You are like all the rest of them; you have no faith in me; no one has but that child, and he might not if he knew me—"

" Hillard, you are drunk! "

" Not I! I am nearer sober than I have been for months—I see myself as I am—leave me, White, go away—leave me alone. Even if you stay, I am alone, go away, I am alone, alone, alone!"

BOOK IV. CHAPTER I.

" Swift as a shadow, short as a dream,
Brief as the lightning of the collied night:
The jaws of darkness do devour it up,
So quick bright things come to confusion,"

ESTWARD again our story takes its way. May has come, and Indiana farmers have their corn all planted. The tiny blades are coming up, and on fields over which the roller has gone we can make out the rows, and tell whether the planter did its work with precision. A Western cornfield must show a straight row in every direction.

In places where the soil is low and wet the corn, if planted early, will not " catch,"—it gets drowned out; and such spots must be gone over and the missing hills filled in by hand.

Near all of the large cities in the Eastern States many women are to be seem working in the market gardens, but in the West, where farming is done on a large scale, it is seldom that women work in the fields. Women who do, are generally foreigners. The first generation of American-born go on a strike. There is a quality in the air that says plainly: the heavy manual labor of farming is man's work. So be it.

Women at work in the fields in Montgomery County can not fail to attract the attention of philosophers such as we. There they are

—two girls, sixteen and eighteen, say, but not the fully developed women that we should expect at such an age.

Poverty arrests growth, yet poverty gives age before its time. Poverty makes wrinkles. Poverty and will take the peach-blow from the cheek of youth. But hold! There is something that can sweeten even poverty! It is love. Love makes the burden light. Love gives strength to endure. Love upholds. There are no troubles where love is. Love is the mintage of the soul—rich is he who possesses it.

These girls knew naught of love, that is sure. The stooping shoulders, the dull, lifeless yellow of the faces, the look of resigned submission to fate, only tell of toil—ceaseless toil.

The one redeeming feature of each is the eyes. Bright, big, open, hazel eyes. These eyes tell of possibilities that may spring into being if conditions are ever right. One girl carries a heavy hoe, and as she digs out with a few strokes a shallow hole where the corn has failed to come up, her sister counts our four grains from her basket and drops them. The hoe quickly covers them, and the girls pass on to the next vacant hill.

These young women wear coarse linsey-woolsey dresses, heavy shoes, and sun-bonnets. Their hands are brown and calloused. ¶ They have been at work since sunrise, and have hardly spoken a word. What is there to talk about? Their plans? These girls have no plans. Their hopes? They are dead. Their wishes? Alas, they dare not entertain any.

It was near ten o'clock.

" Come, Sally, we will go over by the Duck Pond next, there is a whole acre there drowned out, father said! "

Thus spoke the older girl. They walked across a knoll that seemed to overlook quite a stretch of country. Teams and men could be seen in every direction, working in the fields.

" Sis, just see, Saunders's boys have tied their horses to the fence and are running over toward the railroad! "

" What is the matter? "

" It must be a wreck—we could see it if we went over that way a little farther! "

Nature always avails herself of every excuse to give us a change. These novelties break up the ceaseless round of existence and make life possible. The observing man lives long. Curiosity is a virtue; a virtue is a blessing. A woman who has no curiosity is a fit subject for an undertaker.

" It 's a wreck, Sis, it 's a wreck; the cars are all piled up! Do you think father would be very angry if we should go over and see it—it 's only 'bout half a mile! "

" We must not go clear over—but we will go a little way." The girls put down the hoe and basket of corn and started across to where the piled-up cars were plainly seen. The farmers were running from various directions. The young women kept drawing nearer and nearer. They stopped, and then they walked a little farther, each moment intending to go back to their corn planting. At last they stood but a hundred feet away.

" Hello, girls! ain't this immense? " shouted one of the Saunders boys ❧ ❧

" I think it is awful, ***awful***, " replied the elder girl.

" Not so very awful—a hundred hogs killed—three cars smashed into smithereens. We are going to get the boys together and save the meat—the section boss said we might."

" How did it happen? "

" Oh, she broke in two and the hind end got to going down grade at the rate of a mile a minute. No one was killed though—no one but a tramp—see, there he is! "

The girls gave a start of horror—the shapeless black mass that was once a man was only a few feet away. The piles of merchandise, the strewn lumber, the upturned cars, the dead and maimed hogs, the scattered coal, had so taken their attention that they had not seen the battered piece of humanity.

" A whole car of coal was turned over him—they dug him out," said the young man. " Heavens! he aint dead though, he is trying to turn over."

" Go to him, Bill, go to him," exclaimed the girls.

The young man drew near." Water, water! " groaned the man.

" Give me your hat, Bill, I will get it," said the older girl.

She took the black felt hat and filled it from the ditch. Coming back she tried to give it to the man to drink, but he could not lift his head. She poured the water on his blackened face. It seemed to revive him.

" It 's only my leg that is smashed—take hold of that foot and turn it as I turn, so I can get on my back."

The youth took the foot, and turning it slowly as the man turned his body; at last the sufferer was comfortably on his back—if we can use the word " comfortably " in reference to a man when the bones of his leg are sticking through his trousers.

" Get a blanket, carry me to the nearest house, and send for a doctor—I can pay you," said the man from between his clenched teeth

" He will pay you, of course," sneered a brakeman who now stood near, " he is a tramp—a fellow called Whiskers—he was stealing a ride."

" Of course we will take care of him," exclaimed the girl with a show of strength which surprised her sister. " Dare we have him carried over to our house!—it is nearer than Saunders's ? "

" No, not without asking father."

" But he has gone to Ladoga and will not be back until two o'clock

" He will be mad! "

" Who cares," said young Saunders. " We will not let the poor devil die, even if he is a tramp! "

" I 'll get a blanket out of the caboose," said the brakeman, " four of us can carry him." The blanket was quickly brought.

" Don't touch me, gentlemen; let me boss this job. Spread that blanket down beside me, and if you will turn that game leg again we will make it! "

The sweat stood out like beads on his coal-begrimed face. With great effort he rolled over on the blanket. Four stout men took hold of the corners, and, preceded by the two girls, the procession moved off across the plowed field toward the house, a mile away.

¶ A boy was despatched for the doctor with orders that he proceed to Mr. Goolson's with all speed.

CHAPTER II.

" How does your patient, Doctor? . . .
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased? . . ."

IF you happen to be a tramp and need the services of a surgeon, you had better send for a young one.

Old doctors work for cash, young ones (like authors) for glory. Sometimes a deal of work, no cash, and very little glory.

An old physician never gives his individual attention to any but " cash customers." This is because doctors are human.

The doctor summoned to Goolson's was a young one. Fortunately the messenger met him on the way, and he despatched this messenger for his case of surgical instruments and his box of splints. The doctor arrived at the house before the patient.

¶ Dr. Parker has the heart of a true surgeon. He is a little man with big resolutions. I hope he will some day get out of the little town of Ladoga, Indiana, and gravitate to a great city where his genius may find room to flower. When he reads these lines let him take the hint—no charge.

No one was at home but Mrs. Goolson and her ten-year-old daughter when the little Doctor arrived. He explained without excitement that a man had been hurt on the railroad and was being brought over there. Without asking permission he went into

the front room and opened all of the windows and doors and carried out all of the furniture but the bed that stood in the corner, for this room did the double duty of " spare room " and parlor. Then he brought in two saw-horses and two boards, over which he laid a clean sheet that he took from the bed.

When the wounded man was brought in, the little Doctor had off his hat, coat, vest, and collar. His shirt sleeves were rolled above his elbows and fastened with shield pins at the shoulder.

He motioned that the man should be laid on the table.

Where is the man who has ever stood at the operating table and failed to worship at the shrine of the skilful surgeon? This man with bared arms, in the white apron, who never speaks unless it is necessary—what strength, what deftness, what delicacy of touch, what courage, what repose! The students in medical colleges have a high regard for the Demonstrator of Anatomy, but the Surgeon of the Clinic they deify.

Doctor Parker told the four men who carried the patient, to remain. He took a big pair of shears and quickly cut the entire clothing from the patient. He looked the body over from head to toe

" Do you hear, man? It 's your left leg—nothing but mere bruises elsewhere. The leg is broken, an oblique fracture above the knee, the patella displaced, a bad compound fracture below. The leg should come off if we want to save your life. If we try to save the foot—inflammation, erysipelas, gangrene. Have you been drinking much whiskey? "

The Doctor passed a damp towel over the face to take off the coal dust. The countenance was ghastly white (how quickly the tan and color fled!), the eyes closed, the mouth shut. Not a groan.

" No whiskey lately—save the leg, Doc., I have only the two—they work best in pairs."

" I was in Rush three years, Bellevue one," said Dr. Parker. " You have more nerve than any man I ever saw. I will save the leg."

This Doctor had the true surgeon's instinct; he doted on an amputation; he delighted in lithotomy; he revelled in tracheotomy; he gloated on the prospect of removing cancer.

"Let me perform the Cæsarean section successfully and I will die content," he used to say. He would much rather have amputated this tramp's leg than set the fractures. A badly set limb means disgrace and a possible suit for malpractice; an amputation tells no tales.

But Dr. Parker could resist temptation, so he went at it. A delicate job, to get those jagged ends of bones and torn flesh in place. When they had one fracture set the others slipped out; again and again this happened. Dr. Parker knew no such word as fail. At last the plaster-of-Paris bandages were put on, the splints adjusted and the task was done.

The Doctor bathed the man, demanded clean clothing from Mrs. Goolson, who produced it; the patient was laid on the bed and seemed to be resting easily.

The saw-horses were carried out; all were sent away save the family, and the Doctor was washing his hands at the sink in the kitchen. He joked with the girls. We are always gay after work well done. "Your tramp may be an angel in disguise, who knows!"

"We will take care of him anyway—we should not expect money for rescuing the dying!"

"Oh, yes, that is all right; but what will your father say?"

"I know what he will say, but there are four of us—only women, to be sure, and Mary Jane is only a child. Let us stand together—sh—sh!!"

A step was heard.

The women all made pretence of being at work. One seized a broom, another a wash-cloth, another a pan; the little girl pretended to be reading from a dog-eared spelling book.

A tall man entered, serious, sober, fifty years of age, perhaps. He wore a full beard with shaven upper lip.

" I heard of it at the village. You need not tell me. It is you, Sally Goolson—you are the guilty one. You told them to bring the vagabond here—do not deny it! Why are you and Sis not in the field. Did you finish that planting? No, of course you did not; you will do nothing unless some one follows you with a stick. Now, this miserable tramp must be carried out of here at once—"

" But Mr. Goolson, the man is very badly hurt. Shut that door, Sis. I say the man can not be moved—"

" He was stealing a ride—yes, he is a thief. Must my wife and daughters nurse a thief! They have no time. Besides, we are poor people. Take him to town, and let those rich folks—"

" Come here, you three women! " exclaimed the Doctor. " Come here, you three women, and you Mary Jane too. Now then, will the tramp stay or go? "

" He will stay! " spoke four low voices in concert.

" One word with you, Goolson, before I go—only this: My mother has a fine feather bed over home; I know where there is a barrel of tar; I can call together a hundred men in an hour."

The man's face blanched; he stuttered something about poverty and being willing to do his share, etc. The Doctor did not wait to hear, but turned to the women.

" Now you remember what I told you about his diet—you know what I said to do if he got restless—and you know where I am if you want me."

He glanced at the tall man, who stood glowering at him. " Good-by, I 'll be over in the morning."

The Doctor's horse was at the door—a moment later the galloping hoof-beats died away in the distance.

CHAPTER III.

" Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."

ACTION is crystallized thought. ¶ Violence may be in the heart, yet not always find expression in deed. In fact, it is the exception when it does.

Farmer Goolson did not act; he just pouted for a week. He did not at all relish the idea of having this unwelcome visitor in his front room, especially so, when he had protested against it, and then been coerced into silence.

Another thing that galled him was the fact that never before in the Goolson house had the feminine opinion been set up against the masculine with success. Then the Doctor had hinted at " White Caps."

" I 'll keep quiet," said the farmer to himself, " and get even later on."

No man likes to be ordered about by a woman—unless he happens to have for her the grand passion; then he rather likes it. But only one man out of a hundred is capable of the g. p. Goolson belonged to the ninety and nine. He loved no living being, he loved nothing—he did not even love a horse or a dog. He professed to love his enemies, but people who make this claim generally equalize matters by hating their friends. Yet Farmer Goolson pretended that he loved Jesus.

Jacob Goolson's horses told the tale. A horseman can look at a team and know exactly what sort of a man the owner is.

The horses that pull the heaviest loads and do the most work are often sleek, fat, contented; and when they draw near home, after having been at work ten or twelve hours, they will toss their manes and frolic in glee. Take off the harness and turn them loose they roll over five times, then get up and kick their heels in the air, as much as to say; " Who cares—life is not so bad after all."

It depends on the driver. Then there are horses that are always tired, distressed, spiritless. They balk at the foot of the hill or on the bridge, or kick (if they have life enough) when they should hold the loads back.

Just look at the owner and you will know the reason. He leaves his team unblanketed, tied for hours in the wind; he feeds too much at a time and not often enough, or he feeds too little. He whips when going up hill, and nags, jerks, and hastens the speed when going through mud. A horse treated in this way arrives at a point where he is only half a horse; keep at him, and he loses even the spirit to protest; but he gets even by being able to pull only half a load, and often he leaves his heartless owner hopelessly stuck in the mud five miles from home.

In July, 1893, there was a thousand-mile horse race from Chadron, Nebraska, to Chicago. Each rider had two horses—he rode one and led another. Forty-seven men started—three went through and rode an honest race. The man who won carried no whip, wore no spurs, and used the easiest bit made. He changed horses every few hours, riding one horse, the other followed loose. A horse that is led by a rope tied to his neck grows weary and chafes under restraint—this one was free. Two thousand miles were made in twelve days or at the rate of eighty-five miles a day. The rider and horses arrived in good condition. Think of the unquestioning loyalty of that little horse that followed his mate day after day through the burning sun! The man loved his horses; they believed in him—Love and faith!

Once there was a man by the name of Job. He wrote the oldest and most valuable book of the Bible. Job loved a horse. Listen!

Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?

Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible.

He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength, he goeth on to meet the armed men.

He mocketh at fear and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword.

The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield ❧ ❧

He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.

He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting.

Mr. Goolson's horses were "plugs:" thin in flesh, dull, spiritless, lifeless. Goolson was well off, as Indiana farmers go. He owned a farm of one hundred and sixty acres; his house had a veranda on it, but no mortgage.

"The poor are those who feel poor," said Ralph Waldo Emerson. Goolson felt poor. He pleaded poverty continually; he talked of the time when they would all go the Almshouse.

He scolded his wife for extravagance. She had nothing to be extravagant with. One black dress had lasted her for ten years, and the Sunday bonnet had been trimmed, retrimmed, and fixed over as long as Mary Jane could remember.

He chided the girls for their inefficiency and throttled any attempt on their part towards adornment. He quoted St. Paul to them: "Let women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array." He thought "shamefacedness" a virtue. He shrouded all glee as in a winding-sheet.

It was a continual regret to him that he had no boys. He seemed to blame his wife for this omission—forgetting that marriage is an equal partnership. "Nothing but girls," he used to say to the little, patient, tired woman. "Nothing but girls—they cost twice as much to clothe as boys, and only do half as much work—besides there is the danger of them disgracing us."

Having no boys and being too poor to keep a hired man the girls were taught that it was their duty to work in the fields. They did so—broke stalks, plowed, harrowed, planted, rolled, cultivated, harvested. They never complained—not to their father; not often to their mother. When they did, the world-weary little woman would kiss their yellow cheeks and say: " It is all for the best, you must respect your father, dears,—we are so poor."

Goolson had no carriage, no spring wagon; he had a farm wagon but the seat had no spring—only a board laid across the box. ¶ On Sundays all would go to church, the man seated on the board seat, all the rest sitting in straw which was thrown into the wagon-box. They never failed to attend " divine service"—no matter what the season or how stormy the weather. Wednesday evenings this man went to prayer-meeting at the town five miles away, and he took one of the girls—a turn about. This was held out to them as a pleasant diversion for well-doing. It was the only diversion they had. He subscribed to the preacher's salary; then, when there was a donation he would take three pumpkins which would be duly deducted at double market price from the amount of his subscription at the end of the year. This was just—he paid for everything *he* received, why should any one have something for nothing.

No one ever accused Goolson of heresy. He believed in the Thirty-nine Articles, and regretted the number was so small, as he thought credulity a virtue. He shuddered to think that any one could doubt the doctrine of " total depravity," the logic of the damnation of infants or the gentle justice of a hell prepared by a wise and loving father. He fixed his faith on a two-by-four plan of salvation and was only intent on saving his own soul. At each meal he said grace, and family prayers were held each morning. He frowned down all signs of levity by saying: " For every idle word that man shall speak he shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment."

He insisted that his children should go to bed when they were not sleepy, and get up when they were. Hilarity to him was a sign of depravity; playfulness was the spirit of the devil manifest. ¶ Little minds need to practise despotism to relieve the nerves, just as great souls demand high friendship to exercise their affections. He considered his harshness a benefit, and thought his spying watchfulness a loving care. His retreating forehead was marked by three long wrinkles. This little head reasoned neither good nor ill: It did not reason at all. He was " fetched up pious," and labored to increase the gloom which he thought was pleasing to God.

His nature shrivelled and grew cold through the years of ceaseless toil. He was irritable and therefore irritating: he was the slave of sordid economy.

In the atmosphere of such a man the sprightliness of youth was superseded by a dead passiveness—a dull, dumb acquiescence. The wife was drilled into the belief that to think for one's self was sin; the children were misjudged—all were misunderstood, censured. Every innocent smile was construed into a manifestation of the " carnal nature." The fresh, fragrant flowers of affection that spring forth in the childish heart were piteously crushed. Yet this man was honest, truthful, industrious, temperate, sober, chaste; he was virtuous, that is to say, he was moral.

There is a morality that is immoral. A man may be moral and yet kill with the pin thrusts of persecution.

Against this there is no law.

Goolson saw the submissiveness, the dull indifference, the melancholy, the settled wretchedness of his wife and daughters, and he mistook it for piety. He gave himself the credit for this humility —rightly ❧ ❧

He said, " only my loving admonitions saved them—they are brands snatched from the burning."

CHAPTER IV.

" Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot."

THE next morning after the accident, the Doctor came. He held the patient's hand, he looked into his eyes, he examined his tongue, he took his temperature.

" I was three years in Rush and one year in Bellevue; you are getting along famously."

The women took turns about, sleeping on the floor by the sick man's bed, in order to wait on him if necessary. The Doctor came every day—sometimes twice—it was a peculiar case.

" I was three years in Rush and one year at Bellevue; I never saw so bad a comminuted fracture where they did not amputate. If that leg gets all right I will crow like an Indian Game! " he said to Sally one day, confidentially.

The sick stranger talked but little—he was patient, grateful for all attention. He called the older girl " Sister," and the other " Miss Sally." He spoke of Mrs. Goolson as the " Gentle Lady," and sometimes called her " Mother."

A week passed. Goolson had not hinted in any way that he was aware that the sick man was in the house. He read the chapter from the Bible and prayed each morning. He said grace at meal-time, but he asked no blessing for the stranger within his gates. The eighth day he went into the sick-room and seated himself by the bedside. He stared at the sick man.

" What is your name? "

" Smith! "

" You are a tramp? "

" Possibly! "

" You have no money? "

" Have n't I? "

" And yet you told my daughter that you could pay."

" Did I? "
" You surely did—You have deceived us."
" It was the first lie I ever told—forgive! "
" I can not forgive sin, only God can forgive. You are not a Christian! "
" I am a tramp."
" I hate tramps."
" Of course you do, for you hate everything. But let me show you that the members of my profession are not wholly bad: The tramp is receptive, has no prejudices (except against work); he meditates. He hearkens to all philosophies; if he knows the troubles of life, he also knows the joys. He is a lover of nature—knows all the birds, and listens to their song, for he can spare the time
" You farmers never spare the time for anything. You tremble at the rustle of the mortgage; for me it has no fear. You expect some day to go to a poorhouse; I have already been there. You look upon death as the worst evil that can befall a man; I regard it as a blessing. You hope some day to move to the city; I love the country. You pay money to support a church and this church can call you up for reprimand if your action does not conform to its usage; no church can ' church ' me. You fear to go by a graveyard after night; I sleep in graveyards for luck. You endeavor to act so your neighbors will think well of you; I have no neighbors. You visit with a few; I am at home with all. You associate with a class; I, with all classes. You have feelings; I have thoughts. You are hard to please; I am always pleased. You fear a revolution; I pray for it. You quarrel with your wife; I wrangle only with men. You ask a blessing only when you sit down to eat; I ask a blessing on every act of life. You are a literalist; I am a poet. I stick out my tongue at poverty, I make mouths at wealth, I laugh at life, I smile at death."
" Well, I don't want to hear any more of your talk; you must

leave my roof; my wife and daughters must not be contaminated by such as you."

" How must I go, walk? "

" No, simply tell the Doctor when he comes today that you want to be moved over to the town—to the hotel—to some rich man's house—anywhere; you can't stay here. My wife has no time to wait on you; I need the help of the girls — we are poor folks— you lied to us; you can not pay, you must go."

" Have pity! "

" Not for you."

" You asked me if I was a Christian—are you? "

" I am."

" If a man who has not where to lay his head and is sorely wounded, is it showing a Christian spirit to turn him away? "

" You are blasphemous."

" I am frank."

" You were stealing a ride or you would not have got hurt—you are a thief and my conscience will not allow me to harbor you! "

" You complained because I had no money—would your conscience allow you to harbor a thief who could pay? "

" You are impudent."

" Mr. Goolson, I have concluded to stay here; it will be a month before I can use a crutch. It will then be another month before I can walk. It may take a month after that for me to get my strength. I have important business elsewhere, but I will stay right here."

Goolson was a coward.

Cowards sometimes whip women, beat children, they might even attack a sick man. Goolson started toward the man with clenched fists—he stopped—there was something about the cold, stony stare of those steel-gray eyes that kept him back.

"So you are going to stay here in spite of me, are you, scoundrel?"

No answer, only that calm, piercing look.

" You intend to stay, do you? "

Silence.

Silence is strength. Silence baffles, protests, protects. Silence defeats malice, unhorses hate, disarms wrong. Silence is tempered steel. Only the strong can use this weapon; few can draw the bow of Ulysses. Goolson might have stayed and argued the case for hours—he was an expert in abuse—but silence defeated him. He stood it for a full minute and then burst from the room. It was a month before he saw the patient again; not once in all that time did he speak of him to wife or daughters.

The next time he looked this tramp in the face, it was under peculiar circumstances.

CHAPTER V.

" Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are."

GIVE a womanly woman some loving service to perform and she is happy. Women would rather do than be done for; therein do foolish men often err.

" It is better to give than to receive"—words of truth. It is a deep trait in human nature that we love those on whom we can bestow benefits. The woman who suckles a child loves it whether it is her own or not.

Many a woman dies for lack of the privilege of doing something for somebody. Her nature is to assist; let this spirit of helpfulness find right exercise and she is content.

These women found a happiness in doing for the helpless man who had come under their roof. He needed help; they were able to give it. Unlike any other man they ever knew, he was grateful!—he spoke to them gently, considerately.

The two elder girls worked on the farm or herded cattle during the day, and the mother and little girl did the housework.

When the girls came from the fields, the first thing they would do was to go to the bedside of the man. He would smile and ask them about their work and they would seem pleased to know that he was fairly comfortable. In this way he broke up the dull, dead monotony of their lives, and the sun seemed almost to come out at times.

The Doctor came every day and generally stayed an hour. He found this tramp a curiosity: he knew something about everything—medicine, theology, science in all of its branches.

The Doctor sought to investigate his history, but at such times "Smith" would start off on some speculation about the science of aeronautics or something else equally abstruse.

"Do you know, Doc., I have been compelled to keep silence for a week, and have accumulated a large amount of compressed conversation, which I must work off. My being here is an actual benefit to these women. The old lady laughed today, the first time for a year, I 'll bet. You see, they have a sort of love for me—the kind of love one might have for a pet wolf, to be sure, but love it is; the poverty of our language will not admit of our using any other word.

"The exercise of this love is doing them good.

"Now in all lower forms of animal life we plainly see that self-preservation is the first and only law of instinct. From the oyster that closes its shell on the approach of danger, to the formation of the shell itself, all is for self-interest and for its own good.

"In all life, from the clam to the lion, the guiding motive is self-interest. The swift-running deer flees from danger when he can, but when wounded, turns on his enemies with antlers and feet. Wild animals are never caught in morasses, so strong is their instinct for self-preservation; and the beaks, talons, claws, teeth, horns, antlers, hoofs, shaggy coats, and thick hides, are but for the better protection of life to the owners.

"In the vegetable world we see the same law. On the north side

of trees the bark is heavy and coarse, as a protection from snow and ice. In any region we can always tell the direction of the hardest storms by examining the roots, which are so placed as to give the strongest brace. The mighty height of the Wisconsin pine and of the California redwood, is only a reaching out to the sunshine—an endeavor to get away from the competition of opponents that are trying to overshadow them.

" Now it must not be denied that man is as much a work of Nature as a dumb animal, or a tree. Nature's heart-beat throbs through our veins just as the mother-life supplies life to the babe unborn. And when we say that self-interest is the leading motive of human conduct, we are only calling attention to the outcrop of the same principle which runs throughout both kingdoms, viz.: that self-preservation is the law of life.

" So we can see that these controlling impulses of Nature are for good ❧ ❧

" The strongest impulse of the great soul is to love and be loved again. It is God's plan for bringing about a higher development. Love is a form of self-preservation. It is to keep our souls alive.

" Although it is egoistic, it is also the most altruistic thing which we know.

" I think the broken leg and this experience here is doing me good. Someway I see things a little differently—I am putting a little more heart into my philosophy as I lie here so helpless during the long days. Do you think, Doctor, that getting hit hard and laid low by fate could do a man good? "

" Why, that is what the preachers say! "

" Well, the preachers may be right—but, look you, Doctor, these women will yet bless the day that they have known me."

" You mean you will reward them? "

" Yes."

" You will forget all about it when you get well."

" Not I—let the future tell."

CHAPTER VI.

" Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garment with his form."

TEN days passed. It was night. The household were all asleep but " Smith "—the sick man.

It came to him all at once and he cursed himself for his stupidity in not perceiving it before. He longed for daylight to come that he might question Mrs. Goolson, or one of the girls, and thus verify the thing which he confidently knew was true.

He tried to doze off and thus kill the dragging moments.

The clock struck three, four, five, but there was no sleep for him—an idea possessed him. These were his thoughts:

" That boy—why under the heavens did I not ask his name—but I did, and then I told him not to answer. What did I care—a name is only a breath. He did not know *my* name until we got to New York.

" Two older sisters, one younger, and a mother who is sick most of the time—yes, that is what he said—and the religious father who worked incessantly and made every one else do the same. Ah, yes, the brutish, fanatical, senseless father whose frozen religion is only a concrete fear—this is the very man who drove my Jimmy from home!

" But what capers fate does play! How our lines do cross! It is only a little world after all! To think that I, who have visited every part of the earth and never before met with an accident, should get smashed up right here and be brought into the very household from which my boy was driven!

" After all, is there not an All Wise Providence? I have scoffed the idea and yet—

" But I am glad the boy was driven out—it was for the best. Even suppose he were happy here—he could only have grown

into a hard-working farmer. Sleepy, safe, and soulless, here he would have lived out his life. But now he is where his powers can expand—Mr. White will promote him soon and give him a chance in the general office, and who knows, he may make one of the strongest newspaper men of the country! He is wonderfully alert—he is ambitious—he will know the whole business from cellar to garret in five years—he needs no other school than the attrition of life. I have had College and done nothing—he has had the University of Hard Knocks and will win because he has the passion for success; thus he will acquire the things that it is necessary for him to know. Dare I tell his mother that he is safe? She will then insist on knowing where he is, and then she will tell her husband. No woman can keep anything from her husband; and if the man knows, what then? will he go and bring him back? Ah! but I will not tell them where he is, I will only lighten the sorrow of this grief-stricken mother by telling her that her only boy is alive—then I will close my lips.

" Will morning never come! There, the roosters are crowing and the animals are calling for their feed. Yes, at last, at last it is getting near morning."

After breakfast the girls and their father went to their work in the fields. The good mother brought the invalid his breakfast, first tenderly bathing his face and hands.

" I can not eat much, mother—I want to speak with you before the Doctor comes," said the man.

" But the Doctor said you should talk but very little."

" I know, but he lets me talk to him, though—tell me, did you have a son? "

He watched the yellow, careworn face, for he thought it would start with expectancy, but no ray of hope shone across it as she answered in the same sorrowful minor key.

" Yes, oh, yes—I had a son—only one boy—but he is gone."

" What would you say if I told you he is safe and well? "

" Yes, yes, I know he is safe—he is well, for he is in heaven," sadly answered the woman as she went about her work.

" But he is not dead."

" Ah, you have read the Bible, I am glad. No, ' he is not dead but sleepeth '—he will rise again at the last day. Next Sunday Mary Jane and I will go to the woods and gather wild flowers, and then we will walk over to the little cemetery on the hill and place the flowers on his grave. When you get able to walk you will go with us sometimes, won't you? I know you are a kind-hearted man—you have been unfortunate—that is all. You must not mind my husband—he is a good man, only peculiar. You can stay here as long as you wish—I will take care of you—never fear. Would you like to see my boy's clothes?—here they are in this drawer—see, this was his little jacket and here is his cap. I had to give his shoes to Mary Jane—we are so poor. I wanted to keep the shoes, but my husband would not let me—we could not afford it. My boy, my brave little boy, my only son—but there are things worse than death, Mr. Smith! "

The tears were streaming from the woman's face, and she was using her check apron for a handkerchief, when the Doctor entered without knocking, as was his custom.

" Hello here—what 's this? You two crying? Well, I 'll be vaccinated! Aint you getting along all right, Smith? Let me see—yes, you are just a leetle—just a leetle feverish. But that is nothing; let me see your foot—why the circulation is all right—we will save that leg. I was three years at Rush, and one at Bellevue—I 'll write an account of this case to my old professor, and let him print it in the *Brief*. I say, Mrs. Goolson, get me a glass of fresh water, please. The aconite will keep down the fever. You two have been comparing your troubles, I suppose—poor business, poor business; quit it. God help us! I know there is misery in the world, but the stuff grows by recognition—why inventory it—Why dwell on it? We all have much to be grateful for. There is

more happiness than trouble after all. Ain't I right, Smith?" The woman had gone out to the wood pile, and the two men were left alone.

"Never mind the philosophy, Doctor—tell me, do you know anything about this family?"

"Do I? Well, all I want. The old man is a Calvinist gone mad—he has all the blunders, and none of the benefits that are in the cast-iron creed. He is industrious, but even industry can be a vice when it degenerates into mere pismire activity. Why, he makes the whole family work in the field at harvest time—gets them up at four o'clock in the morning. But the old woman is all right, and so are the girls."

"I know; but did they not have a boy?"

"Well, now, I can not say. I never attended them in an obstetric case, but seems to me old Doctor Tompkins said they were always girls. But yes—come to think—they did have a boy—he died of typhoid while I was away to school. You see I was three years at Rush, and one at Bellevue, and a fellow loses track of folks. It 's near five miles to town, and the Goolsons ' don't have nothing to do with nobody nohow,' so we do not hear much about them. I will tell the old woman about this medicine. You are all right, Smith—you are getting along famously. I have several other calls to make, so we can not visit this time. Good-by! Yes, to-morrow or day after, sure. Good-by!"

"After all," said Smith to himself when the Doctor had gone, "it would have been a thousand times as wonderful if it had been as if it had not—only a series of coincidences, that 's all. There are many cruel fathers; there are many careworn, unloved mothers and girls. Yes, you find them everywhere. Each family is only a type of others just like it. But I would be glad to brighten the life of this woman—she is so good and patient."

CHAPTER VII.

" And what's her history?
A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek."

MRS. GOOLSON sometimes came with her knitting, and sat by the sick man's bed. She talked little, but she was a good listener. Her mind had been starved. All of the great, noble, and tender instincts of splendid womanhood were curled up in her soul like fruit buds awaiting their time.

Without reasoning it out, she saw that this stranger, whom chance had sent into her care, was no common tramp. She knew he was lacking in many respects, yet she saw that he had intellect, and he spoke of things that her own mind had dwelt on dimly, and of which she had read in the days of her girlhood. She longed to have knowledge—knowledge of what? She could not tell; she only wanted to know.

When the good woman came with her knitting and sat down, it was a sign that she wished to hear the man talk. He knew it. Perhaps he was a little feverish; under such conditions the tongue is easily loosened.

" Mother, before I leave here I am going to have a little talk with Mr. Goolson about the girls working in the fields; it is not right. The reduction of physical nature to forms of use is no mean task; but it is a man's business. Woman's work is in the home, but best of all, she reduces spirit to forms of use. The greatest and best use of spirit is affection. Woman transmits it. She must absorb and give it out. Motherhood pain often brings out the best in woman's character.

" ' Ah, yes,' I hear the critics say, ' but your idea that maternity brings out affection does not always work. Not one woman in ten is any gentler for the lesson. If she is rich she has a wet-nurse and a day nurse, and turns the child over to its tutor, when it is

old enough, while she attends to " social duties " and leads the german, or, " unbonneted," presides at the coffee urn. Or, on the other hand she is dull and stupid and revengeful, as of your intent on pleasure or ease and alert for a good time.'

" And to this I too say: ' Ay, yes, I know it all,' for in one sense Nature is a failure. How many of the buds open into flowers? How many of the flowers ripen into fruit? How much of the fruit even fulfils its purpose? Nature fails continually. The rain that falls on the great city flows into the sewers, and is sweeping the real wealth of the nation into the ocean, so that with a pencil and paper I will compute you the time when the owl and the jackal and the hyena will make their dens in the palaces, and this land will be as desolate as is Canaan, the land once flowing with milk and honey. Your fertile fields are being reduced to stony barrens, and they shall be but hiding-places for the conies. Nature fails.

¶ " Ninety-nine men out of one hundred fail in business. One out of a thousand wins the best love of woman; only one woman out of thousands gives her heart's jewels to the man who holds them safe. Man is a product of Nature. Nature fails. Yes! ah yes! I know it well, not one picture out of a million is transferred from brain to canvas—not one thought, immortal, heavenly, that flits through the mind of man is whispered to his friend. How little of my joy I can impart! Nature fails.

" The preacher toils and prays for years, but no one listens—his words fall like the petals of flowers that blossomed over the prairies of America before the Northmen came. Nature fails.

¶ " The mighty forests rotted here for centuries—the birds sang, and no human ear heard nor soul took up the melody. Nature fails.

" Not one millionth part of the sun's rays reach planets that maintain life—the rest of his beams die in cold and arid space with nothing to reflect back the heat and light. Nature fails.

" Jesus and Socrates failed. Columbus died in chains, grasping

in his stiffened fingers the cross of Christ. Nature worked at the rusting chains to set him free, but death came first. Nature fails.

¶ " We reach out thought after thought, our souls weave filament after filament—we send them swaying out into the Darkness of the Unknown—a filament catches and is held fast—at last we are in communication with the Infinite. *Nature Wins.*"

¶ " But, Mr. Smith I do not understand but a little of what you say. I do not know what you mean when you talk of women ' who preside at the coffee earn or lead the Germans.' I thought Bismarck was leader of the Germans; and do the German women really have to earn money to buy the coffee? "

" Pardon me, mother; I forgot. I was only talking to myself—I was thinking of the women I know in New York."

" You have a family there? "

" Yes,—no, that is, I have a son."

" And the boy's mother, your wife—is she dead? "

" His mother—yes, she is dead, I adopted the boy, but I love him as if he were my own. It is the one thing that is dragging on me, to think I can not go to him."

" Your trouble is a small one—you will get well, you have something to look forward to. *I* have no hope! "

" But your boy is dead, and you told me yesterday, just before the Doctor came, that there are things worse than death! "

" Ah, yes; and I told you the truth. I do not grieve over death—it is uncertainty that kills. I do not know what horrible fate is hers—you must never tell. My husband forbade me ever mentioning her name to any living soul. He threatened the girls that he would strip them and whip them with a horsewhip if they ever spoke of her. No, no, no, I have gone too far—I must not say more. Do not question—forgive me. Talk to me of something—anything; talk to me—' Nature Wins! ' you said. Yes, go on, I am listening, see. I am calm, go on—talk to me."

The woman was knitting furiously—big tears ran down her pale

cheeks and fell on the stocking. " Go on; see, I am calm—talk to me. Don't you see I am listening! "

" Cease that work, Mrs. Goolson; give me your hand, look in my face while I speak! I am no vagabond; I am rich, I am powerful. You never knew a man who can do what I can do. I know every corner of the earth; I have influence, I have money. Without hope of reward, you have befriended me. You are in trouble, some secret sorrow is gnawing away your life. You must tell me of it, that I may help you. Tell me, so that I may crush the being that is wronging you. I can not bring the dead back to life, but, by God, I can kill! Tell me what it is, that I may meet the issue in fair fight! "

" You are my friend, Mr. Smith; I know it—you will soon be well, you can travel from town to town, from city to city, from State to state—you must find her for me. She was such a frail little thing—only fourteen years old—but the brightest one of my daughters. But she had a strong will, and she opposed her father so that he used to beat her. He tried to break her stubborn disposition, but he could not—she ran away; I do not know where she is. You will find her for me, I know you will; you have a brave heart, you will find her! you will find her! you will find her! Here—let me show you—I have them locked in that trunk—I will get them, all tied up in a newspaper; see! these dainty brown ringlets—are they not beautiful curls? She must have cut them off herself. She left them with her little girl-clothes, but with no word to say where she was going. She took a suit of my dead boy's garments, and wore her father's boots and hat. It was last November—over six months ago—and still no word. Ah, me this uncertainty—

" O heavens! the man is dying! help! quick, Mary Jane—see him clutching at his collar! He can not breathe—quick, Mary Jane, get some water—oh, what shall we do—"

CHAPTER VIII.

"Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sundered, sweet girl?"

IN battle, horses that are wounded almost invariably die—the shock loosens life, and it slips away and leaves only food for vultures ❧ ❧

There are men, too with small grip on vitality, although to the casual eye they may be splendid specimens of manly strength. And then there are others whose spirits seem made of sterner stuff: bullets may strike clear through their heads, enter on one side and come out on the other, and still they stay here many years, with evident intent to see how matters are going to "pan out." Others still have been known to carry around in their anatomy several grains of cold lead with no other seeming effect than to make them excellent barometers.

Our tramp belonged to the latter class; he had the proverbial nine lives of a cat. The severe contusions that he received in the wreck, and the shock of being buried under tons of coal, to say nothing of very serious injury to his leg, would have killed most men ❧ ❧

Perhaps our good orthodox friends in the days gone by (and about the best we can say of the days that have gone by, is that they have gone by) had a possible basis of logic in their idea that good health was a sign of depravity. Surely, they often mistook biliousness for piety, and we even make the mistake occasionally yet. When our tramp was in good health, you could not have appealed to his finer sensibilities with force sufficient to increase his pulse. Now that he was laid low, his heart went out to others—he was filled with sympathy, pity, and his better self was in possession of the battered clay.

In health, a distressed, overworked farmer's wife only caused him a cynical smile. He knew the barrenness of the average life of

women on farms, but what cared he! He quizzed them, harassed them, kept them from their work by asking foolish questions; got them into argument, excited them into anger, or treated them to long abstruse harangues of which they knew nothing.

Now all was changed. He longed to lighten the burden and to bring some stray ray of sunshine into lives that were dark; and, as he lay helpless on that sick-bed, he cursed himself for flinging away the opportunities he had had for doing good.

He had sowed nettles where he might have strewn violets.

¶ In this mood, the distress of Mrs. Goolson struck him hard, and, although he could have withstood this siege to his emotions (we generally are able to stand other people's sorrows), yet the astounding revelation that the one human being in all the wide world that had gotten a hold on his sleeping affections was a little girl, and the hazy thought that he had treated her roughly and left her among strangers in a great city, unnerved him in his weak state.

He revived in a few moments, and found Mrs. Goolson anxiously bending over him, bathing his face. For an hour he lay in a state of partial stupor. The revelation that had come to him floated over him like a dream that had fled.

He could not make it out—he, a man who had met humanity under every conceivable condition, who was never deceived by mortal man or woman, should now be taken captive by a child! He thought of all the harshness he had visited upon this innocent little girl—his rough words, his oaths, his ordering her to go for whiskey, his laughing at her fears, sneering at her hopes, and mocking her distress. Then he thought of what he might have done for her, with all the money at his command; of how he could have given her over into the charge of some kind motherly woman who would have bestowed on her the tender care that adolescence needs. He recalled the marble whiteness of her face, the big, brown, wondering hazel eyes, the wan dark lines beneath.

He remembered the tremors of pain that seemed at times to shoot through the slender form, the craving for peculiar things to eat, the variable appetite, the tendency to faintness that he thought was only starvation—and his knowledge of physiology brought him to the conclusion that the child was suffering from chlorosis, and if her surroundings were not changed she would grow worse instead of better.

His head was not clear enough to decide what was best to do. Her position in that big printing-office was a dangerous one. The disguise would surely come to light—she might need protection, and what if there was no one to give it! Mr. Rodgers was stupid, and stupid people can easily be cruel and unjust. Mr. White was immersed in business cares, and of Miss Griggs he knew little—women are often harsh to their own sex—certainly he did not know whether she was capable of the delicacy that would be needed in this case—to show this child what was best to do, and at the same time not hurt her by blame or censure or a course of treatment that would kill her self-respect.

Hillard did not sleep that night. He made a hundred plans, and then threw them all overboard. He decided he would write to White, then he concluded he would write only to "Jimmy," then he fell back on Uncle Rodgers, and afterwards concluded to leave it all to Maud Griggs, but soon concluded that Mrs. Griggs would be better.

When the first rays of the sun came streaming in, a little after five o'clock in the morning, he had fully perfected his plans: he would write to nobody.

This was the decision:

"I am sick, but I will be well in a month. I will send for money, and go straight to New York. I will take a carriage for the *Commercial* office direct from the ferry-house. I will go down in the basement and greet my Jimmy, just as if nothing had happened; she will be there, making out bills. Then, when I see that she is all

right, I will go to Mrs. Griggs and give her two hundred dollars. I will tell her the exact circumstances, and have her buy a complete outfit for a young girl who is just budding out into womanhood. She shall have the finest silk underwear and the daintiest of linen, and her dresses shall be tailor-made, plain, and neat. Her hat and gloves must match, and the jacket—well, I 'll let her make the selection herself. I will leave the whole matter to Mrs. Griggs, for she is a mother, she is tender and gentle. Of course Jimmy must not go back to the *Commercial* office after she gets her new clothes! I will just wait a week, until she gets used to things, and then I will go around and see her and I will treat it all just as a matter of course.

" Then we will all have dinner together, and afterwards discuss what is best to do. Mrs. Griggs and Maud will have their say, and Jimmy will suggest, but I will decide the thing. She shall go to some private school—a boarding school, where there are only a few scholars and the woman in charge is a lady in very fact. Jimmy shall stay there two years, then she shall go to Vassar, and after that I will take her to Europe to complete her musical education. Nothing is too good for my daughter. She is a queen —a very queen!"

CHAPTER IX.

" There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out."

AS soon as the household was astir Hillard called Mrs. Goolson to him. Taking her hand he said: " Hold your head down close mother, I want to tell you—your daughter is safe: I know where she is. As soon as I am well enough to travel, I will go direct to her, and will write you all about her."

" Do you know *now* where she is ? "

" Yes! "

" And she is safe? "
" Yes! "
" With people who will care for her."
" Certainly; but not so loud. Do not ask me more now—I am—someway, I am not quite right—it 's my head—it will soon be better though! "
The trembling woman managed to go about her work. She brought in wood and made the fire in the kitchen stove. The girls went to feed the stock. Sally and little Mary Jane " slopped " the pigs and milked the cows, while " Sis " cleaned out the stable and curried the horses.
Mr. Goolson got up in time for breakfast.
Hillard could locate each member of the family at any hour of the day—he had nothing else to do.
He heard the crackling of the fire in the kitchen stove, and soon came the familiar sound of potatoes being washed in a tin pail by simply pouring water upon them and stirring them with a broom handle. He knew when these potatoes were put in the pot, and he knew when the pot boiled. He was aware of exactly what the family had for breakfast, although he could not see out into the kitchen. He could tell " side meat " from ham; sausage from shoulder; salt-rising from yeast-made bread, and buckwheat from plain batter " slapjacks "—all by the smell. He knew whether the coffee was warmed over or made fresh—whether it was all " store coffee " or half rye, bran, or parched corn; sassafras tea from sage, and dock greens from dandelion or cowslip. He knew when the girls came with the milk, and whether it was Sis or Sally, for Sally always used the scraper that was made out of an old plowshare nailed to the kitchen step—it gave off a musical, metallic sort of ring. He knew whether Mr. Goolson was in fairly good humor or not by the use he made of this scraper; beside that, when Goolson was cross he spat and blew his nose vigorously just before entering the house, unless he happened

to come in stealthily to see what kind of evil business the girls were engaged in; and even then Hillard always heard his tread. ¶ It is strange how alert the senses of invalids often are! Hillard counted the cracks in the ceiling, and knew exactly each line in the cheap, fantastic wall-paper. He made imaginary drawings on the wall and took an intense interest in a grand-daddy-long-legs that had a nest behind the clock. Then there was a villainous spider that lived in the stove-pipe hole. This spider would come out and look at the sick man every morning and wish he was dead. Hillard called him the Undertaker. He would not let Mrs. Goolson molest these spiders, but he used to swear that the first thing he would do when he could stand on the floor would be to get the broom or mop and kill the Undertaker.

Hillard had no appetite for breakfast that morning, after the sleepless night. The Doctor came.

He looked into the patient's eyes, he took his temperature, he felt his pulse. Then he did it all over again, only counting the pulse with watch in hand. Then this little Doctor examined the foot of the injured leg, then he stood at the window, looked out, and whistled a bar from *Annie Rooney*.

Going into the kitchen, he motioned for Mrs. Goolson to follow him outdoors.

" Look here, Mrs. Goolson, has your husband been in to see that man again? "

" No, I am sure he has not."

" Certain that Mr. Goolson has not been bothering him? "

" Yes, I am certain."

" Any letters or telegrams come for him? "

" No."

" Strange—I was three years at Rush and one at Bellevue—I never saw so quick a change. He was doing well yesterday—today his pulse is 100, temperature 105, and the circulation in his foot has ceased."

" Doctor, you do not think he is going to die? "
" Die! Never! But he will have to buy a cork leg, that 's all. I will get old Doctor Tompkins to administer the chloroform."
¶ " You mean you will have to cut his leg off? "
" That is about the size of it. Will you break the news to him, or shall I? "
" Oh, Doctor, I never could! "
" Well, I would rather do the work than tell him of it, but here goes."
The Doctor walked slowly into the room and seated himself at the bedside.
" Well, Doc., you do not know where to begin, do you?" spoke the tramp.
" Begin what? "
" To tell me the leg must come off."
" Ah, you know already—you have studied surgery, I see; but it is the only thing to do."
" Yes, I have studied medicine, and I heard all you said to Mrs. Goolson. I heard her follow you out of the door, and the wind just blew your words right to me. About that cork leg, Doc.; are there any corns on a cork foot? "
" No, nor ingrowing toe-nails neither."
" Well get old Dr. Tompkin and your saw and scalpel as soon as possible—let us have it over with,—I can stand anything but suspense."
" Well, if you have n't got grit! I was three years at—"
" Hold on there! you informed me of that once; go and get old Dr. Tompkins, with his funnel and sponge. We 'll bury it in the cemetery and erect a monument with an inscription, 'Sacred to the memory of John Smith's left leg,' and then a choice little verse of poetry headed ' Gone Before.' You ask Goolson to write it, please; two o'clock, you say? "
" Yes, at two o'clock."

CHAPTER X.

" Rest, rest, perturbed spirit."

AFTER the amputation the patient lay for several days in a partial stupor. The anæsthetic seemed to have sickened him, but Dr. Parker was hopeful.

Mrs. Goolson slept on the floor by the bedside those first few nights, and she heard the man calling for " Jimmy." " Come, boy, you played me a great joke. Forgive me for treating you so roughly. I will write my book now; you will be my amanuensis—ha, ha! my crutch, Jimmy, my crutch—you will not forsake me, Jimmy—you will not forsake me, will you? "

And so the man tossed his arms, and rolled his head from side to side, and muttered to himself in his delirium. Gradually he grew better, but he was very weak those first slow, dragging days.

" I must get well, I must get well! " he exclaimed to the Doctor.

" But, man, your anxiety on the subject only retards your progress; if you can only be patient and abandon yourself to Nature, she will care for you, but you can not lift yourself by your bootstraps! "

" I know, Doctor; I do not care for myself—I am not afraid of death—but I have a work to do. I must get back to New York. The most important business of my life must be attended to! "

" Well, in a month you can go."

Mrs. Goolson sought many times to have the man tell her more about the runaway girl. All the satisfaction she could get was that he had seen her, and that she was employed, earning her own living, and was safe.

He might have told her the actual truth, but perhaps he thought that if he would do so the frantic mother might make an attempt to go to the child, or she would tell Mr. Goolson, who would endeavor to bring her back.

He only wanted to get back to New York to care for the girl.

Then he proposed to make overtures for her legal adoption. After this (and not until then) the family should know all about her welfare, and money would be sent to Mrs. Goolson, so she could go on to New York City and visit her child.

Hillard was a man of decision, when he wanted to be, and his plans on this subject were all made up. In fact, he thought of nothing else, he dreamed of nothing else.

"She is my daughter—my spiritual—I love her; I love no one else. She is loved by none other, save her mother (who is powerless to help her). I am the one to superintend her education. I am a cripple for life, but she will care for me—she will wait on me, do my errands, hand me my crutches, look after my little wants. To be a cripple and be cared for by one who loves you—ah! there is no happier fate. She will delight in assisting me: this is woman's nature—helpfulness. I have money; we will travel—go to Europe. We will stop only at the best hotels. I can not walk, but I have money to hire carriages and to get the service I need. Eight thousand a year—yes, twenty-five dollars a day; it is enough, and this does not touch the principal either. I never appreciated the value of money before. It is a ticket of admittance to every gallery of art, transportation to any clime; it can take from its shelf any book in existence; it gives choice of beautiful raiment, and invites to the best of material comforts. 'John Hillard and Daughter,' yes, that is the way it will look on the hotel registers. And the papers in England will speak of 'The Hon. John Hillard and his accomplished daughter,' or 'the beautiful Miss Hillard of America.' We will study and read together. I will be her tutor. I will brush up my Greek and Latin just for her, and evenings she will read poetry to me. We will translate Dante—no one can work alone—we need the help of a sympathetic soul. But how the days do drag—this waiting; yet I am gaining; but this waiting—this waiting!"

Pain he could bear, privation was naught, fire and storm did

ne'er appall; he feared not wrath of gods or men, but alas, he could not wait! Do you know what it is to wait? Long, sleepless, feverish nights, when the clock ticks off the dragging seconds and the sound echoes through the silent rooms! Sickly, friendless, tedious, empty days that drop one by one their eternal sameness into the monotonous past—slow, weary, dreary waiting, waiting, waiting!

CHAPTER XI.

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the mountain tops."

STILL the days dragged past. "To-morrow you may go and sit on the porch," said the Doctor.

It had been three weeks since the amputation and five since the accident. The first sight of the green fields with the waving corn, the cattle in the pastures, the gentle breath of June, all came to the man as a glimpse of a new world. He had been dead, and was now raised to life again—the past was only a dim mass of hazy, indistinct, sensations and forms. Had he seen these beautiful things before? It could not be. Sitting propped up in the big arm-chair, he closed his eyes and tried to think it out. Weariness soon came over him, and he asked to be helped back into bed.

But the effort of dressing, the thought that he had really sat up and seen the earth again, the smell of the corn and the sight of sunshine and shadow playing across the fields, did him good.

¶ His sleep that night for the first time was peaceful and child-like. How long he had slept he did not know—perhaps three hours. The room was filled with light—not daylight, but a pink, luminous glow. The man had grown to distrust his senses—pain brings strange hallucinations. He lay with half-closed eyes and enjoyed this beautiful light that gave its charming tint to every object in the room. "The Undertaker" came out of his house and

slid down a long rope as if to inspect the phenomenon, then hastily scrambled back.

" It can not be sunrise—no; I'm only in a dream. But, there! what was that noise?—it sounds like a crackling! "

The man raised himself on one elbow and looked out of the window in the direction of the barn—it was on fire.

It only took an instant to give the alarm to the sleeping household. They rushed out in their night clothes but nothing could be done—the structure was doomed. Luckily the cattle were all out in the pasture but there were two horses in the stalls—they had probably been suffocated by smoke before the fire was discovered. The wind was blowing the sparks and cinders over the house in showers. Hillard, left alone, was vainly endeavoring to formulate a plan by which he could get out, if the house caught. He had no crutches—no cane; he had seen boys walk on one leg by supporting themselves on chair backs—could he do this? Mrs. Goolson came in. " The house may burn too—I will save nothing until you are safe. Here—I will tie a knot in each corner of the blanket you are lying on—I will take hold of one knot and each of the girls will hold a corner and we can carry you out to the road " ❧ ❧

Just then the roof of the burning building fell with a crash and a great cloud of smoke and fire stretched off to the north of the house; fortunately the wind had veered but a few moments before, and the house was safe.

The walls fell—the fierceness of the flames had spent themselves; only a black heap of smouldering ruins remained that now and then broke forth into a fitful flame that shone out against the blackness of the sky. It was three o'clock in the morning, but there was no sleep for the Goolsons.

The mother and daughters huddled in a corner of the kitchen; Mr. Goolson sat with his head buried in his hands—no one spoke. The girls were stupefied—they were used to trouble, and although

the " barn " was more properly a stable, being mostly made from poles and straw, yet the extent of this disaster they could not fathom. The mother, uncertain of her husband's temper, dared not break the silence. So they sat—sat and waited for daylight. A faint glow of pink was seen in the east. The cows came up in single file through the dripping dew and " moohed " for the calves that were tied along the fence by the roadside. Goolson arose, the picture of despair, and went out and looked at the black heap that only yesterday was his barn. Then he returned and stood in the doorway of the house. He glared at the women, then spoke in deep hoarse guttural—

" It is that tramp—one of his accursed crew has done this thing—he is a Jonah—I knew he would bring a curse upon us. I begged you not to harbor him—yet you persisted in spite of my advice. Now see what you have brought me to—you Mary Goolson—you have put the children up to oppose me. A curse upon you, a curse upon your beastly vagabond! A curse upon your girls! A curse upon you all! "

Sally had hastily shut the door that led from the kitchen to the sitting-room and then the women all crouched in a corner speechless. They made no defence. Humanity is ever prone to charge others with its misfortunes and take all credit to itself.

Certain conditions of the body breed bacteria. Certain conditions of spirit develop wrong impulses. These passions prowl and growl and curse and mutter and bellow in the sub-cellar of the souls of some men. A certain logic, very supple, very nimble, and yet very implacable, is at the disposal of little minds. They charge others with all of their troubles; the one nearest has to take the onus.

" Why did you beat this woman? " asked the judge, of a brute.

" I had no one else to beat," was the surly reply.

Goolson went across the fields to relate the news of his disaster to the neighbors. Straw stacks and slough grass are often purposely

set on fire in this part of the country, so the sight of a blaze causes no comment among the farmers.

It was daylight, but these poor farmer-folks women were too deeply immersed in gloom to think of getting breakfast.

" Hi, there! you folks in the kitchen—are you going to let a fellow starve? " called Smith, cheerily. " Bustle around now and get me a cup of tea and a bit of toast, so I can go out and take my constitutional! " After a little time the tea was brought.

They all stood around and watched the man eat; these poor stricken souls had nothing else to do. They had no plans for deliverance—no hopes. They were so very poor before the barn burned that now there was nothing else to do but go to the almshouse or die. No horses, no wagon, no harness, no hay.

" It 's just as well the hay is burned," moaned little Mary Jane, " for the pitchfork is gone—only the tines left."

The tramp laughed—he joked, he pretended to cry, he asked about the insurance. There was none.

" I am glad," said the tramp. " Give me 'nother cup of that tea while your are resting, Sis. I am a king—four women to wait on me—fan me, Sally, what are you standing around for? I 'll discharge you. Say, mother, get a pen and ink and write what I tell you. But hold on—you Mary Jane, go catch Blixon—that three-year-old colt—you can ride him, can't you? I thought so, astride—well, that 's all right, all the women ride so in South America—they will here yet. Now catch Blixon and take a telegram for me to Ladoga. Get the colt and we will have the telegram all ready when you come back. Now, mother, write:

" Ladoga, Ind., June 19, 1886.

" To Henry Clews & Co., New York City.

" Beeswax one fusion felix. John Hillard."

" There is no sense in it and it is not your name signed to it anyway," said Mrs. Goolson, reading the message over.

" I know that, but we will send it just the same."
The telegram was pinned to the front of the girl's dress, and she mounted the horse—bareback. A sucker from an apple tree was cut for a whip, and away she rode on a stiff gallop for the town five miles away.
In just two hours she came back. The mother stood watching for her—the telegram was yet pinned to the little pink dress and the child was crying.
" The railroad man said it was cipher dispatch and a cipher is no good. He would n't send it, 'cause it was n't paid for first—he would n't."
" I might have known it," muttered the tramp. Mrs. Goolson thought he said something that sounded like a swear word—she was not certain.
" How much did he say he wanted, Mary Jane? " asked Smith, who was now partially dressed and seated at the window.
" Eighty cents—it 's an awful lot of money and our barn burned! "
The tramp had just thirty cents, Mrs Goolson twenty, Sis fifteen. Mary Jane came in and by dint of much shaking managed to get fifteen coppers out of her bank. The money was tied in a handkerchief and pinned alongside of the message. The colt was tired by this time and another apple sprout was cut. The child mounted with the help of a boost from Sally. The colt and rider had reached the road and the horse's head was turned toward town when an angry yell was heard coming from behind the house. It was Mr. Goolson's voice.
" Come back here—where are you going with that colt without my permission—I 'll show you. Bring that whip to me this instant and I 'll wear it out on your back! "
The child stopped and seemed about to return.
" Go on, go on, go on!" shouted Smith, from the window. "Go on, go on, go on! " echoed Sally, Sis, and the mother as they stood on the stoop and emphasized the order with a wave of their aprons.

The apple sprout was applied vigorously and the horse struck into a keen run. The little rider leaned forward over the colt's neck as they crossed the bridge with a clatter and disappeared over the knoll in a cloud of dust.

CHAPTER XII.

"A messenger waits without!"

IN two hours the patter of hoof-beats was heard; the watchers were delighted to see that the telegram was no longer pinned to the pink dress. What was the import of that telegram the women could not guess. Neither did they seek to know—a telegram is such a mysterious thing. The Goolsons had received one once—years before—it told of death. To receive a telegram would be a calamity, to send one was something to be proud of.

" 'Beeswax one fusion felix,' " said Mrs. Goolson to Sally as they washed the dishes. " I hope Henry will not be awfully shocked when he gets it. I declare, if another telegram ever comes here I do not believe I could open it. 'Fusion felix'—well, I always heard that York State folks talked funny. I suppose Mr. Smith only wants his friends to know where he is. 'Beeswax one fusion felix!' "

Mr. Goolson had gone to the woods with one of the neighbors to cut poles for a stable when the girl returned. Fortunately, when he got back the Doctor was there.

" Smith " feared that Mr. Goolson would punish Mary Jane for going away without permission; so, when Mr. Goolson entered the kitchen the Doctor was sent out on some pretext, and then called to in a loud voice:

" I say, Doc.—tell your mother to hold on to that feather-bed—and the tar—is it good and sticky? "

Mr. Goolson forgot to whip little Mary Jane. No doubt she deserved it, but she escaped with only a scowl or two.

CHAPTER XIII.

" Suspicion always haunts the guilty minds."

EARLY the following morning Goolson was much surprised to see the station agent from Ladoga drive up in a hurry.

" I want to see your boarder—the man that got hurt."

" Have n't any boarder," growled Goolson.

" Why, yes, you have—your girl brought over a telegram from him to be sent to New York."

" Not with my permission."

" Well, she brought it. I want to see the man."

" 'Spose you find him then."

" Ain't he here? "

" I told you once."

" But the tramp you are taking care of—the man that was hurt in the wreck! "

" Oh, he 's in the house, I 'spose, if he has n't robbed us and run."

" What name? "

" Hillard."

" Hillard? why, he told me his name was Smith—of course, though, these scoundrels assume any name. What do you want of him? "

" Oh, nothing much. I have a thousand dollars for him that 's all; came by express."

Goolson's jaw dropped; he stared; then he took off his hat and scratched his head.

" What did you say you had for Mr. Smith? "

" A thousand-dollar express package."

" Let me see it? "

" That is not necessary—where is the man? "

Goolson led the way into the sick man's room, took off his hat, and said: " Good-morning, Mr. Smith. This is our railroad agent; he has something for you."

" I have a package for John Hillard," said the agent.
" That is my name."
" But Mr. Goolson says your name is Smith! "
" My name is Hillard."
" But under the circumstances you will not object to my wiring for instructions. The package is valuable, and I do not know you."
" Certainly—wire for instructions."
The agent went away without leaving the money, but came back in the afternoon bringing the plump package, with its tape and seals all intact. The bulky envelope was lightened to the extent of a crisp five dollar bill which was given to the agent for his trouble.
" That is no tramp," said the agent to Mr. Goolson as he passed out of the kitchen door. " He is a perfect gentleman."
Mr. Goolson was fairly good-natured at supper time. A touch of optimism could be detected in his manner. He did not complain of the cooking. The biscuits were soggy, but he never mentioned it; the coffee was muddy, but he made no comment. He discussed the tramp question at length. The door was closed so the sick man could not hear the conversation.
" He will surely pay us for taking care of him! " said he to his wife
" I suppose so, but we will set no price—we should be glad to help the helpless."
" Yes, but we are so poor—he is rich—think of it! A thousand dollars! But where did it come from? Do you think he stole it? "
" No, he is honest I believe. Some rich friend sent it to him."
" If he offers to pay you just refer him to me—tell him I handle all the money. I 'll not let him off under two dollars a day for all the time he has been here. A dollar a day for board and a dollar a day for nursing."
" But, father," interposed Sally, " that will be over a hundred dollars, and what if he borrowed the money and needs it for some special purpose—to buy a farm or something."

" No difference, he shall not get away without paying the last dollar. It was lucky I found out what was in that package—I 'm sure he never would have told us."

A voice was heard calling from the other room.

" See what the rogue wants," growled Goolson to Mary Jane.

" He wants you," replied the little girl as she came back.

" Oh, he wants me, does he; well I want to see him, too. A hundred and fifty dollars—yes, a hundred and fifty—not a cent less," chuckled Goolson in a voice that was a mixture of laugh and threat ❧ ❧

" You have met with quite a loss," spoke Hillard, as the man stood in the doorway. " You have met with quite a loss, and you had no insurance? "

" No, the men who run the insurance companies are rascals anyway. Yes, it is a sad loss—the two horses—the hay and all the tools—all gone. It will take me years, yes, years, to make it good."

" Well, how much was the loss? "

" Six hundred dollars at least."

" Well, here is seven hundred; it will put you on your feet."

¶ The farmer staggered. He was used to haggling for every cent which he received. He pulled at his whiskers, cleared his throat, and managed to ask, " What was that you said? I did not understand." ❧ ❧

" I said that I want to give you this seven hundred dollars—you have been very kind to me. I should have died had not your wife given me such good care. You have had hard luck and I wish to make good your loss. Here—my arm is getting tired, why don't you take the money? "

The man did not take the roll of bills. He called for his wife and the girls ❧ ❧

They entered.

" See there," said the farmer, " Mr. Smith offers to give me seven hundred dollars to make good the loss by fire. And this when I

accused him of setting fire to the barn! Listen. That fire was my fault. I left a lantern hanging in the barn, and one of the horses got loose and must have kicked it down, and then I dared not confess my fault. I blamed it on others—I have sinned and wronged you all—I have wronged this stranger. Merciful God, forgive—forgive!! "

Let us say in passing that Goolson was not wholly bad. Men are what they are largely (if not entirely) through the conditions that have hedged them around. Toil, hardship, ignorance, disappointment, and bad cooking, coupled with his religious training, had in youth dwarfed the good in him. He was a victim of both physical and moral dyspepsia. In his religion there was a god of wrath, and a very warm temperature for people who did not believe as he did.

In families where these things are taught, the beefsteak is always fried (never broiled), the eggs are invariably cooked hard, the tea is a fine decoction for tanning leather, the coffee coats the tongue and blears the eyes, the biscuits weigh a pound a piece and are eaten three times a day, red hot; and they have pie for breakfast, pie for lunch, pie for dinner, pie for supper, and pie between meals.

Farmers with this sort of cuisine and the harsh beliefs eat little fruit; they prefer to sell it. They dispose of the best they produce and eat the worst.

Whether a bad theology is caused by bad cooking or *vice versa* I can not say; and whether the entire stud of theological nightmares originally arose from impaired digestion is beyond my ken.

¶ Let Herbert Spencer tell.

All the moral we have room for here is this: Man's actions spring largely from his physical condition. It is equally true that his physical condition comes from his mental attitude, for mind is king. But the saint can not long remain a saint (on earth) where the cook does not know his business; and he who does not think well of God can not of men.

CHAPTER XIV.

" What's gone and what's past help, should be past grief."

NEVERTHELESS Mr. Goolson took the seven hundred dollars with many profuse and awkward thanks and deep humiliation for his former shortcomings. As for the women, they, never having been present at such a scene before, simply fell on each other's necks and cried. Then they ceased their tears and laughed. Hillard looked on for fully ten minutes enjoying the panorama. ¶ When the hysteria had partially subsided little Mary Jane remarked: " Why don't you say something, Mr. Smith? " ¶ It was time. His silence was making things uncomfortable. A few words rightly spoken are often a lubricated inclined plane that let visitors down and out without loss of dignity; or right words make people feel at home.

" Sit down, now, all of you," said Hillard, hitching himself up to a sitting posture in bed. " Sit down, and I will tell you my plans. Now, you see, my friends, I am what you would call rich. I only turned tramp because I was in search of novelty, but the novelty of having one leg satisfies me and I am done. I have plenty of money in New York and will start for there next week. I am going to give the Doctor $200—I gave the railroad agent $5—so I will then have $95 left. My fare to New York will be only $22—sleeper $5. Now, here, Mrs Goolson, is $60; I want you to go to town to-morrow and buy me a ready-made suit, and clothing to the extent of $25, then you keep the rest of the money for yourself and the girls."

The girls had never had any money of their own, and this generosity started another fit of weeping which was duly followed by smiles ☙ ☙

The next morning, for the first time, Hillard breakfasted with the family. Mr. Goolson helped him to dress and assisted him to the table, which was set out-of-doors on the north side of the house.

No one had a desire to rush through the meal as usual. The bees hummed and collected around the pump, the breeze scarcely stirred the tops of the locust trees, the dew glistened on the corn tassels, and from the field of clover across the road was wafted the most delicate of perfumes. All talked and talked at one time, and the clatter of knives and forks chimed with the drumming of a woodpecker on the tall poplar overhead.

" Well, I swan, if there ain't Dr. Parker! " exclaimed Sally.

" He must have been up to Blackman's—you know he has been expecting to be called there for a week," said Mr. Goolson.

" She must have had an easy time—the Doctor looks so smiling," mused the good mother.

The Doctor's sorrel turned in through the open bars, on an easy canter. Sure enough, St. Luke was not only smiling, but he was on a broad grin. He rode his horse right up to the table and tickled Mary Jane's ears with the switch he carried in his hand.

" If this ain't the jolliest family party I have seen for months. I was two years at Rush and one at Bellevue, but I never was more surprised in my life than when I came over the knoll and heard you all chattering away. The air is so still—one could hear you a mile. What are you all laughing at? Yes, don't care if I do; I'll just tie my horse under the apple tree."

A place was quickly made for the Doctor at the table. He drank two cups of coffee; refused sugar, but asked Sally to look in the cup instead; told several stories that all had previously heard, but they laughed over them as they never did before. Then the yarns were matched by several from Hillard.

" Great Scott! My horse is gnawing that apple tree," exclaimed the Doctor, as he jumped up.

" Who cares, let him gnaw! " shouted Goolson, good-naturedly.

¶ The Doctor turned, surprised. His face grew suddenly serious. " Tell me," he asked, " am I in a dream, am I drunk, or is this the Goolson family? "

" We are the Goolsons," spoke the little girl, " and Mr. Smith is the bestest man that ever lived—he is no tramp, why—"

" It was me who set the barn afire—accidentally, but I was too much of a coward to confess it," blurted out Mr. Goolson. " I was a brute to speak ill of Smith—I—"

" Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus, while we petty men do walk under his huge legs and peep about to find ourselves dishonorable grass," etc. Hillard was roaring that impassioned speech of Cassius above the din in a voice that drowned all others, and the lines were being delivered straight at Mr. Goolson's head in a way that caused that worthy gentleman to shudder

" I say, Doc.," he added, suddenly, very perceptibly lowering his tone, " when can I start for New York? "

" Oh, a week from to-day—you are all right."

" Next, Wednesday, then? "

" Yes."

" And I am going to the timber at once to get some straight pieces of hickory to make Mr. Smith a pair of crutches," said Mr. Goolson, who had now gotten his breath and was hoping to escape before another dose of Shakespeare was fired at him.

¶ " And Sally and I are going to town to get him clothes," spoke the woman.

" And some day he is coming back to see us—I hope it will be soon," echoed Mary Jane.

The Doctor looked across at the clover field absent-mindedly as he said half to himself:

" Take humanity as they run, they are a mighty queer lot."

CHAPTER XV.

" When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight."

WEDNESDAY forenoon came. A clear cloudless sky. The killdeers called and a " bob-white " stood on a post down by the pig-pen and whistled loudly for his mate. Buzzards sailed back and forth away up in the blue ether. All was peace, quiet, rest.

¶ " I 'm going away just as I begin to like the place," thought Hillard, as he sat on the back porch watching Sally and Mary Jane as they hitched the horses to the new red wagon.

The Doctor came in his gig at ten o'clock and the minister, too, drove over with his wife just for a ride and to say good-by to Mr. Goolson's guest, they explained.

Two forkfuls of hay were thrown into the wagon-box; the back door was locked and the key placed under the door mat. The three girls climbed in over the tail-board and sat in the hay, while Mr. and Mrs. Goolson each had a kitchen chair. Hillard rode with the Doctor in his gig. The preacher and his good wife in the Cincinnati buggy led the way. Next came the Goolson's fast express, and the Doctor's gig brought up the rear.

" I never saw so many thrushes in the hedgerows," said the Doctor, " and the quail are more plentiful than for years; there was not too much snow for 'em last year. Just see how they come out in the road to pick up the corn and then run on ahead of us."

¶ Rabbits ran across the road from time to time and disappeared in the weeds. The procession came to a party of farmers who were working out their road tax on the highway. The man who held the handles of the scraper stopped and swung his sombrero over his head in merry greeting. The preacher stopped the Cincinnati buggy, that stopped the red wagon, that stopped the Doctor's gig. Hillard had seen most of these road workers before,

and they came forward and shook his hand, wished him luck and gave him good advice, thus:

" Take keer yerself, ole man."

They neared the village.

Bare-legged youngsters who were playing in the road piling up dust disappeared around the corner of the house like the rabbits that lost themselves in the weeds. But with the disappearance of the urchins around the house came the pushing aside of cheap lace curtains and curious faces peered forth. Women stood at the back-doors, with babies pulling on their skirts, and waved dish-cloths or what not at the gig and the red wagon and the Cincinnati buggy, and all the while Hillard chatted with the Doctor and made plans as to what they would do when the Doctor came to New York, which both knew might never be.

Then they came to the depot and the agent forgot to be gruff and surly, but came out with much grace and his cap with the gilt band, and insisted on helping Hillard out of the gig. His voice, which was usually three-cornered and would have given any other man a sore throat to use it, was now mild and deferential. He had never seen Hillard except at the one time when he delivered him the one thousand-dollar package; yet this circumstance had been rehearsed so often to the village " setters," and told so many times to various persons that the worthy agent almost believed that he himself had supplied the money, as well as delivered the package. He greeted the lame man as a long-lost brother and affectionately called him John.

Two ragged boys stood near, each holding a crutch that had been passed over to them by the Doctor. Several store-keepers in shirt sleeves came over the ways and Hillard saluted them and talked shop as he took a chew of tobacco and passed them the fine-cut ❧ ❧

The Goolson team was tied under the church shed a block away, and all came over to the station. The preacher and his wife did

likewise. There was much good-natured talk, a little stiff and a trifle feverish at first, perhaps, for taking a train is quite an event to country people, and the going away of their guest pulled hard at the heart-strings of all the Goolsons. Even the masculine member explained to the preacher that the man with one leg was " a fairly decent sort of chap."

The train was late. Hillard and the agent killed time by pitching horseshoes in the cinders that filled the space between the main track and the switch. One of the coatless storekeepers, who wore calico sleeve-protectors, cuffs woven out of straw, and used his ears as racks for pencils, challenged the preacher to take a hand in the game ❧ ❧

Hillard resigned his horseshoe-throwing to Mr. Goolson, who explained his awkwardness by telling that he had not played the game for twenty-five years.

" Then it is time you took it up," replied Hillard.

The ladies laughed. They looked on at the sport and listened with smiles to Hillard's continual banter. The ex-tramp had the agent change a dollar for him into nickels, which he threw out into the cinders for the ragged boys to struggle for. New urchins appeared on the scene, coming out of corn-cribs or grain cars, or from under the platform. Each boy wore three garments: a hat, a shirt, and trousers. The new boys, too, took a hand, without invitation, in the struggle for wealth, until some one announced the whistle of the train at the crossing a mile away. Good-byes were hastily said, hands were wrung and hurried appeals to " come back and see us " were given. The ragged and now dirt-be-grimed urchins stood in respectful silence until the Doctor suggested three cheers for John Hillard. The cheers were given with a will, and a tiger added ❧ ❧

The agent had wired a request that a seat be reserved in the chair car for an eminent New York banker—adding the information that the banker aforesaid was a particular friend of his. So, as the train

came to a stop, the colored porter and a brakeman were on hand to do the honors for the eminent gentleman.

As Hillard hobbled in the car door he looked back, but he saw only one face in all the throng on that platform. That face was deathly white; and Mrs. Goolson's eyes met his in an appealing glance. They understood. That traveller was going to her child and he would give that child the love, the care, the tenderness that had been denied at home. Hillard's look said to the trembling woman in the faded black, " I will do it."

BOOK V. CHAPTER I.

"A man, I am, crossed with adversity."

AT noon on the second day after leaving Ladoga, Hillard arrived at New York City. Two nights on a sleeping-car, to a man so recently out of a sick-bed, means shaken nerves. He was dizzy with headache, his hands were dry and hot, then cold.

" Thank heaven, I can never talk of having cold feet again," he mused, as he looked down at the swinging, empty leg of the trousers, " and yet that absent foot seems to pain me frightfully."

¶ Several times he had counted his money. There was one dollar and seventy-five cents left. He had been liberal with the brakemen and porters. And the train boy or "peanuts," as Hillard called him, had nearly sold out his stock at the one-legged man's expense—all for the benefit of the babies on the train.

" One dollar and seventy-five cents," said the man. " Well, it 's over a dollar more than I had the last time I came in to New York. I 'll just take a cab straight to my rooms in West Twenty-third Street. I bounced my valet when I went away before, but

the janitor will have everything in order. I am sick, that is sure—how my hand shakes—a cab? Yes, I 'll take a cab. I want to go to West Twenty-third Street just off Broadway. A dollar, and in advance? Well, that 's all right, but you need not be so crabbed about it. I am no beggar! "

Hillard's ready-made suit was ill fitting. The sleeves were too long and he had turned them up, and the slouch hat, and pale unshaven face, together with the clumsy crutches, combined with the dust and dirt of travel stain, all made the hackman's mistake that Hillard was a beggar, a natural one. In fact, if he had leaned on his crutches, hat in hand, as the people passed out of the depot, the sight of his wan face might have touched the hearts and purse strings of even the hurrying city throng.

The lame man crawled inside the cab, the door shut with a slam, the driver climbed to his place, cracked his whip, and away they went rattling over the stones. The jar, jolt, sudden stops, and starts increased the headache, and after what seemed a long ride, Hillard was let down in front of the familiar brownstone front. Painfully he mounted the steps and rang the janitor's bell.

" Who do you want to see? "

" Hillard, you say—oh, he 's not here now—I do not know where he is. What 's that!—Merciful heavens, you are not Mr. Hillard? Why, yes, I beg a thousand pardons—I did not know you—you have changed so; that is to say—come in, come in—"

The good old janitor who had so long done the bidding of the princely John Hillard, was wellnigh overcome. He tried not to see the crutches or the cheap, ill-fitting clothes, and he endeavored to apologize for not knowing his old-time benefactor.

" Your rooms? Why we did not expect you back, you see, they said you had gone for good. You of course know the rooms are rented to another tenant. Your attorney it was—came and moved all of your furniture away. But I 'm very glad you are back. There is another suite on the next floor above that, I know it will please

you. You are not very well, let me help you down into my room in the basement—my wife will get you something to eat."

Hillard was helpless as a child, and allowed himself to be led down into the janitor's rooms. The old man called his wife and she busied herself by making a cup of tea and preparing a simple lunch for the man.

"I can not understand it—I can not understand it—he has met with some fearful accident—his mind does not seem to be right. Yet it is the same Mr. Hillard—see, he sits there as if in a stupor," whispered the janitor to his wife.

"Would you mind washing my face and hands," said the sick man, speaking very slowly. "I am just off from the train; I have come a long distance. Tell me again about my rooms, please, are they ready?"

"Your rooms! why they are rented out to a new tenant, a doctor, —but you can have the other suite I told you of; you must have your furniture moved back at once."

"Yes, I see, I must have my furniture moved back at once—I can have the other suite, that 's so. Who did you say it was took my things away?"

"Why, your attorney, Mr. Fullman, the gentleman who looked after all of your business—your father's executor, was n't he?"

¶ "Yes, yes, my father's executor—yes, that is right, I will go to see him, but first I must visit the *Commercial* office—my boy is there. I must see my boy, I must see my boy."

The man was speaking with a suspicious calmness and deliberation. The old janitor and his wife looked at each other inquiringly. Hillard drank a little of the tea and insisted on going to the newspaper office at once to see "his boy." The good old woman tried to restrain him from going out alone, he was sick—could her husband go instead? No, he would go alone. The janitor went with him as far as Broadway and helped him into the bus. It seemed hours before he reached the newspaper office. He stopped at a

saloon on the way, as he thought a stimulant would steady his nerves, it only made him more feverish. It was near night when he reached the *Commercial* office. A storm was coming up. He made his way down into the dingy cellar and past the piles of paper. Outside the little office in the corner he paused and then peered through the sliding window. The gas was burning as usual and the bent form of Uncle Rodgers was crouching over the desk. In vain the visitor looked for the one he sought. With an effort he called—" My boy, my boy! Jimmy, Jimmy! Where is my boy?"

¶ Old Uncle Rodgers gave a jump that upset the ink bottle and toppled over the stool around which his legs were wrapped. He dropped his pen and turned his bulging eyes.

" The boy, I said, where is the boy? " demanded Hillard.

Little Mr. Rodgers was not used to being addressed in this way. He had been in this establishment nearly forty years and a certain respect was due him. Besides that the ink was upset and had made a monstrous blot on the day-book. People who had business to transact with Mr. Rodgers usually did it through the hole in the window; the office door was fastened with a spring lock. The fact that this door was locked and the window too small to admit a human body made Mr. Rodgers very brave on this occasion. He recognized Hillard's face at once and yelled back in a voice as loud as his cracked falsetto would admit. " Go to the devil! How do I know where your miserable imp is? You thought you played a great joke on us, did 'nt you, bringing a girl here in boy's clothes. Go to the devil! "

This last was delivered in a very screech.

" Shut up, you bald-headed, weazened rascal. If you have abused my Jimmy, I will kill you—kill you. Where is the boy? "

This dire threat cooled Mr. Rodgers a trifle and he thought best to give an anwer that would take his belligerent visitor in another direction ❧ ❧

" Jimmy? why over at Mrs. Griggs's of course. Get out of here.

I 'm mighty glad your attorney has run away with all your property. He beat us too, and the bank, but he has cleaned you out for keeps. Go away—get out of here."

" At Mrs. Griggs's is he? "

" Yes, how many times must I tell you—are you drunk? " ¶ Hillard started for the door. The crutches made their peculiar tramp on the bare floor. Mr. Rodgers thrust his head out of the sliding window. " God help us—he has lost one of his legs." The little man dived out of the office and ran after Hillard. He threw his arms around him, he kissed him, he called himself a fool, an ass, a knave, an idiot for insulting his best friend. He asked a dozen questions but waited for no answers. " How did you lose your leg? Have you been to war? Did you know Jimmy was a girl? " etc., etc.

" Forgive me for saying anything about that rascal running away with your money. He was an infamous scoundrel, but I am your friend. You have n't a dollar in the world but that 's no difference, I 'm your friend. When you want advice you can always count on Isaiah Rodgers," added the little man as Hillard shook him off and moved out into the street.

CHAPTER II.

" How use doth breed a habit in a man."

HE held in his hand a half-dollar, the only money he had in the world. Night was coming on; it was raining hard. Men carrying dinner pails hurried by, with coat-collars turned up; girls with shawls over their heads, and workmen streamed out of the shops and stores, making haste to reach their homes. Hillard stood in the storm and leaned against a lamp-post, dazed—as one in a dream. " Here, old man, let me help you under the awning," cheerily spoke a bootblack who took him by the arm. Hillard

turned and struck at the boy viciously with the crutch. Still the rain pelted down.

The darkness fell. Cabs splashed through the slush, and the driver's whip echoed a clear resounding whack when the lash struck the rubber cover of the horse. The cripple must have stood there ten minutes. What were his thoughts? He had none; only a blur of recollections. He tried to marshal them in order—to resolve on what to do. No; all was confused, black, shifting.

On the opposite corner was an underground saloon. The red light flickered in the wind and seemed to hold the gaze of the wretched man. "It is the lurid light of hell," he muttered. It came to him that he was clutching something in his palm—what was it? Yes; the half-dollar. He hobbled across the street, and slowly made his way down the stairs under the red light.

CHAPTER III.

"Today he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes: tomorrow blossoms
. . . . . .
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost."

"COME, git out of here, you fellow with the one leg; git now. It 's 'leven o'clock—you better make for home."

A rough hand shook his shoulder. Hillard took the crutches held out to him and staggered to his feet.

"Let me stay here—I 'll pay you—let me stay until morning."

"No, git out; this is no lodging-house. You must go home."

The stout bar-keeper was half-pushing, half supporting the cripple up the stairway.

"Yes, I must go home—I must go home," he said to himself as he stood alone on the sidewalk.

The rain had ceased, but black angry clouds chased each other across the sky, and the wind howled through the network of

wires overhead. The street seemed deserted, save for now and then the shadow of a hurrying form whose footsteps seemed to echo loudly through the lonesome night.

" What are you waiting for? " It was the voice of a policeman. He touched the man with his club. " What are you standing here for? I have been watching you for ten minutes."

" I must go home—I must go home! " came the answer.

" Well, go, then; don't stand here. I 'd run you in if you had two legs."

" I must go home. Call a hack and take me home. But first I must have—I must have drink—whiskey—my head is not right—my throat is on fire—get me whiskey, whiskey! "

" You have had too much now, that 's what 's the matter with you—drunk. I 'll call a hack for you though, if you have money."

" Yes, I have money—yes—see! "

He felt in all his pockets. Then the policeman assisted him in the search—not a penny. The buildings seemed to be whirling around —his brain throbbed with pain. He tried to think—to speak. His form swayed, and he endeavored to steady himself on his crutches but only the watchman's strong arm prevented his falling.

¶ " Where is your home?—tell me. If you were n't a cripple I 'd take you to the station. But you don't seem like a bad fellow. Tell me, where is your home—I 'll take you there."

Hillard leaned heavily on the man. He tried to think—no, all was shifting—blurred.

" My home? Yes—I live—at Goolson's, five miles from Ladoga—yes, take me there, that 's my home."

The policeman shook him smartly and retorted:

" Wake up, man, think; where do you want to go—where do you live ? "

" Exeter Flats—Griggs," replied the man with an effort.

" Why, that is near here—Exeter you say? "

" Yes."

" Well, I will take you there."

They reached the tenement—all was dark. The outer door was open. The watchman flashed his lantern into the hallway.

¶ " Which room? " he asked the drunken man.

It took some time to get the information, but the policeman finally concluded from the incoherent and disjointed answers that the room wanted was on the next floor. It was a hard task to climb the stairs. Finally they reached the door, and the watchman pounded loudly with his club. Affrighted voices were heard inside. " What is wanted? " The question came in a timid feminine tone.

" A man is here who wants to get in—says he lives here. His name is—"

" Hillard," spoke the cripple.

" Hillard—his name is Hillard," continued the policeman. The quality of the voices within changed from those of fear to joy ❧ ❧

" Mr. Hillard, Mr. Hillard is here! " The news seemed to be passed to others.

" Mr. Hillard, can it be possible! " came back a girlish voice.

¶ " Wait, please just a moment. I will strike a light and we will dress," called back the first woman who had spoken.

The policeman could hear a glib, half laughing, joyous, hurried conversation that seemed to come from several women all talking together. From the sounds he knew they were putting on their clothing ❧ ❧

The door opened.

A flood of light streamed out—three women were seen standing expectantly. Hillard supported himself in the doorway for an instant, and then plunged heavily forward and fell a helpless mass at their feet.

CHAPTER IV.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

TWO days of tender nursing and the threatened brain-fever was averted. Hillard found himself in the little cubby-hole apartment that had formerly been "Jimmy's room." He was aware that he had been delirious, but how long he had lain there he knew not. ¶ He lay with eyes closed, and could hear a woman in the adjoining room as she went about her work. The rooms seemed darkened. The head of the bed was placed so he could see out into the little sitting-room. The bird in the window, the struggling geraniums on the window-sill, the bright ingrain carpet, the lace lambrequin on the mantle, the little straw balloon, tied with red ribbons, suspended from the hanging lamp with its pink paper shade, all gradually took form. Hillard recognized the surroundings

He knew the engravings of "Irving and his Literary Friends," and he wondered again for the thousandth time how such a group of philosophers and scribblers ever happened to meet in Mr. Irving's bachelor quarters. Especially in view of the fact that many of these men hated each other most cordially. Then he knew the picture of Washington clothed in the Masonic regalia——the apron with the big eye in the center. And although he could not see the other side of the room, he felt the presence of the fireman's hat that hung on the walls. He knew that below this gigantic hat was the "Exemption Certificate," executed in the most artistic of muscular action Spencerian, telling how Joshua Griggs had served ten years with the gallant Deluge Hose Company, and was therefore free from jury duty.

The pleasant dreamy sort of a reverie was broken by the entrance of a light footstep. Some one took a seat by the bedside. The man closed his eyes on the first approach, and affected sleep—so strong is the habit of pretense. People who play a part are apt to play

it to the end; hypocrisy becomes natural. The invalid even imitated the deep-breathing of slumber, and rolled his head and muttered to himself, as he thought it was the duty of a sick man to do. But the rolling of his head was only so he could turn his face toward the person whom he knew was sitting in the chair at his bedside. Again he affected the deep breathing. He opened his eyes the very slightest degree; he wanted to see who it was by him. A girl, yes—sixteen perhaps; slight, with hair in short ringlets all over her head. She turned her face. Hillard saw the fine profile as it stood out against the light; the low, square forehead; the straight nose, the short upper lip, the firm chin. She arose and moved out into the other room. The form was small but shapely; her skirts came to her shoe tops. She picked up her knitting, came back and worked steadily and rapidly, with eyes closed. Her eyes being shut the man ventured to open his, and so surveyed her as closely as the dim light would permit. He looked at her face and swiftly flying fingers. Then he closed his eyes, reached out one hand, and said very softly:

" Jimmy! "

" Yes, Mr. Hillard."

He felt the gentle clasp of her delicate hand; her warm breath as she stooped over him and kissed his forehead. She sat down, but held his hand close within both of her own. The clock ticked out on the marble shelf. The bird chirruped and pecked at the wires of the cage. Mrs. Griggs worked away in the kitchen, and in a minor key sang " Jesus, Lover of my Soul."

So the moments passed—five, ten, perhaps.

Hillard was going through an experience that had not been his for years. He was weeping; the tears ran down and soaked into the pillow under his face, and he tried to keep his eyes closed to conceal the emotion. At last he looked up; the girl was crying too.

¶ " Jimmy? "

" Yes, Mr. Hillard."

" We are two fools."

" Why do you say so, Mr. Hillard? "

" To cry when we are happy. All I wanted was to get back to you and die; now I want to get well and live. I will never leave you again. If I had stayed near you instead of going away I would now have two feet instead of one. Don't you admire my crutches, Jimmy? "

The girl did not answer. She took her handkerchief and dried her eyes, then with the same handkerchief she did a like service for him.

CHAPTER V.

" True hope is swift and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

MRS. GRIGGS came in. She placed her hand on the man's brow and felt his pulse. Great was her suppressed satisfaction as she exultantly exclaimed, " The fever is gone! "

The recovery was rapid, and the next day Hillard was dressed—clothed in his right mind and a ten-dollar suit, as he expressed it—and seated comfortably in a big arm-chair out in the sitting-room.

¶ All had restrained their desire to ask questions. Trivial matters would have unearthed a goodly amount of curiosity, but in the face of the dire disasters that had overtaken their friend, the delicacy that goes hand in hand with tender sympathy prevailed. Maud had heard at the office of the absconding of Mr. Hillard's financial agent, and she had told the family at home. They were pained to hear it, but city people are used to hearing of defalcations and bankruptcies.

Then the Griggses had great respect for Mr. Hillard's mental resources. They looked upon him as the most capable man they ever knew. And women are very apt to overestimate a man's ability any way. To be strong and to be a man—what more is to be desired?

But to the innocent country girl this financial blow to her protector was a great black cloud. It hung over her life like a pall. She could not realize the importance of it; she knew not its proportions; she could not guess its magnitude; it was the ominous unknown. To know the extent of a disaster may be alarming, but to be ignorant of it is terrible. This child felt her life closely tied up with that of Hillard—her protector, brother, father, friend. His going away and not writing her grieved her deeply. His absence was an oppression to her brave and hopeful heart. Mrs. Griggs and Maud were kind and considerate, but somehow the respect—the mingled pride and love which daughters often have in, and for, a father were all centered on Hillard. At times she was almost boastful of his intellect and position.

It was only a few days after his going away that Mrs. Griggs had requested " Jimmy " to stay at home for half a day and help her at some household task. Maud was at the office. Martha, the little girl, at school. Only " Jimmy " and Mrs Griggs were at home. The good old lady put her arms around the curly-headed child and pressed the soft cheek to her heart, as she stroked the wealth of brown ringlets. Perhaps her voice was a trifle unsteady and her eyes dim as she said: " Dear heart, I love you as my own child. Now we must do what is right and best. Maud and I have known it for some time, and we have talked it all over together and decided on what is best for you to do. We have bought you two of the nicest and softest dresses—come in my bedroom, and I will show you. See, this one is quaker gray, and the other is brown; and Maud got you underclothing and stockings, and a pretty little hat and a nice pair of shoes. You will be a young lady soon—you are now. Would you not rather be a nice, pretty sensible girl than a boy? After this you will be Jimmy no more. You shall be my Cornelia Smith."

The kind mother kissed the warm cheek and together they mingled their tears. Then the good woman helped the child to dress.

The boy's clothes were all carefully folded and laid away in the bottom of a trunk. With the help of a few deft stitches here and there, and a new arrangement of the buttons, the soft Quaker dress was a good fit. Maud had put aside a pretty ribbon to match the dress; this was tastefully arranged at the slender but shapely neck. An attempt was made to part the brown curls in the middle. Then a big white apron was produced, and the two were ready to do the work that had been laid out.

Cornelia was a little awkward and embarrassed at first in her new costume;—blushing, she stole sly glances at herself in the gilt-framed mirror that hung between the windows. "Mrs. Griggs," said she, after about the tenth trip to the looking-glass, "Mrs. Griggs, you do not—you do not—Mrs. Griggs—you don't think I am a very homely little girl, do you, Mrs. Griggs?"

"No, dear heart, you are a very pretty girl, but you must not be vain. Young ladies must try to be good, and not think of their looks too much. But, Cornelia, you must call me mother after this, not Mrs. Griggs, and when Maud and Martha come they will call you sister."

Little Martha was duly waylaid in the hall, and instructed that she must not be surprised when she saw Jimmy in girl's clothes, but must take it as a matter of course. She obeyed instructions so far as to go up and kiss her new sister and call her Cornelia. Then after walking around her twice, she asked her mother in a loud voice: "Is Jimmy goin' to wear his pants tomorrow; if not, who is goin' to wear 'em? Or is they going to be made up into carpet rags, or wot?"

Maud came from the office an hour earlier than usual, and she too kissed her new sister. The box of flowers in the window was called on for a contribution from its scanty store, and a bouquet graced the tea-table, an extravagance only indulged in on birthdays or Mrs. Griggs's wedding anniversary, which was always duly celebrated

It was a jolly little party that gathered around the table for the evening meal. An onlooker would not have guessed that anything unusual had happened had it not been for little Martha's attempt not to " notice anything," which she did by asking very seriously: " How soon will Jimmy be home, sister Maud? " Her pardon was granted in the laugh that followed.

All this was told to Mr. Hillard that morning as he sat propped up in the big arm-chair.

" And so you did not know that you brought us a girl and not a boy? " asked Mrs. Griggs with a look of incredulity.

" No, most positively, no."

" But, when Maud told Mr. White that Jimmy was a girl, he shouted with laughter, and said it was just like you to play such a trick." ❧ ❧

" And did you send Cornelia (as you call her) back to work at the *Commercial* office? "

" No, Mr. Rodgers was furious when he heard of the deception that had been practised on him, and would not take her back under any considerations. But it is just as well. It would not have been pleasant for her there, anyway. Every one in the whole establishment heard of it, and some one wrote it up in the *Herald*; they all thought it one of your practical jokes."

" The fools, do they take me for a brute! "

The conversation was now interrupted by the entrance of Cornelia, who had been out on an errand for Mrs. Griggs. Hillard noticed that the girl wore large blue glasses to protect her eyes, and that when she came in Mrs. Griggs darkened the rooms by drawing down the blinds.

" Come in here, Jimmy, my boy," cheerily called Hillard. "Lord, but you are a pretty girl; you are as dainty as a wax doll. I am proud of you. Raise those blinds so I can get a look at her, Mrs. Griggs. Why do you insist on keeping the room so dark? "

" Cornelia's eyes have been troubling her—did I not tell you!

Maud is teaching her shorthand and arithmetic, and she had been studying too closely. The doctor said we must keep the room darkened."

The shades were raised while Hillard had the girl stand in front of him and turn around several times for his inspection.

" Well, well, I am proud of her—she is only as big as a pint of peanuts—but a Greek, a pure Greek. Don't you think she looks like me, Mrs. Griggs? "

CHAPTER VI.

" O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains."

WITHIN the breast of every man should dwell a lion's heart. In civilized communities the State protects the individual, and thus in time, through lack of exercise, the individual loses the capacity to protect himself. Our forefathers, who wrestled with wind and storm and dared the elements or faced wild beasts or savage men as wild, laughed at danger. But we have invented paranoia and paresis and nervous prostration and mental exhaustion and various brands of deviltry; and several gentlemen have immortalized themselves by palming off on us brand-new diseases. One, Dr. Bright especially, has become quite famous by booming his ailment. Neat little red plush boxes, containing silver-plated hypodermic outfits, are offered in the shop windows as holiday presents. The gifted Dr. Mackenzie said that this century will live in history as the Age of Cod Liver Oil. This same eminent physician was once called on by a citizen of the United States. ¶ " And so you are from America, are you," said the Doctor,— " America is a great country, great country,—for catarrh." ¶ Announcements of " The Sarsaparilla " and " The kind that cures " greet us from barn roofs that should be sacred to moss and silky gray shingles. As we journey by rail we look out to

enjoy the landscape, and we behold references to "that tired feeling" that give it to us. We take up the paper to read the doings of the great men of the earth, and our eyes light on pictures of worthy housewives who have gained a pound a day or lost it, as the case may be. Pepsin, hypophosphites, bromide, cocaine, chloral are sold in the dry-goods stores. The opium smugglers are making such vast fortunes that they bid fair to rival in society the Coal-Oil Johnnies.

The civilization in our cities breeds disease, and it breeds cowards. We wear our nerves outside of our clothes, and we tremble at the rustle of a mortgage. In our dreams we are haunted by a gigantic Summons and Complaint; and when we awaken about the only thing that will give relief is the hypodermic apparatus in the beautiful little red plush box. Our forefathers went to battle with stouter hearts than we take to the dentists.

John Hillard was an exception to (nearly) all city men; he was no coward. And yet his character was very faulty. He seemed to retain a few strong virtues at the expense of others.

We find him now at the tenement-house apartment of a poor widow. He has come here without invitation. He has lost one leg, and has not yet recovered from the physical shock. His fortune is gone—he is penniless. Yet he is not cast down—not he! He is the life of the household.

Now let us suppose that he had no home to go to, that no woman's tender care ministered to his wants; that only the police-station or the almshouse lodged him, and that charity supplied his needs. What then!

But here was a human being that joined **him** to earth (and to heaven). We do not lose interest in ourselves or in the world until we lose interest in all of earth's (or heaven's) children. If we can fix our heart on *one*, it is enough—we ask no more. The purest, strongest, most spiritual tie of which we know is that between a man and a woman. This bond can not exist in its perfect state

without the sexual quality. They reckon ill who leave this out.

¶ Hillard's heart was held fast by this girl—this bit of human flotsam that had come drifting across his life course. He watched her as she moved about the room at her work; at her knitting when the busy fingers flew and her eyes were closed; at meals he insisted that she should be served first. He walked past her just for the purpose of stroking the brown curls; he sent her on errands only because he wanted her to wait on him. He borrowed books of the " first floor front " and read to her E. P. Roe's stories—anything. He explained to the family that he was going to look after her education himself—planned her raiment, and ordered samples of dress-goods from Stewart's, etc., etc.

And yet in this love the " Sexual quality " of which we have just spoken was absent; or, if it was present, Hillard knew it not. Was it the love of father for daughter? He believed it so. The child accepted it as a matter of course. She brought the hot water for him to shave, worked a whole day padding his crutches, proposed making him a pair of knit slippers, and cried when he said: " Thank heaven I need but one."

He never thought of going to work—this man who had been brought up in idleness. What cared he! He had always been taken care of, the money came some way—why worry! " " We are going through life for the last time, let us be comfortable. We need but little. Give us the luxuries of life and I will dispense with the necessities," he used to say.

And yet he knew that all the income of that household came from the hard earnings of Maud Griggs, the stenographer. She it was who pounded out of the typewriter the sustenance to feed those mouths. But she never complained; she even stopped at the grocery and bought a paper of " Old Tom " and a clay pipe so Hillard could kill the insects on the plants that grew in the green box in the window. It was very necessary that this should be done, he explained. But on the second day, the " Old Tom "

being gone, he concluded that " Bull Brand " would be better for the purpose. So the " Bull Brand " was secured, and the company were called upon to admire the elegant color the clay pipe was taking on. " It is a genuine meerschaum! " he exclaimed. " They sent it in mistake. I would not take twenty dollars for it; with it I can woo wisdom from the Virginia weed."

He sat by the window for hours, smoked and philosophized, smoked and talked to himself; smoked and thought out plans for the future—hazy, lazy, smoky, misty plans that faded away into nothingness like the smoke from the penny " meerschaum." Every day an Italian came and ground out grewsome music under the window, and regularly Hillard would shout bravo! and toss the organ-grinder a nickel borrowed from Mrs. Griggs.

After ten days had passed he concluded that he would go out on Wall Street and do some business. He went to his bankers and found that, as he had expected, the rascally lawyer, who had a power of attorney, had drawn out all of his money. The man had gambled and dealt in margins. It was the old story—he took others' money, expecting to pay it back. He took more to get back what he had borrowed. He grew desperate and hypothecated securities. At last he took what was remaining, and fled.

Hillard sat in the private office of the cashier and heard the tale without the twitch of a muscle. On the roll-top desk was a cigar. Hillard reached forward, took it, bit off the end, and asked for a match

" It was lucky I drew out that thousand dollars the day before he skipped. That 's what we call ' providential.' Can you loan me ten dollars until to-morrow or next day? "

He secured the money and walked off, his crutches echoing over the tiled floor.

He called on Mr. White, who expressed great sympathy for him in the double disaster of the lost leg and the missing fortune.

" Never mind, Whitey, the leg will not grow on, of course, as

if it were a lobster's claw; but as for the fortune—I 'm all right. I 'll make another; I have a scheme on hand. By the way, White, I want to see you in the hall a moment."

They went out.

" Loan me fifty for a few days." Mr. White counted out the fifty dollars and gave it to him. He hobbled home, and great was the look of relief on the face of Mrs. Griggs and Cornelia Hillard when they saw him. What was their fear? The demon of drink—that monster who slays incessantly and is never satisfied; who seizes good and bad alike; who turns pity to hate, love to fear, life to death; whose joy is to crush, to ruin, to smother, to slay, to destroy. He lives in a palace where there are shining mirrors and mellow-colored lights, soothing music, toothsome viands, hearty welcome, and genial warmth. It looks like life, but it is the highway to perdition; and he who tarries here,—his end is madness and the grave.

CHAPTER VII.

" And what wilt thou do? Beg, when that is spent?"

MRS. GRIGGS and Cornelia saw Hillard coming; they met him at the foot of the stairs, and got in his way in an anxious endeavor to help him up the steps. One would have thought by their merry greetings that he had been gone a month.

" Hold your apron, Mother Griggs," laughingly shouted Hillard when they reached the little sitting-room. She did so, and he tossed her the roll of bills that Mr. White and the banker had given him

" And so your money was not all gone," exclaimed the woman, in glad surprise.

" Most of it has vamoosed, but not all, you see! "

" How glad we are for your sake," spoke the girl.

When Maud came home she was joyfully apprised that Mr. Hillard's money was not all taken by the bad man—" he still has some left! " ❧ ❧

A clean tablecloth was put on the supper table, and Mrs. Griggs brought out her old siver spoons that had been in the family a hundred years; and little Martha was despatched to the grocer for a can of apricots—all in honor of the good news.

Some days after a levy was made on two friends at the clubhouse where Hillard formerly had a membership, and a cork leg was purchased. He was advised not to discard the crutches for a few days, " until the new leg got used to its business."

He marched proudly home, and explained to the ladies, " It is better than the old one—you would never notice it in my walk," —and he strode across the room with a very marked hitch and a loud squeaking of the newly acquired anatomy.

" Never, never! " the women spoke in chorus. " Your walk is perfect." ❧ ❧

Then he showed how he could kick, but in an attempt to " do the can-can " he got a fall, square on his back, that disturbed the plastering downstairs, and might have done damage to the corporosity of a man with fibre less tough.

It may be an excellent thing to be able to keep a secret, and it may not. Some people keep to themselves things that should be explained; they hug to their hearts facts which others should know ❧❧

Hillard was a miser in feeling and often needlessly economized in expression. He had been for ten weeks in the home of the father and mother of his " Jimmy " but he never so much as breathed a hint that he ever knew them. Sometimes she would speak of her old home out in Indiana and wonder how the folks were getting along. But at such times Hillard would divert her attention by speaking of something else. Perhaps he was afraid that she would want to go back and then he might lose her. He did not even

explain in any way about the accident by which he lost his leg. " A railway smashup," he said, " only a plain, every-day wreck. I 'm going to sue the railroad company for forty thousand dollars' damages."

It was not explained that a tramp stealing a ride on a freight train runs his own risks and would have a difficult task to collect damages ❧ ❧

" You were cared for at a hospital? " asked Mrs. Griggs.

" Yes, at a hospital—a hospital is a nice place—they saw your leg off while you wait."

The woman saw that he did not wish to pursue the subject, so they dropped it.

He was the most talkative of men and also the most self-contained and silent when he did not care to speak.

Yet he wrote a letter of six pages to Mrs. Goolson at Ladoga, telling her of her runaway daughter whom he was now educating. He told of her looks, how she had grown, her progress in study, her health, his plans for the future—all in the most glowing, hopeful manner. This letter must have warmed the heart of the work-worn woman out on that lonesome farm. No address was given on this letter so no answer came back. He never wrote but this one message, and from this time forth Ladoga and the Goolson family do not appear in our story.

" Some day I will take the young lady and we will surprise the folks on the farm by a visit," he said to himself.

The visit was never made.

Hillard seldom went out of the immediate vicinity of Exeter Flats. He made friends with the other tenants in the house. He smoked with the shoemaker downstairs and polished up his German by conversations with the family across the hall. He whittled out a miniature windmill and put it together inside of a bottle to the great delight of little Martha. In the evenings he would read Plato aloud or translate from Rousseau's *Contrat*

Social for the benefit of the ladies until they went to sleep in their chairs. At other times impromptu concerts would be given; the wheezy little melodeon would be called on for double duty and all would gather around the instrument and sing gospel songs until the people down stairs thought a Methodist revival was in progress. Every day the Italian came and ground out grewsome music under the window and regularly Hillard threw him the nickel ❧ ❧

He would occasionally "go out on Wall Street," and come back always with a certain sum of money — twenty-five dollars — twenty dollars—ten. No matter what the amount, it was always religiously handed over to Mother Griggs, who was ordered to catch it in her apron. Many clay pipes were colored and when a stem was broken the damaged "meerschaum" was duly boiled out and given to little Martha for blowing soap bubbles. The old clock was sacred for the packages of "Bull Brand," and the only thing Hillard was forbidden to do was to puff smoke at the bird. The lessons given to "Jimmy" were duly recited and the girl was making rapid progress. "A splendid intellect—bright, keen.—It is the intuitive mind.—She knows all things and the study only recalls," Hillard often said.

So the days passed.

Hillard's chin was showing a tendency to the duplex. His well-modelled form filled out his coat even better than ever. Things were easy and comfortable with him. His trips around among the old time friends were made a little more often than before. He did not ask any of them for fifty dollars now—ten was about the limit, and it was always requested as a loan, not a gift. Some whom he had been to before only gave him five when he asked for ten. One man refused him flat and asked him why he did not go to work? To work?

He never thought of it. But why should *he* work? He had been an only son. Sent to a private school in boyhood, then a

boarding-school, then a military academy, then college, and two years' travel in Europe had "completed" his education. His father died about this time, and the executor kindly took the burden of responsibility oft from the only son's shoulders and required him to do nothing but endorse his vouchers.

The executor stood so high in the estimation of the elder Hillard that he provided in his will that no bonds should be given. ¶ But now the upright and honorable executor had disappeared. "I am not bothered by having to sign his vouchers," said John Hillard

Work! Steady, old-fashioned, every-day, humdrum work!—he never for a moment seriously considered the matter.

His cool assurance would have made the fortune of a life insurance agent. He could have hypnotized even the most sceptical into a land syndicate. He could have edited a paper, acted as reporter, led an orchestra, or run a barber shop, but these things never occurred to him.

"So you refuse me, do you?" said Hillard to his former friend. "You refuse me—wait until you want a little accommodation and come to me—I will grant you the favor and not thrust advice on you either."

"Look you, John Hillard, you will never be able to loan any man ten dollars—you will never have it, for you are fast drifting into beggardom."

Hillard was hurt. His rhinoceros hide was at last pierced. He made his way straight to the nearest saloon—walked in against his will—damning himself for doing so all the time.

It was very late when he reached his home that night. Only Mrs. Griggs was waiting for him.

"It 's the cork leg, Mother Griggs—it don't seem to work right," hiccoughed the man. With much effort she managed to get him to bed, and next day his dreaded transgression was not mentioned, but a cloud seemed to have come over that happy little household.

CHAPTER VIII.

" The idea of her life did sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination."

IT was Christmas time. " Things have changed a trifle since a year ago, Mother Griggs," said Hillard. " ' How the world do move.' But we will have a Christmas dinner, just the same, and invite Uncle Rodgers too—he was here last year, you know! "

¶ A polite invitation was written and despatched, but a scathing reply came back, saying: " I can not conscientiously associate with those who have been guilty of the gross deceptions that you have."

All of the good advice that he had given to " Jimmy " concerning the proper way to conduct a large business was worse than wasted. He blamed Hillard for the imposition, and he blamed " Jimmy " for being a girl.

" It 's all damn nonsense," he once said to Mr. White; "if you had left that Jimmy Smith with me I could have made a business man of him, sir; yes, sir, a business man! Your father would never have been guilty of such trifling, sir! "

He never really got the affair straightened out in his own mind. The more he thought of it the more injured his feelings became and the more tangled the circumstances.

But the Griggs household had their Christmas, Uncle Rodgers or not, and a great laugh they enjoyed over his coldly dignified note

The stockings were hung up; everybody received a present—not quite so costly or numerous as were the gifts a year ago, but still it was a jolly time.

Mr. White was the possessor of a rare old violin. He did not play himself, but he happened to think that Hillard formerly did, and he sent the violin as a Christmas present. Nothing more acceptable could have been given. Hillard was as pleased as a child. He held the box on his knees and looked at it; then examined every

part of the instrument; he keyed it up most carefully, caressed it, rosined the bow. The whole family gathered around expectantly; Hillard put the violin back in the box and refused to play. He got up and paced the floor, the cork leg creaking at every step. It was a strange procedure.

The day passed.

That night long after all had retired to their rooms the sleepers were awakened by the sounds of sweet music. The sounds came from Hillard's room. He was playing in the dark, " Home, Sweet Home," with improvised variations.

Many were the hours that Hillard sat in that little room in Exeter Flats and practised on the violin.

He smoked, played, read aloud, and listened to " Jimmy " (he would call her by no other name) as she recited her lessons. But it became difficult for her to read—she said the print was too fine—so Hillard read to her. Her eyes did not pain her. The doctor said there was no inflammation—the organs of sight needed rest. Had she known any great sorrow or mental disturbance? Why, no—but, then—yes, her childhood—it had been full of care.

The doctor held Hillard by the sleeve as the girl passed out into the hall ❧ ❧

" The symptoms are a little like amaurosis," he whispered—" paralysis of the optic nerve. But I hope not; come again next week." ❧ ❧

At meal-time the girl would often have difficulty in distinguishing the dishes on the table. Sometimes she could not see a plate when it was directly in front of her. Hillard spread her bread, cut the meat, and waited on her, telling funny stories all the time. ¶ Her love of music increased; sweet sounds seemed to soothe and refresh her spirit like gentlest sleep. Her general health was good, she suffered no pain, she never complained. She was not unhappy. Gradually, gently, slowly, surely she shifted out of the world of sight into the realm of sound. She knew all the inmates of

the house by the footstep and the neighbors by their voices. She went alone to the grocery, down at the corner, and knew all parts of the house and where everything was. She took care of the bird, and the flowers in the south window were her especial delight; she watered them, tended them, talked to them, picked off the dead leaves, anticipating the time when it would be warm enough to fill the window boxes.

Gradually all the studies were stopped but music. Hillard taught her to play the violin and to sing and they each acted as a stimulant on the other in these musical studies.

" I have n't the classical knowledge," Hillard often complained. " I know harmony only by ear; I should know the technique to teach you properly. You are getting beyond me."

" Do you know a competent teacher? " he once asked of the Rev. Algernon Burtis, who occasionally called.

" Why, you know my sister gives lessons in voice culture; she keeps house for me. Her time is pretty well taken, but I believe she will be glad to instruct Miss Hillard—wonderfully promising voice—very wonderful, so sweet and sympathetic. I will bring my sister around to-morrow and we will talk it over."

Mr. Burtis's sister was ten years older than he. She received a thorough musical training in Paris and now gave vocal lessons to a select class of her own choosing. She was a great help to her brother in his clerical work, and when he asked her to call with him on the family in Exeter Flats she gladly acquiesced. Great was her surprise when she heard the young girl sing. She consented to take the girl as a pupil, and, in answer to a question said her price would be one dollar a lesson. Hillard insisted that it should be no less than she charged others—that is, two dollars and a half,—and he limped over to where she sat and wrung her hand in gratitude

Twice a week Hillard took the girl up to the rectory on Eighteenth Street. Sometimes the clergyman would call for

her when he happened to be in the neighborhood on her " music day," as he expressed it.

" You are all so kind to me—you do so much for me, and I can do nothing in return," she used to say.

Occasionally Mrs. Griggs and the girls would go to church on Sunday, at St. Cecelia's. They were not " church people," in the commonly accepted sense; but they liked the beautiful music, the mild-colored lights, the soft peal of the organ. And then Mr. Burtis read the service with much feeling, and he once said he could preach better if he saw their faces before him.

So they went. And the kind old gentleman who was usher at the left-hand door of the vestibule always led the plain people from Exeter Flats straight up the aisle, right by all those folks in the richest of garments, that threw off the delicate odors of tea-roses and jasmine, right past them all to the rector's own pew, the second seat from the front. No one sat here but Miss Burtis. She always greeted them with the kindest of smiles, and insisted that her pupil should sit next to her. They knelt side by side, their prayers ascended together, and during the sermon they sat hand in hand. When they stood up to sing, the young girl held the book with her friend, but her eyes were raised so that she looked up and out toward the great angel of light that shone bright in the richly colored tints away up in the chancel window.

" I can not see to read the lines," she said, " the light in the church is so dim."

CHAPTER IX.

" She is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

THE days turned to weeks, the weeks to months. The ice had moved out of the harbor, the slush from the streets, and winter

had retreated to the far north. Playful spring breezes, like children when school is out, chased each other and frolicked in glee. Out at Central Park the violets peeped forth curiously, while white May flowers trembled in innocent joy.

It was the last of April.

Park Policeman Number 138, in sober gray, watched a stoutly built, smooth-shaven man who walked very awkwardly: swinging one foot around and then forward, striking the heel to the ground in a measured way. The man carried a stout cane on which he leaned heavily at every step. Plainly dressed was this man, almost " seedy." His face showed intellect, but lines of care were gathering across the brow—the man was troubled. Not much perhaps—a little ☙ ☙

Park Policeman Number 138 saw all this, but he would never have seen the man at all had it not been for the strangely beautiful face of the girl who was holding the lame man's hand as they walked. She was a young woman, eighteen perhaps, modestly attired, but a form so slight, so slender, so shapely, that people turned and looked. And then the face—dark and lacking a little the fresh color of life's spring-time; the hair, nut-brown and all in ringlets ☙ ☙

" She is a most charming little creature, but it was the look out of her eyes that gave me such a start," said Number 138 to himself. " She gazed at me with her big, brown, open eyes—looked right at me but did not seem to be aware of me. I stepped aside to let them pass, and all the time those eyes looked straight ahead, right up, over and past me. There, I will follow them into the Art Museum," said the policeman.

He did so. This curious couple moved around hand in hand, talking in low tones. The man seemed to be describing the things that were on exhibition. They stopped before that grand painting at the top of the first stairway. The girl looked straight in front at one spot. The man's gaze wandered over the canvas from one

part to another, and he pointed with his hand to various figures as he described the scene to the girl. She said: "Yes, yes, I see, I see—how sublime!" But all the while the big, open, brown eyes were looking out straight in front.

They moved on and Number 138 lost them in the crowd.

The policeman leaned against the balustrade and mused to himself: "Such beautiful eyes, too! such innocence, such purity—her very soul looked forth—the eyes of a Madonna! But blind—blind!"

CHAPTER X.

"Of thee, my dear one, thee, who art ignorant of what thou art."

DULL and dense is that man who can not get a sweet delight in the cool and quiet of a great church on a week day. Outside there is the reverberating hum of city traffic; within, the light streams through colored windows, patterns the carpet, illumines the empty pews, and weaves delicate traceries where the beams cross in mid air. All is peace, rest; solemn, sweet, serene.

Miss Burtis was now giving her pupil an occasional lesson on the pipe organ. The great solemn church was a solace to the soul of this girl. Sweet, dreamy reveries carried her spirit far away as she played. The old stone church, with its heavy timbers, and gilded carvings, and blazoned windows, and majestic scutcheons, and fantastic beams she saw not, but she *felt* them all and more.

¶ She had a religion, had this blind girl, a very foolish, unreasonable religion, without logic or sequence, or plan. Grotesque, pathetic, perhaps, to those who knew better. But they let her keep it; even Mr. Burtis, trained theologian that he was, and knowing all about the science of holy things, did not see fit to show her the error of her way. There was a warmth of fancy in it, a spirituality of vision. She had many gods and deified things—gave souls to flowers and birds.

Her religion was a vague jumble of veneration and familiarity. An innocent commingling of the pagan and the Christian. She heard voices that others did not hear. She saw sights that never came to the eyes of others. Victim of darkness, yet from out this perpetual eclipse the soul looked forth. This bright, open, yet dead, look had in it a celestial intensity.

She was blind, but she beheld the invisible.

With the going out of the light from her eyes and the dawning of womanhood, had come a spiritual power that others could not fathom. Her friends were awed by her, just a little, for even in the highest love there may be found a trace of fear.

"She seems to stand on a summit and look off into infinity," Mr. Hillard once whispered to Mrs. Griggs. "It is the power of music that has wrought this change. Where will it end? I almost tremble."

Night, solitude, loneliness, ignorance, indigence, squalor, strife, hunger, cold, thirst—all the manifold misery of the city poor she knew naught of. Hard words, fierce passions, low thoughts, evil deeds—all passed her by and touched her not. She was ignorant of man but familiar with God.

Her soul was as pure as the crocus just born out of the snow. As she watered the thirsty flowers that grew in the window boxes she would caress each delicate petal and drink in the perfume as if feeding upon it. She talked to the buds and blossoms, and seemed to be holding communion with each tiny bursting leaf.

Can the blind see flowers?

She would sing and talk to herself, often oblivious of others who were in the room, for her dreams and her youth and her simplicity were all unconscious things, as things must be to be great and good. She was as unaware of what she was as the blossoms in the green box in the window.

Such was her love for flowers that Hillard sometimes took her over to a great greenhouse in Brooklyn, where an acquaintance

of his was in charge. They would stay for an hour, moving slowly up and down the long hallways where the plants were banked on either side. The blind girl would pass her hand over the delicate blossoms and caress the leaves. The touch of a person who could see might have broken the delicate stalks, but the hand of the blind girl never did. The proprietor took a delight in her presence, and when she departed there was always ready a basket of pansies, pinks, or roses, which was given to her.

" We can not come often if you give us flowers," she once said to the man

" Yes, but your being here more than pays for the few blossoms you carry away. I wish you would come every day. Few people appreciate beauty as you do! "

CHAPTER XI.

"A violet in the youth of primy nature."

THE " collecting trips " were now being made by Hillard with more frequency than formerly, but he very seldom brought in a five-dollar bill. " Times are scarce: the world owes me a living, and I must collect it," he exclaimed to Mrs. Griggs. The good woman thought he was collecting rents. He went from store to store, office to office, club to club. Sometimes he even accosted men whom he had never before seen, for the loan of a dollar. Those who had at first given him five dollars on request now gave him a quarter, and even Mr. White had handed fifty cents the last time he called.

Nearly every time he came home his breath was strong with the fumes of liquor. Occasionally he staggered, but he was generally aware of his condition and ashamed of it. At such times he pretended illness and tried to hide himself away in his room from the family. When he did not come home in the evening on time, Mrs.

Griggs would wait for him and often have to help him up the stairs and put him to bed.

Oh, the misery, the black depths of the misery of women who wait away the long hours of the night, watching and waiting for drunken men!

They are to be found in every hamlet, every village, every town, in every street, in every city. Women and innocent tender children are the real sufferers from strong drink. They are robbed of food, robbed of clothing, robbed of comfort, robbed of education, robbed of love, that saloon-keepers may thrive. The tears of these lonely, trembling women, who wait for the shuffling feet—their tears are an ocean. But even that ocean can not wash away the sins of those who sit in high places and thrive by the traffic in strong drink. The cries of suffering children fall on ears that are deaf; the prayers of the waiting and watching women ascend to a heaven that seems but brass, and they can only wring their work-worn hands and cry—How long, O Lord, how long!

Yet John Hillard knew his danger—he fought against it.

" There is only one way, Mother Griggs," he said to her one morning after one of those nights of shame. " Let Jimmy go with me whenever I leave this house and I will never drink another drop of the accursed stuff."

And so the next day the blind girl went with him on the " collecting tour " from office to office, from store to store, from bank to bank. He led her by the hand as they walked in and the busy clerks looked up in wonderment. The strange beauty of the girl won before a word was spoken. Hillard would leave her standing by the entrance, her eyes looking up and out into the distance. He would accost his man and say in a low voice, calling attention to the girl: " She is blind, I am giving her a musical education; she has great talent. I intend to send her to Paris for study. Will you loan me a dollar? "

Very rarely was he refused when the man he appealed to saw the

girl. One old gentleman who had known Hillard in his days of prosperity looked up from his desk and answered: "No, you have been here too often already. You should work."

" But the girl—look, she is standing there by the door—she is blind; I intend to send her to Europe to study music."

The old gentleman turned his eyes in the direction indicated. Then he adjusted his glasses and looked again: then he muttered slowly to himself, " Blind! blind! " as he thrust his hand in his pocket and gave a handful of small coin to Hillard without counting it

It was a generous pile of silver that was laid on Mother Griggs's table that night; all denominations from dimes to dollars.

Hillard was jubilant.

" I am going to take Jimmy to Paris to study. That is the city for music! " he exclaimed.

" But do all of those men we call on owe you? "

" Why, yes, of course, you do not think I would beg, do you? "

¶ He lighted his pipe and took down the violin, strumming it gently with his fingers.

" Paris! Paris! you shall be a great operatic star. The whole country shall yet come and lay their garlands at your feet. We will go to Paris and then come back here and take the country by storm. To Paris—to Paris! success, fame, wealth, honor! You shall have it all! "

CHAPTER XII.

" Oh, now for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content."

THE blind girl was to sing a solo at St. Cecelia's the next Sunday. The rector insisted on it.

" No member of our choir can approach her in sweetness of tone and the depth of feeling that she puts into her song."

The clergyman was sitting in Mrs. Griggs's little parlor. He often called now ❧ ❧

" So you think the girl has a fair voice, do you," asked Hillard, looking with a pleasant smile of satisfaction on his face. He was glad to see that she was receiving recognition. He glanced around at Maud and Mrs. Griggs as much as to say, " I told you so."

¶ " Voice! why it is an angelic voice. Our musical director will see that she is paid, too! "

" Oh, no difference about that. You must not count on her every Sunday though. Fact is Mr. Burtis, I think I will take her to Paris and have her study for the stage."

" What! Not for the stage? "

" Why, yes—opera you know."

" No, no, Mr. Hillard, she is too fine a character to ever brush against the world that way. She must only sing in a church. Why, no man could hear that voice without being the better for it—It is a sermon."

" As good as one of your sermons? "

There was a touch of cynicism in the tone.

" Yes, yes—a song from that girl will do as much good as one of my sermons. Come and hear both next Sunday and you shall judge." ❧ ❧

Hillard was coiling up a little strip of newspaper. He leaned over and lit it in the grate and applied the light to his pipe. He smiled as he held his head back and blew out a ring of smoke that floated across the room.

" To church, eh! If I have n't forgot what the inside of a church is I am a peppercorn—but I believe I will go just once."

The next day was Friday. Mr. Burtis came for the girl in the afternoon that she might go and rehearse her solo with the organ accompaniment ❧ ❧

" Tomorrow we are going to see the good man who has the conservatory. He has promised me two big bouquets, one for your

pulpit and one to place near me when I sing. He belongs to St. Cecelia's, you know," spoke the girl.

Hillard joked with the clergyman and renewed his promise to attend the services on Sunday.

After the clergyman and the girl had departed Hillard called to Mrs. Griggs who was at work in an adjoining room, " I say, Mother Griggs, I believe I will just go up there to the church now and see how things look. I can bring Jimmy back, it will save Mr. Burtis the trouble. He is very kind any way to take such an interest in the child."

Hillard put on his overcoat, picked up his cane, walked over to Broadway, and took a 'bus for 18th Street. He reached the church, and as he entered he heard the organ playing softly. The man had the true musician's ear. He stood just inside the door and listened —now soft, slow then louder and louder, until the place seemed filled with the swelling waves of harmony.

" There is music in a church organ after all," he said as he moved quietly to the nearest pew and seated himself, leaning against a pillar

The splendid height of the ceiling, the beautiful windows, the decorations—sombre brown and russet merging into gold, caught his eye, and he feasted the senses of sight and sound as the organ played

" She will sing better if she does not know I am here," he said. " I will wait—what a joke it is. She will begin soon—there, yes—that is the prelude. Now! "

" The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.—He maketh me to
lie down in green pastures,
He leadeth me, he leadeth me—by still waters."

It was that beautiful arrangement of the Twenty-third Psalm, the chant being set for a soprano voice. Clear, and sweet—not quite strong enough possibly to fill that great church, but there was rare feeling in that voice. Hillard closed his eyes and was

wafted on the wings of music on, and on, and on. He was in a state of half dreamy reverie. The organ had ceased, the beautiful voice was still, but the man sitting with closed eyes bowed his head and whispered: "The voice of an angel—the voice of an angel."

His eyes wandered once more across the vaulted dome beneath the chancel; he saw the great angel of light that seemed poised in the wealth of color in the great round window. He drank in the beauty of it all; that voice and the gentle swell of the organ still sounded in his ears. He was not aware that the music had ceased. His eyes ran across to the opposite side of the building, to the bottom of the stairway that ascended to the organ loft. He thought he heard voices in low conversation. He listened, he looked, yes, he could make out the figures standing close together. It was too dark to see clearly, but that instant a rift of rosy light came streaming in from the great angel poised in the chancel window. Hillard saw—what? The clergyman holding the blind girl in his arms. Her hands were caressing his head, his neck, his face. A passing cloud cut off the ray of ruby light—darkness.

Hillard shuddered, dropped to the floor and crawled on hands and knees out through the noiseless, swinging door. Once outside of the church he stamped off the snow, loudly cleared his throat, struck his cane awkwardly against the casement—walked in.

¶ "How kind of you to come for me," said the girl, as she stood while Mr. Burtis assisted her on with her coat.

"You should have been here sooner and heard the solo," cheerily spoke the young rector.

"Yes, I should have come sooner."

"Why, how cold your hand is! Your voice does not sound right," said the girl. "You are not sick?"

"No, no, the air is chill."

CHAPTER XIII.

"Last scene of all, that ends this strauge, eventful history. . . "

AT supper that evening Hillard was more attentive than usual to the wants of the blind girl. He tried to joke and laugh, but his mirth was not infectious. His eyes were bloodshot; he ate scarcely anything. After supper he even forgot his pipe. He paced the room and then he took down the violin and improvised for an hour with closed eyes. He imitated the rising gale, the hurrying sleet, the howling of the wind; the storm without was only expressing the storm within.

He followed Mrs. Griggs into the little kitchen and frightened her by his wild manner.

" Lock the door tonight so I can not go out; it is death if I do. Do not let me leave this house alone," he exclaimed in a voice hoarse and guttural.

The woman heard him pacing the floor long after all the family had gone to bed, then she heard the shrill notes of the violin. Finally the playing died away in sweetest harmony.

Morning came. Hillard was calm.

The snow was falling in frosty flakes; it was too cold to snow hard. The network of wires was filled with the white mounds that massed themselves in fantastic forms.

" It will be Christmas in a week, and what ideal winter weather," said Hillard to Mrs. Griggs as he peered out of the window.

" But we will go to Brooklyn even if it is cold. You know the flowers the good man promised me for tomorrow? "

" Oh yes, we will go this afternoon just the same. We are not afraid of storms," said Hillard to the blind girl.

The generous gardener was even more gracious than usual. He feared they would not come—it was so stormy. And the solo at St. Cecelia's—yes, he and his wife had talked of little else for a week. Of course they would be there. The roses he had placed in

the basket must be kept covered. Tea roses, Jacqueminots, and then the yellows and whites. What difference—the blind girl knew the colors of each and would arrange them harmoniously to suit herself. " No one who can see with their eyes gets a greater delight from flowers than you," added the man.

" They *do* speak to me. If I sing well tomorrow it will be because the flowers helped me," said the girl, as she took up the basket. Hillard muffled the wraps carefully around her neck. The beautiful young woman was in the best of spirits—there was a suggestion of roses in her cheeks as if the glow had been caught from the roses in the basket. They started for the ferry arm in arm

The gathering gloom of the winter night was coming on.

" How thankful I am that I was born poor—to have lived hardly—to have endured; God is good—one needs very little. Would it be very wicked for me to be glad that you are poor so I can help you? You who have done so much for me—I might have died in the storm on that night when you found and befriended me away out in Indiana. But I will pay you all back, I know I can. Just to think! they are going to give me five dollars for singing tomorrow, and soon I will be in the choir every Sunday. Mr. Burtis says it will make people better just to hear little me sing. It does not seem possible, but he says so, so it must be so—"

¶ " Mr. Burtis—yes—he says so—"

Hillard was making a mighty struggle to be calm. He succeeded so far as voice was concerned, save that he spoke very slowly. He continued in a low tone:

" Mr. Burtis, yes—he is good. He is respected—he receives a large salary—he has many influential friends—you love him, do you not? "

" Yes, yes, I love him. I was going to tell you all about it, but you have guessed it. Are you not pleased to think that your poor little waif should be loved by a great and good man? And he loves no

other woman but me. He never loved any woman until he saw me. Are you not glad? To be blind and to be loved, what happier fate? "

"And—and some day you will be—be married?"

"Why, yes, of course, some day. In a year—if you are willing—in a year."

Hillard looked into those sightless eyes: the stillness of eternity brooded there. They were clear as truth: as though her soul was keeping sabbath within and angels conducting the service. They had reached the ferry.

Hillard had left the girl in the woman's waiting-room and walked in through. He stood at the glass door and looked out at the driving storm. This door was locked, except to allow passengers to go in and out when the ferry boats come into the slip.

The man on guard came in past Hillard to speak to some one at the ticket office. He left the door ajar. It was only an instant. Hillard saw that the chain which ran across the front of the dock was down; a boat was momentarily expected.

Hastily he turned to the girl, took her basket of flowers, and said: "Come, Jimmy, we will cross the river."

"Is the boat here? I did not hear it come in."

"Yes, be quick—take my hand, come! Look, the stars are coming out—the clouds are drifting away. Hold my hand close and look up, and then you will see what I see."

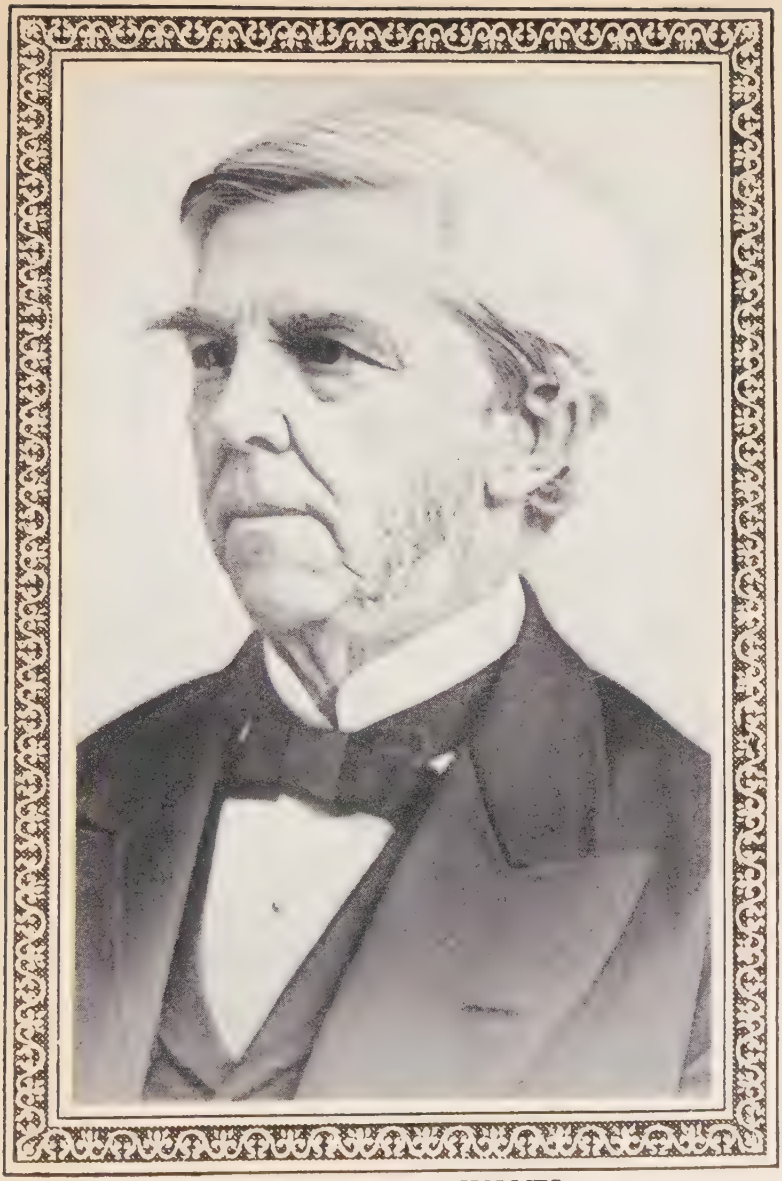
The man's face was looking upward, and the gaze was fixed out into the night. The girl's eyes were also upturned; straight ahead they walked, hand close pressed in hand. They were approaching the edge of the dock, five steps from the brink—four—three—two—one—! !

The guard came back.

"I thought I heard a woman scream," he muttered to himself; "it must have been only the wind sighing through the shrouds of yonder ship."

He took his lantern, and holding it over the dock, peered down into the water ten feet below.

"Flowers—flowers at this time of the year, and floating in the water! I have seen flowers in gardens, flowers at banquets, flowers at weddings, flowers on graves—ah—there is the boat now she must have been blocked by the ice."



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

FORBES OF HARVARD

INTRODUCTION

THE sad passing away of Col. Arthur Ripley Forbes, by the sinking of the steamship *Titania,* in the English Channel, has placed in my hands, as Executor, a large mass of correspondence. Many of the letters possessing a certain literary value, I have been given permission by the heirs to publish such of the communications as I thought proper. ¶ Out of this epistolary aggregation of gossip, business, philosophy, friendship and love, certain letters have been selected, and by arranging them chronologically they tell their own story. ¶ I trust that those who read this simple record of loyal friendship, will get at least a portion of the pleasure out of its perusal that has been derived from the pleasant task of arranging the facts in order.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

Forbes of Harvard

NUMBER I.

MARIE MEREDITH, SPINSTER, TO ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES.

Mr. Forbes, having been advised by his physician to quit college on account of his health, follows the advice; but financial necessities compel him to accept a position as school teacher. His plans frustrated.

Concord, Mass., April 3, 1851

Dear Arthur Ripley Forbes:—

WE have heard of people who left their country for their country's good; and I am sure that many people could confer a great blessing on their towns-people by moving " away off "—wherever that is. Dr. Peabody has advised you to pack up your scanty earthly effects, and stand not on the order of your going, but go at once. And still, last week I heard that instead of following his advice, for which he probably charged you two dollars, you have agreed to teach the Lexington school. You are to begin your work next Monday, by ringing the bell promptly at nine o'clock. Then you are to live in the dust raised by the shuffling feet of fifty boys—breathing the hot, stifling atmosphere polluted by the individual family perfume of a score of the first families, some of whom go swimming in warm weather we will admit. Do not forget that I have taught in the same school myself and know the opportunities for ventilation. Why, if you raise a sash just a wee bit, it makes such a draft that the books get sucked right through the window.

So you are going to teach the Lexington school, are you, Arthur Ripley Forbes? Well, not exactly, Mr. Forbes! I have written them that you have changed your mind, gotten the Pike's Peak

fever, and would start tomorrow. And so in this letter I enclose you a New York draft, which I bought in Boston to-day for $326.25; and, in addition, I send a railroad ticket to New York, which must be used within forty-eight hours.

Where did I get the money? None of your business, Mr. Forbes; I did not give it out of my own personal pocket, you may be sure. Neither did I steal it. But I want you to leave this place at once and go straight to Pike's Peak. Leave Concord for Concord's good, that you may come back a well and strong man. It is a long hard trip, I know; but it will not kill you, and we do not want you to stay here. I am sick and tired of going to a funeral every week—the mortality rate is getting altogether too high in Middlesex County.

Yours earnestly,

MARIE MEREDITH

P. S. Start to-morrow, Arthur; only your mother and I will be at the station to see you off, and there will be no fuss. The money was given by lots of folks who love you well.

Take the morning train into Boston and you can catch the express for Springfield.

NUMBER II.

MR. FORBES TO MISS MEREDITH.

The advice followed.

Concord, April 3, 1851.—8 P. M.

Dear Aunt Marie:—

I have decided to start for the Far West to-morrow.

Yours truly,

A. R. FORBES

NUMBER III.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

Mr. Forbes' former room-mate writes a breezy letter, full of affection, hope and good cheer.

Hollis 19, Cambridge, April 3, 1851

Dear Old Chum:—

SINCE you left here, three weeks ago, the weather has been decidedly cloudy; and once or twice, when I glanced over at your little bed in the corner and saw how nice and smooth and white the covers were, it looked like rain. But they have put a new man in with me now: Bridges of Albany, perhaps you remember him. A good enough sort of fellow, but he is not Arthur Ripley—my Arthur—tall, slender, sad and mirthful by turn, who could floor any man in the hall, collar and elbow; and then do as much for the professor in psychology — my Arthur, who wrote the thesis for Reddy Smith, because the boy's mother died and he was so broke up that his red head would not work; and who wrote a better thesis than he intended to, so that it took the Bowdoin prize of fifty dollars, and set a pace so rapid for the genial Reddy, that he could never approach his record, and has lived in suspicion ever since! Never mind, old man; you did not mean to do it, did you? ❧ ❧

In the Latin class we had a high old time last week. You remember Professor R——generally brings his big Newfoundland, and the dog takes a quiet nap while the professor gives his lecture. Well, young Larkin brought a dog, too—a bull terrier, with a collar and chain. When the lecture was about half over we heard that chain rattle, and the next instant the terrier was on the platform and had the Newfoundland by the neck. The big dog gave a yelp, and then they went at it. They upset the globe, and

an easel with a blackboard on it, and then the dogs fought under the benches and all over the room before we could get 'em separated. The following day there was a sign on the door, " Positively no dogs allowed in Class Rooms." At the next lecture given by Professor R—, in walked six Seniors, each leading a cat by a chain.

¶ That last hemorrhage you had scared us all, and I am inclined to think, now, that if you had stayed here, it would have been just as well—provided you would have been willing to go slow, and not make yourself a pack-horse for every poor fellow who cannot pass his " zam " or pay his board.

I am sure it is not phthisis: your lungs are not affected, for you had a great appetite and only coughed a little, and that in the mornings

But now I hear that you are going to Pike's Peak—well, that is great—pick up all the nuggets you can, and don't forget to send a basket around to Hollis for the boys who swear by Arthur Ripley Forbes.

" Gawd bless you, me che-ild! " Write us a letter once in a while, such as only you can pen, and I will read it at the Phi Beta Kappa. How the boys will applaud!

Ever and always,

JACK

NUMBER IV.

HEZEKIAH PENNAWORTH TO EDMUND HOSMER.

A letter to an old resident of Concord. Another student has something to say—somewhat stilted and pedantic, perhaps; but gives his version of an extraordinary occurrence. "It all depends upon the point of view."

DEPARTMENT OF DIVINITY, HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

Cambridge, April 6, 1851

My Dear Sir:—

I have a peculiar respect for your quiet village on account of its historical connections, but I feel it my duty now to relate to you a little experience which I had a few days ago, that has placed me in a most embarrassing position. All brought about by an eccentric female purporting to reside in your village. I had the honor of leading the chapel exercises on the morning in question, and would not have been imposed on as I was, had it not been that this female brought me a letter from Ralph Waldo Emerson; for whom, you know, I have a strong personal regard, although I must here say his philosophy is most mystical (if I may use the expression)—dangerous—tending to unseat the moral convictions of even those who have grown to years of discretion, to say nothing of its bad effect on the growing minds of the young. ¶ As I hope soon to be an instructor in Harvard, I must contradict the imputation that has been put forth by persons evilly disposed, that these peculiar, insidious ideas (if I may be allowed the expression) were acquired in this institution of learning. For while Harvard College is most liberal in all things, giving to every man a perfect right to think for himself, yet, in our imparting instruction, we know where to draw the line between liberal Christianity and that Germanic imported thing, which they are pleased

to call " Christian Rationalism;" which, my dear brother, you must admit, is neither Christian or Rational (if I may be allowed to use the comparison).

Mr. Emerson is an alumnus of this college, and I have for him, personally, a great affection (which remark does not imply that I endorse any of his so-called philosophy). So, when the female presented herself in College Chapel yesterday, with a letter from Mr. Emerson, introducing her and speaking of her most highly, I at once, unthinkingly, granted her request to say a few words to the men before they were dismissed.

She wore a most peculiar bonnet of large dimensions, with wicked intent, I now believe, of making me think she was a Quakeress; and as you know the women of this sect are often given to public speaking, setting aside the words of St. Paul, " suffer not a woman to teach," I the more readily assented, as our college is most liberal in all things. Her manner was most brusque and assertive. In fact, she rather demanded permission to speak than asked it, and you well know that no Christian gentleman can afford to get into a disputation with a female—their talk never being of a logical order; always without sequence and lacking synthetic quality. So I have made it a rule, in the past, to allow them to have their own way. I make this excuse for not appealing to *Argumentum Baculinum* and ejecting the intruder at once. In fact, my warm sympathetic nature may cause me to lose my prospective position here, and certainly it has already brought upon me much obloquy. I was about to dismiss the congregation with the benediction, when this woman presented herself, carrying a large basket on one arm, and an umbrella, tied about with a strip of cotton cloth. She set her basket on the platform, and at once began to speak of the sympathy which should exist between man and man; that, if a worthy man needed help, all others, who had it in their power to do so, should be thankful for the privilege of assisting him. The boys in the back part of the

chapel began to applaud (a thing which should never occur in a house set apart for sacred worship). Several Methodists among the pupils shouted " Amen "—or words to that effect—and this only encouraged the female, who spake the louder and faster; and several times, by way of emphasis, she smote the sacred desk with her umbrella. One of the Freshmen requested her to hit it again, which caused the unruly to applaud the more.

She then told of how a student of this college had tuberculosis, or at least was threatened with it, or some bronchitic affection—of how he supported his mother, and had given money to other students more needy than himself—and now, when he was so reduced, physically, that he could no longer follow his studies, he found himself penniless, and proposed to go to teaching school. " If he is allowed to do this," she continued, " he will die in a month; but if the money can be raised to send him away to Pike's Peak, he will probably recover." She wound up her harangue with, " The name of the young man is Arthur Ripley Forbes, '52."

¶ Of course all the boys know Forbes—the tallest man in the school—and before the old woman had gotten the words out of her mouth they sent up a most disagreeable shout; and this woman ordered four men on the front seat to pass the hats, for she wanted three hundred dollars for Forbes within ten minutes. Everybody seemed to lose his head—I put in a dollar before I thought. Those who had left their purses at home borrowed of others, and I am sure she got over three hundred dollars. She did not wait to count the money or thank me for the use of the platform, nor to hear the benediction, but away she went with the money tied up in a big red handkerchief; her basket on one arm and her umbrella over her shoulder. It seems she came in an old chaise drawn by a white horse. She left this horse standing on Quincy Street in care of a Sophomore, to whom she beckoned, and calling him to her, addressed him most disrespectfully thus: " Sonny, hold this horse until I come back."

After thinking the matter over, I am fully convinced that we have been imposed upon.

There is no guarantee that this woman will ever use the money for Mr. Forbes; and I do not think she had any authority from him to make the appeal in his behalf. If Mr. Forbes needed our assistance, it would have been more proper for him to have laid the matter before the Faculty, so it could have been considered by the Finance Committee.

In justice to Mr. Forbes (for we are a liberal institution and would not wrong any man), I must say he was always a fairly good student; although he could never win a diploma, *Magna Cum Lauda* ☙ ☙

I do not want to say anything against him; but several times he has been caught in the act of assisting dull students in their examinations, and once he put eleven frogs in my desk so that they hopped out the next morning when I opened the drawer—causing me a severe nervous shock. He afterwards explained that the frogs were only placed there temporarily, being designed for the Department of Natural History, so I forgave the offense. ¶ I do not think he is threatened with tuberculosis; he had, I believe, a slight cough, not much more than a clearing of the throat—a habit, I should say—and the last few days he was here he had more color in his cheeks than any who sat near him. And then he has a splendid physique—tall and erect.

This may be merely a designing scheme of Forbes to excite the sympathy of Christian people—his plan being to divide the spoils with the female I have spoken of—or she may be acting alone. At any rate, I desire you, as my friend, to thoroughly sift the matter; and, if the law has been transgressed, I hope you will bring the offender to justice—let the blow fall where it will.

Believe me, I am, dear sir,

Your most obedient servant,

HEZEKIAH PENNAWORTH

P. S. I must add that Mr. Emerson is not blameless in this matter; having been the cause of this female speaking from the platform in College Chapel—no woman ever having spoken there before. Her smiting of the sacred desk with the umbrella, and the riotous applause, being most unseemly—all of which may make me serious trouble if the Faculty see fit to act upon it.

H. P.

NUMBER V.

MR. EDMUND HOSMER TO REV. HEZEKIAH PENNAWORTH.

Mr. Edmund Hosmer assures Mr. Pennaworth that Miss Meredith is a worthy person, and gives an interesting fact concerning her.

Concord, Mass., April 7, 1851

My Dear Sir:—

Your letter received. The only woman I know, who is capable of the conduct you detail, is Miss Marie Meredith, a maiden-lady of this village. While somewhat eccentric, she is a most excellent person in every respect, and has the confidence of all good people in this community. Her name should live in history, as she enjoys the distinction of being the first woman principal of a public school ever employed in this capacity in Massachusetts.

Any funds you have placed in the hands of Miss Meredith, I am sure, will be wisely and properly used.

Respectfully yours,

EDMUND HOSMER

NUMBER VI.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

A glimpse of that fine feeling of affection, so often found among college students. The other side of that strange procedure. What Pennaworth lacks in humor Holworthy seems to make up. A suggestive postscript.

Hollis 19, Cambridge, Mass., April 7, 1851

Dear Old Chum:—

I have n't much time to write, but I will send this to Buffalo at a venture, as I hear you will stay there and at Niagara Falls a day or so ☙ ☙

That pain in your side is nothing, dear boy; I have it myself, sometimes. And those night sweats, I know they make you weak; but what does a fellow deserve who goes around tutoring, and then sits up half the night getting his own lessons. New sights and new scenes, with fresh air, will fix the old man up in good shape soon; and when he comes back we will meet him in the outskirts with a carriage. We will unloose the horses, and a hundred men will get hold of the rope and pull him over to Harvard Square in state; we will have a banquet, and the old man will make so good a speech, as usual, that it will leave nothing for the rest to say.

The big debate, I told you of, comes off soon, and I have been named as one of the speakers.

Great excitement last week; something never known in old Harvard before. I 'll let you guess four times; yes, ten—a hundred. No! you are wrong. A woman made a speech in College Chapel, and the boys applauded so that they cracked two of the memorial windows; and the bust of old Quincy frowned and called, "Order!" Fact! I hope to never! And who was the woman? Give you

twelve times to guess. Give it up? Well, it was Aunt Marie Meredith; and Choate could not match her, if she would only take the platform. I was so interested in what she was saying, I forgot the old woman; but I know she was wonderfully eloquent.

¶ Well, I was going to tell you: Serious Penny, the Theolog, had charge of the chapel service that morning, and Aunt Marie just edged him off the platform and began her little speech. It was only about five minutes long—something about the brotherhood of man. It would not interest you, anyway; but it touched several of the boys so that they mopped, and Bridges got something in his eye and blew his nose on his coat tail. Some of the boys have got up a sham petition to present to the Faculty because they say Penny invited a woman to preach in College Chapel, and they want him bounced for treason in trying to have an old woman president in place of Sparks. Penny has written a long letter to Sparks, explaining that Aunt Marie got under way before he could get his breath, and the end is not yet.

¶ Since the Baptists gave it up, Aunt Marie is preaching, every Sunday afternoon, at the little red school-house over by the Pond. Not much science in her homiletics, I guess; but she gives it to 'em straight as to how people should live. They say the folks around there turn out great to hear her—lots of them never inside a church, I suppose.

We had quite a scare, the other day, when we saw a big red printed card on the pump, out in front of Hollis, reading—" The water in this well has been analyzed by the Board of Health and found unfit for use." The sign stayed there all day, as everybody thought it was all straight. The Faculty sent for the Secretary of the Board of Health, and gave him a great going-over; but it turned out that some of the boys had stolen the sign off from a pump over in Boston, and tacked it on ours. Bridges had not been feeling well for a day or so, and when we saw the sign he said he always knew the water in that well was " pizen."

Bridges is a fine fellow, but he ain't my Arthur of the Round Table ❧ ❧

Eat all you can, old man; and remember, I will divide my last crust with you—although, you old rascal, you never would accept "nothing from nobody" when here. But I hope your proud spirit will get broken, so that you will write and ask me for something. I want to send you something, or do something for you, and here all I can send is my love.

Bridges says he will tumble out and give you back your bed whenever you want it, which I hope will be soon. Rah, Rah, Rah, Fifty-two, Staunch and True, Rah, Rah, Rah, H-A-R-V-A-R-D. ¶ God bless you, old man! Don't forget the nuggets when you get to Pike's Peak. You always got the nuggets (of wisdom) here, you surely will not miss them there.

JACK

P.S. Was up to Concord Sunday. Our stately Minerva—what 's her name? the tall Iris that lives with the Alcotts—asked if I I miss you. *Do* I miss you, old chum?

❧

NUMBER VII.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO MISS MARIE MEREDITH.

Mr. Forbes writes to the woman who is "aunt" to the whole community. The journey described. Despair veiled in lightsome, playful vein. A modern Mercutio. "A deal more kindness in the world than is ever spoken."

Mansion House, Buffalo, N. Y., April 8, 1851

Dear Aunt Marie:—

Thus far am I on my journey. I have followed your orders about not drawing on my vitality by writing letters, but today I am

quite in the mood. You know I have always respected your whim about disliking to shake hands; but that other whim, that you do not want to be thanked, I will now defy. Here am I, twenty-four years old last December—twenty-first day, two o'clock in the morning—six feet three, weight one hundred and fifty-five, and not a dollar in the wide world but what you have given me. You paid my tuition at Harvard besides; although no one knows it. So I am under obligation to you, not only for the dollars I have, but for the ideas I possess, as well.

In interpreting the parable of the talents, you know, Deacon Peepson always gives it the pure Connecticut bias. Why do you not learn at the feet of Deacon Peepson: increase your dollars, instead of bestowing them on young men of very hazy prospects, or loaning them to older ones with future still more obscure? I really believe you have given the dear old wood-sawing philosopher a hundred dollars the past year; and it makes me smile audibly, when I think how careful he always is to issue his note for these favors. Yet, if Louisa turns out to be half what you prophesy, it will all come back to you, with usurious interest, in the shape of satisfaction. Satisfaction is not quoted as a negotiable security on Milk Street, but I rather think that happiness is transferable after all; and all you want it for, you selfish old maid, is to give it away. But to return to your finances: although I can not manage my own, should that hinder me from giving you advice about yours? Perish the thought!

Well, your money is all in the mill stock, which pays you a fair rate of interest, yet it may not always pay; so I would advise you to save up for your old age. Let me see!—my old aunt is sixty-one; but, pshaw! I forgot, it is not years that make people old! My dear aunt was never any younger, nor will she ever be any older, than she is now.

Although the frosts of sixty-one winters have whitened her hair a trifle, yet she is the same scolding, loving, working, praying,

laughing, scoffing, tender-hearted heretic that she always was. I set out, in this letter, to thank her for all she has bestowed on me, in the way of admonition, intellectual fly-blister, tender love, rebuke, and coin of the realm; but, now that I try it, a big lump comes in my throat and I can not see the lines on the paper. I chew my penholder, and do not know what to say that will not be thrown back to me; and so, in despair, I give it up, and say, God knows! And my Aunt Marie, living so close to Him, in her cottage with her cat, under the pines, the lilacs in the yard, and the lines of box-wood and gooseberry bushes in the garden, and the rose bush climbing over the door, and the Masketequid flowing lazily by—surely, she knows, too.

To him that hath shall be given. Did ever unworthy mortal have such friends as have been given to me? Every one seems to know it, and they try to outdo the friends at home. But if they were wise they would give up in despair. Coming here from Albany, the conductor made up a bunk in the express car, with a pile of mail bags for a mattress, and the brakeman contributed a big overcoat (that smelled very strongly of tobacco); and these, with the new quilt you gave me, made a very comfortable bed. I slept well, and dreamed of fishing in Walden Lake and catching a Harvard diploma without honors. I am fully persuaded that if I ever get a Harvard diploma, it will be in that way.

In the morning, when I got up, the express messenger wanted to divide his lunch with me. He sorted mail, and flung the letters with a dextrous twist right and left, high and low, always in the right box, and gave me his family history at the same time. When I started to go, I thanked him for his kindness and told him I was glad of the privilege of riding in the baggage car, for I expected to come back that way. He stopped his flinging the letters and said, with something that sounded very much like a swear word: " Now, you there, pard, let up on that; don't you lose your nerve! Why, you only have a bad cold; that 's what

makes your side ache. When you get to Buffalo, if you will go with me, my old mother will fix you up a dose that will make a man of you." One of the great disadvantages of being a semi-invalid is, that we have to listen to all the good people who have had exactly the same experience that we have. I already have a note-book nearly filled with recipes, all of which are warranted to cure me. One old lady on the train, who, in a high conversational soprano, told the entire car about her son in Ohio, whom she was going to visit, leaned over the aisle and said to me: " La me! Young man, you look as if you was going inter the consumption! Our neighbor Smith's hired man did n't look half so bad as you, and he died right in his cheer. What! You ain't travellin' alone, be you? Dear me! You must take some of my elderberry wine to wunst."

Mr. Emerson always told us, you know, that there was a deal more kindness in the world than was ever spoken; and surely mankind are not so bad, after all! If we always had the power to touch the unseen spring, how the heart would open and sympathy and affection step forth!

You will be glad to know that my appetite is good, and that I have dozed and day-dreamed and been really happy. Can I ever repay the dear ones who have shown such lavish kindness? No, I can not; but I believe that somewhere and somehow, there is a something that will reward you all. Above the feebleness of man is God.

Does it not seem a little queer, that I, who, two years ago, was the most active and strongest man in my class, should now wear a shawl, and pipe in falsetto?—strong in every part save one. If the king pin of a wagon breaks, we put in another. Does the tire come off, we put it on. If a spoke breaks, we replace it. But when one part of a man's body gives out, we—deed him real estate, two by six, pass resolutions and write his obituary.

I leave for Chicago tomorrow—then to St. Louis, and from there

the work really begins. Overland in a prairie schooner, I suppose; which I have heard of, but never seen. Two years ago I would have gloried in the prospect. I am a savage at heart, and always had a desire to live in the open air—to return to nature and be her child, resting on her breast and having her gentle voice sing me to sleep and her bounty feed me when awake. But now it is all so close at hand, I shrink from the prospect. It quite took my strength to walk up two flights of stairs today; but here is consolation—if I fail, I will not be the first. There are more on the other side of the Styx than here. My friend, the expressman, will handle the mail more gently when he reads the name on the wooden box. He will tiptoe across the car and say to the brakeman, " D—you, Jim, don't you swear in here! " as he points to the corner. And he will forget, that morning, to open the sliding door and wave at the girls in the farm-house, as the train goes whirling by. And then there is rest—sweet rest! I do so sigh for rest. Sleepy Hollow, over the hills, with its sighing pines and great rocks, and the quiet where my father sleeps. So, whether it is this way or that, I am content.

With great love I am, most sincerely, your

ARTHUR

NUMBER VIII.

ARTHUR R. FORBES TO JOHN HOLWORTHY.

Another letter from Forbes. He adapts his style to the correspondent. Chicago peculiarities. What did Aunt Marie talk about? One of three things will happen to him. Which will it be? A postscript.

My Dear Old Chum:— Chicago, April 11, 1851

This is the most active, bustling place you ever heard of. It seems to be filled with young men from the East.

In Boston you go into a business house, ask for " the head of the firm," and you are shown into the private office of a white-whiskered old patriarch, who patronizingly freezes you by saying, " Ah! Now, my son—well, what can I do for you today? " You are looked upon as a mendicant. I would rather face an audience in Faneuil Hall than approach one of those gods of coffee, sugar and pork, on Long Wharf. But here it is all changed: the head of the house in Chicago is a smart young fellow, shrewd, clear-headed, ready. He reaches out his hand whether he has ever seen you before or not, tosses your letters of introduction into a corner, unread, slaps you on the back and says, " Well, old boy, how do you like the glorious West? " And you are old friends in half a minute.

Lots of Harvard men here, and everybody but me is on the go. Options, corner lots, job lots, foot front, bargains, and "sure thing " contracts is what one hears. No time for gossip. " Glad to see you! Let's take something! Well, come around tomorrow," and my hand is wrung and off he flies after " a deal." Just what a deal is, I have not yet learned; but it must be a very attractive sort of animal: if I secure one, I will stuff it and send it to you for the Peabody Museum.

If I had a tithe of my old-time ambition, I would " squat " here and make my fortune. As it is, I have almost caught the spirit, and today bolted my dinner in five minutes, giving the waiter a quarter and telling him to " move lively." Then I got up from the table with a quarter section of pie in my hand, eating as I walked. It must be a very healthful place, too; for we had three kinds of climate today in twenty minutes. But even this does not tempt me to stay and become a " hustler." The clear type of the genus hustler goes on voyages of conquest and discovery into other men's pockets. His counting-room is his church; his desk his pew; his ledger his Bible; his god is gold, and credit his faith. Nature sacrifices the man to complete the work.

I got your *billet-doux* at Buffaloux, and of course was much pleased to hear from my old chum. My regards to Bridges, and tell him to sleep in the bed in peace: I shall never want it. I am going to do one of three things:

1. Be planted deep on the prairie.
2. Wear a wooden overcoat, with a tab on, reading:

With Care.
To the Sexton of Sleepy Hollow,
Concord,
Middlesex Co. *Mass.*

3. Live my life, secure a good name, and get rich in the wild West ☙ ☙

The turning point between No. 1 and No. 2 lies in the possibility of there being found money enough, in the lining of my vest, to pay expenses back on the box. A request to this effect is now neatly folded in my pocket-book.

At night, when I go to bed, I feel so tired I am sure it will be No. 1. When I get up in the morning I am positive it will be No. 2. After I get my breakfast and move around a little, I try to bluff Arthur Ripley Forbes into a bet that it will be No. 3; and so it goes, each day.

What you told me about Aunt Marie and College Chapel, made me forget my side-ache and laugh aloud. I am not surprised, for she is equal to almost anything; but what did she talk about? Admittance of girls to Harvard, I suppose. Well, the boys won't object. Give Stoughton up to the dear creatures, have a dancing platform out in front of Gore and get out the catgut and horse-hair. Ah, excuse me—I will take that back. I have decided to return to Harvard, and after graduating I propose to return as a Post-Graduate. I may become a grind—who knows!—and go to school indefinitely, as they do at Heidelberg. Don't fool yourself, old chum: If by any miracle the girls should get into Harvard, they will make you fellows brighten up your wits. You don't

believe this, and old Jared Sparks would call it idiotic drivel and pluck me for being an ass; but Balaam's ass knew a thing or two. You hear me, you grinning monkey? Well, laugh away; it 's so, just the same.

The presence of women in a lecture room would work a change in the manners of professors, for one thing. You have noticed that when a Harvard professor reads his lecture, he often seats himself in a chair and sprawls over the table like a devil-fish seeking its prey.

If he is not confined to his manuscript, he may lean back and endeavor to balance his weight on one leg of the chair; his hands are in his pockets up to his elbows, and often one foot is on the table. The students forget the theme to watch the gyrations, and all pray hard that the Prof. will take a tumble. You remember old Doctor Hardhead, who gave the course in Geology, used to lecture resting one foot in a seat; and in the pause that marked the exit of one thought and the coming of another, instead of scratching his head for inspiration as some of us do, he would scratch various portions of his anatomy as the notion struck him, and we would lay bets as to what part he would scratch next. And then there was that man in English, who lectured sitting astride of a chair, using the back for an abdominal supporter. Occasionally he would turn his head and spit, which you must admit was much better than to spit straight ahead at the audience.

Well, the point I would make is, that any man who speaks to an audience composed in part of women will take the attitude that is respectful and which is proper for a speaker. He will then be teaching manners as well as his regular subject; and manners must never be left out of a college curriculum.

But about Aunt Marie: if she should show up at college again, and any of the boys happen to treat her disrespectfully, I will trust to you, Jack, to catch him on the point of the jaw with your left. If he does not apologize, see that he is well ducked in Charles

River—you can easily get enough help. But I guess that will not be necessary; the boys will all recognize her goodness under the big bonnet, vintage of '23. Yet there are very few that understand her at all. I think I know her greatness better than any one else. ¶ To tell you confidentially, Jack, I could not have made this trip if it had not been for her. She got the money somewhere, she would not tell how; going around, I suppose, among the neighbors and over to Malden—and she would tackle a few in Boston, too. Thoreau would help her, for he has not much else to do, and Alcott would borrow a dollar to put in. Never mind; they are a queer lot, ain't they, Jack? But even though we do make sport of them, we know their virtues, and here 's to all those who love those that we love.

Hoping you will pass 100 in your Greek, I am,

Ever yours,

ARTHUR

P. S. The young woman that you spoke of at Alcott's is Miss Honor Harold. I saw her several times at the Lyceum—hardly thought she would remember me. A. R. F.

NUMBER IX.

ARTHUR R. FORBES TO MRS. PRUDENCE FORBES.

Son to mother. As requested, describes his symptoms. The mother-love given back with interest. " Thoreau and Holworthy will look after your needs, come what may."

Sherman House, Chicago, April 12, 1851

My Dear Mother:—

You see I am one thousand miles from you; but I love you just as much as if I were writing this in our sitting-room, and you were in the kitchen, and the door between was open, and you were busy at your work, singing, " Jesus, lover of my soul, let me

to Thy bosom fly." I think you would not stay long here if you could not sing. They say that soldiers, on the march, sing; and they sing when going into battle. Shepherds sing away the long hours of the day or night. And you know the first chorus was formed in the country: in fact the word chorus means country. In the country it is sometimes lonely and so "God send his singers." ❧ ❧

I am sure my good old mother gets much of her courage, fortitude and patience through her song. It sort of puts her into close relationship with the "Over-soul," and she feels she is not alone; that God is near, and what cares she, though the north winds blow, and her big boy has gone off to make his fortune and get strong! ❧ ❧

You were so anxious to have me write exactly how I felt, and about the cough, that I will comply, lest you be grieved that I do not follow my good mother's orders. Well, firstly, I do not cough quite so much, but I lay abed this morning quite a while, dreading to get up, knowing the coughing would begin as soon as I stood on my feet. I have used nearly all the boneset you gave me, and have some of the cold hop tea on the chair near my bed, so I can reach out and get it when my throat gets dry and parched, in the night ❧ ❧

The shooting pains through my left shoulder-blade are not so bad, but I still have those awful dreams. You know I have my father's spirit, and fear nothing in the day-time, but the instant I fall asleep those black, leering forms come up, and I often awaken with a start, all in a cold sweat, and lie awake hours, conjugating the Greek verb up and back, down and across, before I can go to sleep again.

It looks as if nature was afraid to sleep lest she forget to waken; and so, last night, I got up and dressed, put on my overcoat, and sat looking out of the window for two hours: watching the stars—and one big yellow star, in particular, which was right off over

old Middlesex County. I listened to the echoing feet of the belated travelers and the watchmen, as they trod the pavement beneath my window. By and by the milk wagons began to rattle through the streets; the stars stole to rest, and then away off in the direction of Boston, great red streaks shot up, until the whole eastern sky was aglow. The light always comes from the east, you know. Then I undressed and went to bed, and slept pretty nearly as well as I used to, up in our little garret. I dreamed that that big light in the east would have forgotten to appear, had I not watched for it. Now, I wonder, after all, would the sun come up just the same if I should go hence?

Despair seems to clasp me in his leaden arms, crushing my heart in his embrace. I am so tired all the time, dear little mother; someway I do not get rested as I should. When I get up in the morning I am more tired than when I went to bed. My limbs ache so, and I feel sore all over. I think, today, that if I had just stayed at home in the old house, with my little fidgety sweetheart mother, and rested—rested quietly, and let you take care of me—the old-time strength would soon come back. Yes; it is rest I need—rest. I seem to have lost my will power, and need the help of a stronger and clearer mind to tell me just what to do.

Do you think it would be very weak in a man six feet three, to acknowledge he was homesick and wanted his mother? Well, never mind, you will not tell any one; but I want my mother so badly, tonight, that I could cry—and perhaps I have, a little. I once heard a gray-haired old man say he longed to leave this earth so that he could see his mother, and I guess the mother-love ever lingers down in a man's heart; so, when he is away in a strange city and the weather is cold and rainy, and he sits alone in his room in a big bustling hotel where nobody cares for him, and he ain't very well—his head is hot and his feet cold—he just wants his mother to come and bring some hot water with mustard in it, so he can warm his feet. She will put her hands on

his throbbing head. Her form may be bent a little, and she may wear spectacles with brass rims, and her hands may be hard and calloused, but the touch is very gentle and loving. She would help him undress and go to bed, and then she would tuck the warm blankets around him and kiss his forehead, and taking up the candle would move off quietly down the stairs, that might creak a little; and sweet sleep would come stealing in, with calm rest and pleasant dreams.

I leave for St. Louis tomorrow, and if you write me soon after you get this, care of the Southern Hotel, I will get it before I leave

¶ If you need anything, in any way, just call on Henry Thoreau or write to John Holworthy at Cambridge. I had a quiet chat with each before I left; so, you see, my wee, white-haired sweetheart, you have three boys instead of one.

Affectionately,

ARTHUR

NUMBER X.

MRS. PRUDENCE FORBES TO ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES.

Mrs. Forbes writes to her son, telling him of her new boarder: of household and family affairs. Expresses her fears as to his spiritual state, and gives earnest advice as to his physical condition

[It seems, at first view, almost like sacrilege to put in cold print the lavish outpourings of this loving mother's heart.

Living for many years a life of ceaseless toil in a sequestered spot, devoted to her family and household affairs, with a deep religious feeling, she is the type of a class unhappily growing rare. Mr. Emerson's followers were few in 1851. He was regarded by many

as a " dangerous " man. In this and other ways, possibly, this good woman's faith is not ours; and, while some may not agree with all of her opinions, all good souls will certainly most earnestly respect her motives. Let no man accuse us of irreverence in reproducing such tender words; for, if we smile, it is in love and sympathy, knowing the groundlessness of her fears.

She rests from her labors beneath the great pines in Sleepy Hollow, where the winds make mournful melody among the branches; and over the moss-covered mound where she sleeps, I strew thyme and mignonette. E. H.]

Concord, April 18, 1851

My Dear Boy:—

Your letter received. Miss Honor Harold brought it from the post-office. She is living with me now. Since you went away it is so lonesome. Even when you were at Cambridge you were always here Sundays. The first Sunday you were away seemed very long. Henry brought Miss Harold here and introduced her. He thought she would be company for me. It is so noisy down at the Alcott's. They talk so much about foolish things that nobody knows anything about. I know Miss Harold will like it here. She told me to call her Honor; but she is so tall and so smart, I told her, if she had as lief, I would call her Miss Harold. She has your front room. I have put a new chintz curtain, and put down the new rag carpet that I had woven last year. I put the log-cabin quilt on the bed, and the one with the pink border which you liked so well. She is a very likely person, I think; but so quiet I have to talk all the time to entertain her, when she is down-stairs.

We got eleven eggs yesterday, and I have decided to set the speckled hen, and also the black one, that came here of herself last June.

I was to charge Miss Harold three dollars a week, which will help quite a bit, won't it Arthur? But she wipes the dishes and takes

care of her own room; so, if you tell me that you think best, I will make it $2.50, for she gets her dinner twice a week in Boston. She goes tutoring on Beacon Street, to some rich family. Write me if you think $2.50 is enough, or shall I make it $2.75?

It is very kind of Henry Thoreau to say he will look after me; but you know, Arthur, I do not like him, and you should not grieve the only mother you have by sending him here.

He treats his folks well, I will admit, but you know he never goes to church; and one Lord's Day, just after the Doxology was sung, and we were all going home filled with the spirit, there walked Henry Thoreau, right through the village, with a tree on his shoulder that he had dug up somewhere. He was taking it home to plant, and I have no doubt he dug a hole and planted it that Sabbath afternoon. O, my son, how can we hope to escape, when we desecrate the Sabbath? "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy," Arthur, and shun those evil companions.

Mr. Emerson, I know, is a very nice man—so civil and gentle like. He always shakes hands with me on the street, and says, "A woman who has a boy like you should be very happy." But, oh, my son, good works will not save us; and a man who rejects my Saviour, who died for us on the cross, *can not* be a good man at heart. See how his example has affected so many of the young people in Middlesex County! And I believe Henry Thoreau would not be a Sabbath-breaker, were it not for him.

Only by the blood of Jesus can we hope to escape, and how I long to hear that my only son has accepted his Redeemer!

There is a time, we know not when,
A place, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair.

O! my son, if you could have heard the fervent appeals that went up to the Throne of Grace for you, last Wednesday night, at the prayer meeting at Deacon Palmer's, I know your stubborn heart

would have been touched; and you would turn and live. I never heard Elder Fisher wax so powerful. As he prayed, the tears ran down his whiskers. It was a time of deep feeling. I had given in your name, and all who took part prayed for " the young man who seemed stricken by the hand of death, and whose mother might be left alone in her old age, desolate." I know our prayers will be heard, Arthur; and, while the light of His countenance seems withheld for a time, we must remember that " Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." " Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Throw away those infidel essays of Emerson and read your Bible. Mr. Emerson's mother never taught him these untrue things. Of course, many things he says, are so—we all know that. But there is poison in it; and, although bread is good, you would not eat it if there was poison in it, would you? No! And so you can not read those infidel books without being contaminated. There are only two ways, my son: the right, and the wrong. If you reject your Saviour you are lost, no matter how many beautiful things you may say about woods and flowers and sunshine, and stars and streams, and meadows, and all such foolishness.

" He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark xvi, 16.)

Take the powders Dr. Peabody gave you regularly, and make a tea of the herbs which I send in the blue paper, and take a tablespoonful every hour, without fail. The doctor says you should take the pills in the wooden box before each meal, and four of those in the tin box before you go to bed every night.

Miss Harold read your letter to me, as my glasses were up-stairs. I guess they do not pay much attention to writing at Harvard, for you are like your father: he never could write so any one could read it. But she read your letter right straight along, in such a low, sweet voice. I sat and rocked in the splint chair you made. When she got through, I asked her if it was not the most beautiful

letter she ever read. She looked at me with her great big eyes, and seemed awful sad. Then she looked out of the window over toward the hills, and sat there until I had to tell her twice that the tea was drawed. I don't think she heard my question; she seems a trifle hard of hearing or absent minded, or something. I often have to say the same thing over. If it is something wrong with her ears, I will take her over to Dr. Peabody's. You know he is first-rate on ears. He cured your pa, once, of a bad attack of one ear. I insisted that he should go to the doctor; but he kept putting it off, and putting it off. And one day I just put on my bonnet and shawl and said, very firm-like, " James, we will go to the doctor's" —and we went. The doctor said if we had put it off another day the case would have been hopeless.

Please read St. Mark, viii, 36, and St. John, vii, 15-24.

I will send the medicine by express, care of Southern Tavern, and put in the blue woolen stockings which I just heeled off.

¶ Miss Harold read my chapter to me last night. I asked her to pray, as something was the matter with my throat. She just repeated the Lord's Prayer, and I joined her. I am sure that she is a believer, although she never told me so.

I like to hear her read, and sit and rock, and close my eyes and listen, just as when you used to read to me after you did the chores, and we had had tea and put the things away.

I hope I have n't said anything that sounds like scolding in this letter, for you know I am thankful for such a dutiful son. My constant prayer is, that he may be a God-fearing man.

I put the box of pills in one of the stockings, so they would not get stolen. You don't know who you can trust nowadays.

Yours truly,

P. FORBES

NUMBER XI.

MISS HONOR HAROLD TO MISS MEREDITH.

Miss Harold suggests a plan for the bettering of Mr. Forbes' condition.

Boston, April 16, 1851

Dear Miss Meredith:—

I know all about your getting the money for Mr. Forbes, so he could start West. I also know of the purse you put in his mother's hands, so that he would know that she was provided for during his absence. But I think it would be well if we could arrange matters so that Mr. Forbes will have employment on the overland trip. If he goes as a mere passenger, it will take considerable of his money to pay expenses; and, worse than this, his mind will be on his condition and on his own affairs. Independence is hygienic. I think I have a plan whereby, with your help, Mr. Forbes can be benefited. Meet me at the Concord station for the 7:40 train tomorrow morning—we will go down to Cambridge and I will tell you my plans on the way. To give you a hint now, let me say, we must secure letters from certain dignitaries there, to a man known to me by reputation, in St. Louis, insisting that Mr. Forbes be given employment. When you touch the right spring, the door always flies open.

Sincerely,

HONOR HAROLD

NUMBER XII.

MISS MARIE MEREDITH TO MISS HAROLD.

Miss Meredith promises her support.—Takes occasion to give her opinion of men, boys and college professors.

Concord, April 16, 1851

Dear Girlie:—

Just let me throw my arms around your neck, Honor Bright, and kiss your peachblow cheek for the note just received. I must

answer at once, and will send this letter down by Grimes' red-headed boy; so, if you do not get it, you will know the rascal has dropped it off the bridge into the river—just to see it float down stream, as he did with one of my letters once before. If there is anything more untrustworthy than a man, it is a boy. Thank the Lord! I have no use for either, and Providence has protected me from both; except for a couple of days each spring, when the garden must be spaded—and then they always dig where they ought not, and leave undigged where they should have dug ❧ ❧

I know Arthur should have work on the overland trip; but how could I, a poor old maid, help him get it? *I* don't know any one at St. Louis. I talked with Arthur about this, and he said he thought it was hopeless: as there are so many strong and experienced young men going West, who are anxious to work to pay their way, and of course no one would hire an invalid, any way.

He said if he could only get strong, then he would find work at something. He seemed a little disappointed, though, about the prospect; for a young lawyer's education is not such as to fit him for handling a pickax gracefully.

Of course I will be at the train in the morning if rheumatism does not positively forbid. I went down to Cambridge once, and brought them to time, and am not afraid to go again; although a woman does not stand much show at Harvard. Cambridge is made up of students, professors, philistines and cattle. The students are all right, even if they do traverse the sidewalks four abreast; let the philistines grow rich by having their wives keep boarders, or wax wise on picked-up scraps of Varsity lore; and I am willing the cattle should chew the contemplative cud in peace; but if all the professors should go up to Lynn on a picnic, they would surely run down a steep place into the sea and be drowned. "Women lack the ability for consecutive application and are wholly wanting in literary, analytical power," said Professor

Walker. " But thank the Lord! " said I, " we do not apply ourselves consecutively and analytically to smoking and chewing. Neither do we have the ability to support the saloons. Yes, it is true, we lack ability—you men have it. You fill the colleges—and the jails and penitentaries, as well—and after awhile you will all go to a very warm place that is filled with nothing but men." I think Professor Walker will not argue equal rights with me again. But we will call on him tomorrow, and I rather guess he will treat us civilly. If you want any of those fool professors to address your influential man in St. Louis, about getting Arthur work, you must write out the letter and simply have them sign it. You do not know men, my child—they blunder and mix up everything they touch. I do not know why God made them! Where there is important work to do, it is always necessary to call on a woman. Tomorrow, at the 7:40—Providence and rheumatism permitting. If I am not there, go alone—I will trust you.

Yours lovingly,

MARIE MEREDITH

NUMBER XIII.

PROF. JARED SPARKS TO COL. H. C. BALCOM.

Jared Sparks, President of Harvard, requests that employment be given to Mr. Forbes. This letter is evidently a result of the trip mentioned in previous letter.

Harvard University,
Cambridge, Mass., April 17, 1851

My Dear Sir:—

I write you this letter on a matter that is of vital importance to several parties concerned. You never failed me when within the bounds of " Fair Harvard," and I know you will not now. What I desire is simply this: Mr. Arthur R. Forbes, '52,

will call on you very soon; I want you to get him a position in an overland train for California, in any capacity where he can let his services pay his way. He is a rare soul; a little depressed physically—but I need not explain further. When you see him, your good commonsense will tell you what is wanted, and then I know you will do it.

Sincerely yours,

JARED SPARKS

I concur in the above request.

JAS. WALKER

NUMBER XIV.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES TO COL. H. C. BALCOM.

DEPARTMENT OF MEDICINE, HARVARD COLLEGE

Boston, April 17, 1851

My Dear Alumnus:—

I write to say that you will be favored with a call, within a few days, from Mr. Arthur Forbes, class of '52, as fine a young man as ever wrestled with a Greek verb. He is making an overland trip for the benefit of his health, and I am anxious he should have employment on the way, instead of going as a passenger. We all need work, as you have often heard me say; and those who are ill should have right mental occupation, in order that nature may heal. Put Forbes in somewhere, so he will think he is useful, and I am always your debtor.

We are all glad to hear of your promotion, and on each Commencement Anniversary you must wear the crimson tied to a shining button on your manly breast.

Fraternally yours,

O. W. HOLMES

NUMBER XV

MISS HONOR HAROLD TO ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES.

Miss Harold writes her first letter to Mr. Forbes. Gives advice at variance from what he has received from others.

[This letter was as much of a surprise to me as it doubtless was to Mr. Forbes.

By chance, I read the various other letters written by Miss Harold, herein published, before I read this. My estimate of the young lady was that she possessed a mind of rare discrimination, clear insight and the delicate, subtle intuition which is found only in women of the highest type; animated, yet reserved; modest, but not prudish; thoroughly kind; always gentle, considerate, sympathetic and appreciative; never indulging in the abuse of the superlative or asserting herself bluntly and arbitrarily.

The abrupt manner of this letter, I now believe, was caused by the thought that Forbes' condition was extremely critical; that hope was reduced to a feeble, fitful flame; and this exercise of will, on her part, was only meant to arouse him until he could get a position where nature's healing forces could act. In the quiet village she had heard much of Forbes, and his many manly traits had appealed to her. The letter written to his mother, which she had read, had thoroughly enlisted her sympathies. Her motives were purely disinterested; and that she showed the rare good sense which only a woman possesses, in thus securing employment for Mr. Forbes, is very evident.

There may be those who have traveled further into the realm of romance than I, who will say that Forbes and this woman had met and loved. Eyes had looked into eyes, heart had responded to heart, soul spoken to soul; and that she should thus interest herself in his welfare was the most natural thing on earth. That he looked for this letter—longed for it—and, when it came, it caused

his heart to leap with joy; and in thus receiving a letter written by her he loved, the satisfaction was curative. Perhaps those metaphysicians have as good a right to their theories as those who differ from them. It is not for me to stand arbiter; I merely record the facts as they appear.]

On cars between Concord and Boston,
April 18, 8:15 A. M.

Mr. Arthur Ripley Forbes:—

I make no apology for addressing you, and writing on this scrap of paper with a lead pencil. It is necessary for me to explain, however, that I am at present boarding with your mother; and, for fear you will not recollect me, let me say, that I formerly lived with the family of Mr. Bronson Alcott, and had the pleasure of seeing you at Mr. Alcott's, on two different occasions.

I am aware that your physical difficulty began with the boat race last June; when the collision occurred, and you were in the water so long, rescuing the men. But I bring you good news, and I know whereof I speak. *You are to get well*—stronger than ever; and your health will come flowing back from the very instant you read these lines.

The tide runs out until it looks as if Charles River would be emptied; but by and by it turns, and great ships of war come floating in—clear up to Mt. Auburn. Have you not seen them? But with this difference in the simile: the tide of health that is now setting toward you, will not ebb. Tides act according to the law of nature, which is the law of God. What strength there must be in a force set in motion by the Infinite! He is our strength, and when you read this, say to yourself, over and over—" He who causes the tides of the sea is my strength." He himself has said His work was very good; and I know it is His desire that a strong athletic young man should become a stronger one, and evolve into

a man of wisdom, and thus reflect back somewhat of the goodness of his Creator, in whose likeness man was made.

Now, hold constantly in your mind these thoughts. Forget the pills and powders; throw them away, if you please, but not into the Missouri River—for I heard you say, the last evening I saw you, that one of your professors had remarked, " If all the medicine in the world was thrown into the sea it would be a good thing for mankind, but bad for the fishes." Just forget all about yourself, and forget the medicine, and remember that drugs have no power to impart life; all life is from God. You are God's child—you are in God's hands. Hold firmly this truth, and your life and strength will all come back.

By the way, Col. H. C. Balcom, 79 Front Street, St. Louis, has an important message for you; please see him at once.

You need not write to me, for I shall see the letters you send to your mother. *The tide is coming in.*

Very respectfully,

HONOR HAROLD

NUMBER XVI.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

The visit of Misses Harold and Meredith to Harvard is graphically described. It causes very peculiar psychic disturbances in Mr. Holworthy's atmosphere.

Harvard University, Cambridge, April 19

Dear Old Chum:—

My pulse has been eighty-eight for a week, temperature five above normal. Cause why, old man?

Well, Bridges has gone to a powwow, and I will pull down the blinds, look under the bed and behind the door, then I will turn the key in the lock, and tell you all about it.

The Iris came down, Wednesday, with your Aunt Marie—must have left Concord on the 7:40. They walked down North Avenue and I saw them first as they were going through the west gate, and the left ventricle of my heart seemed to fill and stay there. Skin became warm, moist, and suffused. Then cold; and Bridges said he thought coma would follow, with *rigor mortis* in due time. But I soon got all right. They went straight to Sparks' office, as I saw positively; for I had business over that way about the same time. They stayed, say five minutes, and came out very smiling, old Sparks walking with them nearly to Boylston, bare-headed. So I am sure he did not bluff them; and whatever it was they tickled him for, they got—and if they had nailed me, I am sure I would have signed away everything, down to the prospective M. D., if only those blue eyes had looked into mine. ¶ Her whole figure seemed enveloped in an atmosphere of ethereal sweetness—the spirit of dreamland, with all its serene blissfulness, covered her round.

They went down toward Dane, and I followed after. I thought I had lost them there; and, although it lacked twenty-five minutes of time for the lecture, I went in and waited. And, old man, my heart failed to contract, or something; I grew purple in the face—for, as I live, when I went into the lecture room there they were. And she came right up to me and held out the prettiest hand I ever saw; not small, and not large, but long tapering fingers. And so alive, odorous, soft, lovable, and so sensitive was that hand, that I felt a thrill clear through me, as I touched her finger tips. I would have fallen had not Aunt Marie asked, "How's your mother and your sister and your uncle when you last heard from home—and all the folks?" I recovered my breath enough to say it was a fine day, and that it looked like rain—and got them a couple of chairs. They wanted to see Dr. Holmes (he is giving the course in Physiology this year), and said they would wait for him. Aunt Marie took out her knitting, and whacked away at a

white stocking which was about two feet long; and, as the boys came strolling in, the stocking caught their eye. Aunt Marie knitted as if the success of Harvard depended on her getting the toe of that stocking finished in ten minutes. The needles flew, the ball rolled down under the benches; and she called to a Senior —" Sonny, crawl under the benches and bring that ball back." Then the boys, who had been pretending not to know we were there just roared.

How they did look over at us, as I stood talking to her! She would look up at me, once in a while and say, " That is true," and smile or nod assent to what I said. But she did not have much to say herself. I made a fool of myself, old chum. I talked like a windmill, about everything and nothing—of art, the weather, poetry, Spitz dogs, education, John Ruskin, and baked beans as an inspirer of the poetic fancy.

I know she hates me; yet, when she went away, she reached out the same pretty hand, with the long tapering fingers and the thrilling warm touch. They talked with Dr. Holmes only a minute and he signed some sort of a paper they had. He is always very polite and gracious, you know, and he seemed this time more so than ever. He treated your aunt as if she was the Queen of Spain, and of the Netherlands besides. *She* was n't the queen, though—it was the other. You never saw her, I guess: tall, slender, and full a head above Aunt Marie. Wore some sort of a blue dress; was so stately, dignified, and so knowing, although she did not say much. Just listened, smiled a little, now and then, and looked at me with her big blue eyes. The finest teeth I ever saw! Hair, not exactly blonde; auburn, perhaps. No, not that—one lock I saw looked as if the sun was shining on it—and all was wavy; sort of a coil on top, I thought, although her bonnet covered it. But come and kick me, old man, for being a fool and not talking sensibly to a splendid woman who knows more than all the books in Gore Hall. Talk about admitting women to Harvard! Don't

you think it possible that they may, some day? As I am a sinner, I would die, gladly, if she was sick and a transfusion of my blood would cure her; she should have my last corpuscle, red or white. Yes, old man, I 'd bare my neck and let them stick a scalpel chuck into my jugular, if it would benefit her.

But about admitting women to colleges: how I would like to hold the ladder and help her over the Harvard wall. Better still, old man—better a thousand times—if she was *in* Harvard and willing to leave, I would help her over the wall and out. Keep the room alone, Bridges! You can have my books. Good-bye, sheepskin and the M. D.—I want you not. Over the fence is out—" me and she."

JACK

NUMBER XVII.

ARTHUR R. FORBES TO MRS. PRUDENCE FORBES.

Col. Balcom takes an interest in our hero's welfare. Fashionable raiment packed away: army trousers, flannel shirt, boots and sombrero take their place. No use for umbrellas. " The sun coming out and the tide coming in."

St. Louis, Mo., April 25

My Dear Mother:—

I am born into a new world; and, if you could gaze on me as I write, I am sure you would disown me. Let me tell you how it has come about. Monday morning I received a call from Col. Balcom, class of '46. How he knew I was here, I can not imagine. Possibly he saw my name in the list of the hotel arrivals; but even this would not explain it. How did he know that I was a Harvard man? Well, never mind—he sent his card up to my room, and then followed it himself, without waiting to see if I was at home. As I glanced at his jaunty blue jacket, top boots, and brass buttons,

I thought that he had come to arrest me for running away from home; for I knew not a soul in St. Louis, and why should this sprightly, manly, fellow in blue, with a big pistol stuck through his belt, want to see a sick man from Concord? His waxed mustache looked very fierce, as he asked, " Are you Forbes, '52? " None but a college man ever uses such an expression as that, and I smiled and said, " Yes; what class are you? " He smiled, too, and said ," '46 without honors, and only by hard cramming and cribbing, at that! Forbes," he continued, without stopping for breath, " I want a man to take a place as driver in a wagon train which starts for the Rockies tomorrow; pay, eight dollars per month, and found—where can I find him? " " I am the man," said I. " Be at the barracks in an hour. The address is on my card." And he whirled on his heel, gave a jerking military salute and was gone.

It seems too good to be true. Here I have been fretting about what I should do—was afraid I could not get a place as passenger, even by paying high for the privilege—and, on my first day in St. Louis, the mountain comes to Mahomet. " Eight dollars a month, and found." Now, I propose to save my money, and when I have a hundred thousand dollars—let 's see! " Eight dollars per month, and found." But what is to be " found," and where do we find it? I suppose I will find out tomorrow. Well, mother, dear, I went down to the barracks, which is only a big warehouse on the river front, all piled full of cotton, rope, tents, and what not. A flag was flying in front, and two cannons were planted for hitching posts at the door.

I found Col. Balcom in an office partitioned off in one corner, about the busiest man in St. Louis. He was signing orders, and giving directions about the wagons. Goods were being unloaded, and reported, and we had no time to visit. " No time even to give the college yell, have we, Forbes? " said he. Then, looking me over, " You are well dressed. Your suit was made in Bloomfield

Street; and you got your necktie and the linen shirt with the high collar at the store under the Tremont House. Yes, I have bought stacks of trumpery there, too."

" Here, Joe," he called, to a smart-looking mulatto; " go over to the Southern, pay Mr. Forbes' bill and bring all his baggage here." I endeavored to protest, but he waived me off by saying, " Oh, yes, I know; he can pack your things all right—better than you can yourself."

The young colored man soon returned with my trunk, and Balcom smiled at the size of it. " You must leave this with me. Now come upstairs, and we will select you a suit." We went into a room filled with the odor of tar; where, piled all around on the shelves, were stacks of clothing. Balcom picked me out a heavy, coarse flannel shirt, and said, " Lively, now! There are twelve men waiting for me down-stairs. Get into this, quick! Now, then; try on these trousers!—There! They do not look so bad. Now, these boots! " I put on the boots and they seemed to weigh ten pounds apiece. " With the help of woolen stockings like these, your feet will keep warm," he said.

" Oh, get out! " answered Balcom, " you don't need any suspenders! " And he buckled around my waist a leather belt, stuck two pistols through it, and said, " Mind you don't load these for at least a week. I 'll bet you never shot one off. Some of the boys will show you how they work. Now, get into this jacket! " It was too small; so he hunted around for another, and finally got one with sleeves long enough. " Now, a hat! " And he took down a seven and a quarter white hat, such as you never saw in all your life—the brim looks two feet wide, and there is a strap around it for a band.

" How much money have you? " said he. " Two hundred dollars." " Well, there is a pocket in your shirt, sew it in tonight. Yes; take your watch. Tie this big handkerchief around your neck. Put all those clothes in your trunk; then lock the trunk, and Joe

will sell it and give you a receipt." "But," said I, "I must have a change of underclothing." "Nonsense," said he; "do you suppose we run this wagon train to carry baggage for you teamsters? All you want, now, is one of those long oilskin overcoats for bad weather; a rubber blanket, and a woolen one, which you can pick out for yourself. Come around to the office at six o'clock and we 'll get supper." The colonel jerked me a salute and disappeared, while Joe and I repacked my trunk. "Can't I take my umbrella?" I asked the negro. "No, sah; I reckon you bettah do as marse de kunnel says, or he chuck you in de gyard house, an' make you pack a fence rail all de nex' day. You mus' n't give de kunnel any back slack—he won't hab it."

"But, Joe," I pleaded; "I must have writing material." "Oh, you can git paper and pen, I reckon, from the capt'in ob de wagon train." "And how about my stockings and underclothes? Are there laundry facilities along the route?" The young colored man laughed a little more than I think servants should, and said, "Why, you does you' own washin', on Sunday. Dey lays up along some crick, an' instid of goin' to church, you cleans up you' duds; greases you' boots an' harness; brightens up you' pistols, an' sits aroun' an' tells lies. Have you got de ager, boss? You looks like you hab de chills. You bettah not stay in heah; but jes git you' rubber blanket and de odder—get a good heavy one, now! Here, boss! Don't say nuffin about it; we'll jes sew two of 'em double—so—git you' overcoat, an' tie it up in a roll. Now, go out an' take a nap on a cotton bale, in de sun; it am de best thing fer chills what am."

I took his friendly advice; and, using the rolled-up blanket for a pillow, I picked out a cotton bale that lay at a comfortable angle in the sun, and thought I would take a little nap. I slept two hours and just woke up, a little while ago, and am writing this letter with a pencil, as you see, on paper Joe brought me from the office.

¶ It is much warmer here than in Massachusetts, at this time of

year—quite like summer. I feel better than at any time since I left you. We say that all life comes from the sun—I guess the sunshine and the sleep did me good. I have been saying all day, " God is my strength! " for surely all the strength we have does come from Him; and God is strength, not weakness.

And then, all along this trip, I have been so fearful and hesitating —so afraid things would not come out right. I have made a hundred plans, and then kicked them over. And here I am, sitting on a cotton bale, as warm, comfortable and happy as if I owned this entire levee, with the hundred busy teams I can count, and two hundred " niggers "—and the big steamboat (blowing off steam) were all mine, too.

We leave at six o'clock in the morning. Just what my duties will be, I do not know; but Balcom says, " Rest easy, Forbes! I won't put you in any place where you can not get along, depend on it." ¶ If you direct to Sedalia, Mo., I will get it. We are to stop there three days.

The sun is so warm and pleasant, I think I will just take another nap. The tide is coming in.

Your loving son,

ARTHUR

NUMBER XVIII.

ARTHUR R. FORBES TO JOHN HOLWORTHY.

The start. Relay riders. A curious character called " Gooseberry Jake " appears on the horizon. A financial scheme. Rattlesnake Pete. Is it only women who put the emphatic message in a postscript?

Camp, Bear Creek, May 2, 1851

Dear Old Chum:—

I WAS so fortunate in St. Louis as to get a situation as a driver in a Government wagon train, bound for the Rockies. I get my board

and soldier's pay, which is better than going as a passenger and paying fare. There is no railroad through this far, yet; and no regular stage coaches, either. The mail is carried on horseback by relay riders, who ride night and day, doing ten miles an hour. Two hundred and forty miles a day—two thousand four hundred and sixty miles in ten days. One of these riders passed our camp a little while ago. We heard the pattering hoof beats of his horse, several miles away, and the tinkle of the single sleigh-bell attached to his martingale. We gave him a cheer as he passed, he answered back without slowing up; and I have been sitting here by the camp fire, listening to the sound of the hurrying hoofs, and the tinkling bell, as they died away in the distance.

We left St. Louis at six o'clock last Wednesday morning. I went around to the yards where the wagons were, and reported to the captain. " Oh! you are the 'tenderfoot,' are you? " he snorted. I explained that my feet were all right; it was my throat—a mere bronchial affection, which I hoped would soon pass away. He stared at me; then laughed, and shouted, " Well, don't stand around! You hook on these two mules to that ammunition wagon. It has springs, and won't be so hard for you. You don't look as if you could pull the strings over four, to say nothin' of six. When you git hitched on, close up behind the big six-mule wagon with the red tail-gate, and stay there when the big wagon goes, you go; and mind you keep in your place. That is all you have to do: foller Gooseberry Jake, who drives the big wagon." Off he went, swearing at a fellow who was trying to get a balky horse into its place. I managed to get my two mules hitched up some way or other. They are old, scarred-up, weather-beaten animals, and very gentle. I have named one Ariadne and the other Bacchus, and a great friendship has sprung up among us three. At first they seemed to expect a kick every time I came near them; but now Bacchus rubs his nose against my sleeve, to show his good-will. Ariadne, as is meet, is yet a trifle shy, but looks at Bacchus who

waves his ears, endeavoring to reassure her. There are forty-eight wagons in the train, some of them covered with canvas which is stretched over hoops, making them look like tents. Mine, which is covered in this way, is loaded with ammunition, and is much lighter than the others, and on rubber "springs"—although I don't feel much spring to them.

Jacob Buckthorn, who drives the wagon ahead of me, told me a story yesterday, about an ammunition wagon that once got run away with, by a "pesky team of jack-rabbits" (as he calls the mules); they ran the wagon into a gulch and the whole thing exploded in a "holy second." Nothing was ever found of the driver, but a tenpenny nail which he used for a button on his trousers. "One of the mules was white and t' other was black," said Mr. Buckthorn, "And somehow the explosion never hurt the mules, 'cept to singe their tails a little, but it scared them so that the black mule turned all of a sudden white, and the white mule turned black."

Mr. Buckthorn is a small man, serious, sober, and never smiles. We were sitting on a little bank by the roadside where we had stopped for dinner. After he told the story he paused and expectorated straight at a fly ten feet away. He is the most profane man I ever knew; but his swearing is so artistic it excites my admiration ❧ ❧

He curses his six mules all together, then one at a time; then he curses them by parts—damning their eyes, ears, tails, etc. He has a whip with a lash eighteen feet long which he swings round and round his head, then snaps it over the ears of the leaders with a report like a pistol shot. He holds his lines all in one hand, and handles the whip with the other, keeping one foot on the brake. As we drive along lazily, I amuse myself by watching him. He does not talk very much, but when he does get started he is very entertaining. He can read and write, which is more than most of the drivers can do. We have become fast friends; for, in spite of

his bad language, he has a tender heart and has told me much about his folks in Arkansas.

At first I thought he was cruel to his mules, but I soon found that he never let the lash strike them. They call him " Gooseberry Jake " on account of a plan he talks of, for planting gooseberry bushes on the plains of Kansas. He explained to me that there are great numbers of large rabbits (called jack-rabbits) on these prairies. They multiply very fast, and eat up all the shrubs planted by the settlers, completely ruining the orchards. But the thorns on the gooseberries protect the plants. He says gooseberries grow wherever cactus will. The bushes require little water, and no cultivation. The alkali of the plains is exactly fitted to their wants—alkali being purchased in vast quantities by gardeners in the East, to put on their gardens.

Pennaworth, you know, in the Divinity School, is greatly interested in horticulture. Now, Jack, you see him, and get all the facts that you can about this gooseberry subject, and let me know if it is practicable. The crop is sure, they say—no insect destroying the fruit, as is often the case with currants. And if Mr. Buckthorn is right, that the four-year-old bushes will produce at the rate of three thousand dollars' worth to the acre, there certainly is something in it. His plan is to simply gather the berries and press out the juice and pulp, putting this in barrels and shipping it to St. Louis dealers, who will be glad to buy it for making up into wine, jam, vinegar, preserves, ketchup, etc. I have n't many hopes for the plan, but you know I will never be satisfied with eight dollars a month. No hurry; better write me at St. Joseph within a week after you get this.

Another eccentric son of Adam in our train is Rattlesnake Pete, so called on account of a string of rattlesnake tails that serve him for a hat-band. Pete has three notches cut in the butt of his pistol, and is said to be a " bad man." As to his depravity I can not speak; but last night was quite cool, and, on awaking this

morning, I found an extra blanket covering me, with Pete's "brand" on it. It seems that men of this name are given to denial; for, when I accused him of putting this blanket on my bed, he acknowledged the blanket was "his'n," but swore, with several unnecessary oaths, that he did not know how it got there. Jake afterward told me that in the night he saw Rattlesnake Pete tiptoe across and spread the blanket over me, and then quickly go back to his own bunk. Here Jacob paused, and, after a moment's reflection, impressively expectorated and said: "If Rattlesnake Pete says he did n't put that er blanket over ye, he is a— —dirty liar—that 's all I hev to say!" and silence reigned.

The first day out, I thought I should drop off and die by the roadside. It was foggy and damp, early in the morning, and I got chilled; but the sun came out about nine o'clock, and I then felt better. But the continual jolt of the wagon made my side ache. At night we camped-out beside a stream in the edge of the woods. Mr. Buckthorn was very kind, and showed me how to tether my mules. We had supper of hot coffee, potatoes baked in the ashes, and the cook of our mess made corn-bread, baking it on a hot shovel. We drank the coffee out of tin cups. I was so tired I could hardly stand, but Buckthorn said I had "a great mouth for grub;" and surely I never tasted food that was so acceptable. Buckthorn made my bed under the wagon, by simply laying down the rubber blanket; and I put the wagon seat under my head for a pillow—then the blanket over me. At five o'clock the bugle call awoke me. I had slept straight through—something I have not done for three months. I felt pretty stiff and sore, but the cook had the coffee hot; and the excitement of the camp—getting the animals together, and loading up, made me forget myself, so I did not think of my usual morning coughing spell until well toward noon, and of course there was then no time to go back and have it.

With regards to all the boys, I am, as ever, ARTHUR

P.S. You seem to be quite favorably impressed with Miss Harold —I understand she is a very worthy person.

NUMBER XIX.

HEZEKIAH PENNAWORTH TO ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES.

Mr. Pennaworth awake to the financial side. Theories versus Facts. "The Welsh variety of Lepus Cuniculus."

Cambridge, May 10, 1851

A. R. Forbes:—

MY DEAR BROTHER: At our regular society meeting, last evening a letter was read from you, addressed to our mutual friend and brother, J. Holworthy.

The plan you outline in reference to planting the plains, or what is known on Colton's *Atlas* as "the Great American Desert," with the *Ribes Grossularia,* I deem entirely practicable. This plant needs a semi-tropical climate and a soil well charged with alkaline salts. As it sends roots well downward, very little moisture is required. My younger brother has some fine specimens of *Lepus Cuniculus* (commonly known as rabbit); and, to test the matter, I secured from the Harvard Botanical Gardens several large slips of the *Ribes Grossularia,* and fed to them. The rabbits show a great fondness for it, and I deem the thorns no disadvantage; as they ate the stems, thorns and all. We can safely trust nature in such cases, and I do not hesitate to say that the rabbits will thrive on it.

I also find your statement to the effect that rabbits multiply very rapidly is correct—all authorities supporting you. (See Xenophon, page 261, Wrangham translation; Audubon, 11-2; Wood, 162; Baxter, 199). I understand you to say that there is a ready market

in St. Louis for all the rabbits that can be produced; and, if, for any unknown reason, they should fail to multiply, the fruit from the *Ribes Grossularia* could be sold at a good profit. The entire scheme looks very hopeful to me; and, if you organize a stock company to operate the plan, I think I can borrow a few hundred dollars from my aunt to put in. Of course I will always be glad to give you the advantage of my technical knowledge (if I may be allowed the expression).

You were looking very poorly when I saw you last; but my earnest prayer is that you may, in time, be fully restored to health and usefulness.

Yours faithfully,

H. PENNAWORTH

P. S. I would suggest the Welsh variety of the *Lepus Cuniculus*, as probably being the best known on the market.

H. P.

NUMBER XX.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

Gooseberry Jake to have a degree for "valuable contributions to science." Typical college scenes. Aunt Marie ill. The mill stock.

Cambridge, May 13, 1851

Dear Old Man:—

I read your letter at the Phi Beta Kappa, and you should have heard the boys shout when I sat down.

Bridges got the eye of the chair and proposed that the degree of Ph. D., be bestowed on Gooseberry Jake for valuable contributions to science, and that a suitable present be purchased and forwarded to him in recognition of his great kindness to our

Arthur of the Round Table. Before the motion could be put, some one with strong lungs shouted, "Three cheers for Bacchus!" I never saw the boys quite so jolly over anything as they were to hear of your returning health, and several speeches were made that must have caused your ears to tingle. I will not tell you what they said; you might get inflated with your own importance, and make it unpleasant for the camp. When the meeting broke up, it was with a Rah, Rah, Rah, Fifty-two, Staunch and True, Rah, Rah, Rah, F-O-R-B-E-S. Then, as we were filing out, some one started again: Rah, Rah Rah, B-U-C-K-T-H-O-R-N. To change the subject: Miss Harold plays the violin delightfully. I have some talent in that direction, and believe I will have her give me lessons.

Was up to Concord, Sunday, on business. Called to see your Aunt Marie. She's down flat with rheumatism—awful! You know that all the money she has—about seven thousand dollars—is invested in the Livingston Mill at Lowell. Well, they are tied up some way, through the infringement suit, and failed to pay the dividend which should have been sent out on the 1st. The papers say it 's only temporary, and that the money will be paid early in June.

Aunt Marie is such a fidgety old creature, she was fretting and stewing because the money had not come. She gives her money away, and would, no matter how much she had; but I was afraid the dividend being held back would make her worse. The money is paid through the Concord Bank, you know. I happened to call on your mother and was talking to Miss Harold about it, when the idea struck me that if we could manage to pay the funds over to Aunt Marie, it would stop her worry. I explained that the dividend will be paid on June 1st, anyhow, so whoever furnishes the money to the old lady will only have to wait three weeks; I can see the bank, tell them that I had advanced the money, and when the dividend comes they can pay it to me—I know them well.

¶ She looked at me with her big blue eyes (what eyes they are, old chum!), and said, quietly: " So you are sure the money will be paid by the mill company on June 1st, are you, Mr. Holworthy? " (I would give my last cent, and sheepskin besides, to hear her call me Jack!) " Oh, yes," said I; " I know it positively! " (Of course I did not know it positively; but a rich company like that can not fail!)

" Well," said she, " Mr. Holworthy, I will supply you the one hundred and eighty dollars, and you can give it to Miss Meredith. Then, when the money comes at the bank, you can get it and repay me, as you propose."

So, she gave me a check on the Hide and Leather, Boston; and I got the money Monday and went up to Concord on the 10:15. Aunt Marie was worse than ever when I arrived at the little house. " Well, ' Auntie,' " said I, " here's your money at last! " —and I tossed the roll of bills on the bed. " The mill has paid the dividend, and their statement says the next may be a double one, as they are making money hand over fist, and have won in their lawsuit." There is nothing like cheering up sick folks, you know, my boy; and it did make the old woman feel good. She had subscribed an amount to a fool society down in Boston for teaching colored people to read and write; and because she could not pay her dues, it kind of struck in on her, I guess.

Honor—that is, Miss Harold—is quite well fixed. You know she is the only daughter of the commodore who died a year ago. When I got the check cashed I asked the teller how much balance she had. He stared at me and asked if I was her attorney. " Not exactly," said I; " but I am her doctor." I winked at the fellow, and tried to smile, but he just passed out the money and reached for the next man's check.

Women without religion are like flowers without perfume, I have heard. The Goddess is religious, and it is strange she has never tried to bring me over to her way of thinking; and in fact I

have not yet even been able to find out to what church she belongs. Now, when I was converted, two years ago last winter, at the big revival, I wanted to stop every one I met and bring them over to the Lord's side. But as I have changed my religion three times since you left, and do not exactly know where I stand now, I will not endeavor to proselyte at this writing.

I am going up to see your mother again Sunday.

About the gooseberry scheme, Arthur: I have talked with Pennaworth about it—rather hurriedly, though; he will write you soon.

¶ With great regard for my dear old chum, I am,

Ever and always,

JACK

P. S. The powwow comes off next week, in the big hall—over five hundred seats reserved. I 've got my part of the debate down fine. It 's unanswerable, my boy—there 's consolation in that!

NUMBER XXI.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

A great question debated.

Cambridge, Mass., May 20, 1851

Dear Old Man:—

The debate came off last night, and today my vertebra is hardly strong enough to uphold the torso.

The question was, " Resolved: Woman's sphere is ministering to man's needs." I was on the negative; with Mitchell and Sayles, right and left bowers.

Affirmative: Bond, Ducton, and Pennaworth. Bond shied his castor in the ring first, and struck right and left. My pores began to open, and you would have thought I had taken a diaphoretic.

The sweat just rolled down my collar, and I gasped: " God help us, we are undone! where is my hat! "

Mitchell followed; cool, clear and logical—not in the least rattled. He is always charmingly good-natured and clear-headed. He mopped the floor with Bond, and when he sat down I felt as good as if I had just had three cocktails. (Lemon and a little sugar, please!)

Ducton, who is a son of old Mr. and Mrs. Ducton, then bored the audience for thirty minutes, and they all nodded assent. (They were asleep, old man.)

I had practised on my speech for weeks, and thought I had it by the tail; but—gracious jingo!—as the chairman said, " We will now have the pleasure of hearing from Mr. Holworthy," my knees grew awful weak, and when I walked on the platform the boys said I acted as if I were walking through tall grass. I thought the floor was going to fly up and hit me. I glanced over the audience, and it looked like a thousand-legged worm, with all the legs clapping together; and the creature had rows upon rows of eyes, all staring at your Jack.

I started in, but my voice squeaked in high C, and I tried it again. " Louder! Louder! " some one yelled. " Give it to 'em, Jack! "—I got my wind by this time, and made a home run, without a skip, from one end of the speech to the other; was afraid to stop for breath, pause or inflection for fear I would forget the words. So I put in all the gestures in a bunch, at the last, which brought down the house.

The boys applauded with unction. But I am almost afraid it was left-handed. They sent up a basket of flowers and I thought at first it was from the Iris; but they were only artificial, dead stock —from some milliner's.

Then Sayles sailed in, to tie up all the loose ends we had left flying. Sayles is a sailor from Saylesville—brightest little man that ever thawed out an Upernavik audience. He was funny, persua-

sive, then logical; and I said: " Yes; we have them now! There is nothing left for them to say! In fact, the judges might as well call the debate closed and give the decision in our favor, as Pennaworth is only a drone, anyway." But Lord help us, Arthur! Pennaworth began slow, and talked ten minutes without saying anything; but I saw his voice kept getting louder and louder, his long arms began to work like a windmill, and he grew red in the face. He flung his manuscript on the carpet and waded into that audience as I never heard a speaker before. He rushed from one side of the platform to the other, kicked, stamped, foamed at the mouth, snorted, roared and shouted; he quoted from everything and everybody; poetry, history, statistics—all paid tribute—and pathos, bathos, sarcasm and ridicule played their parts. Then he took us up, one after the other: riddled our arguments, scouted our premises, flouted our conclusions and hooted our eloquence ❧ ❧

I saw we were done for—I smiled a sickly, cast-iron smile; my collar wilted, and I tried to sink down in my chair so no one could see me ❧ ❧

They called time on Pennaworth, but he would not stop, and it took four men to force him into a chair, or he would have been shouting yet. The judges gave decision against us without leaving the stage. They said: " The masterly argument of Mr. Pennaworth makes our duty very plain. Affirmative wins."

It was a sad defeat for us, old man. If you had been here, you would have taken my place and turned the tide; but Penny is a good one on his feet. Mitchell took notes on his speech, and I send them herewith—hope you can make 'em out. Worst thing about this is—the tall Iris said she knew I would win. I don't care for myself, but she will feel awful bad.

Yours always,

J. HOLWORTHY

P. S. I am safe on the Latin exam: 92. Congratulate me.
I have written and sent to the Goddess, one sonnet a day for six days—fourteen lines in a sonnet, you know. I thought I could keep it up for a month or more, when I started in; but the last one nearly " died a-borning," and the next may bring me to bed entirely. JACK

NUMBER XXII.

NOTES TAKEN BY MR. MITCHELL ON SPEECH OF MR. PENNAWORTH.

SUBJECT: *" Woman's Sphere."*

Proper sphere of woman is reproduction and ministering to welfare of man. "God completed His work in six days and pronounced it good." (Gen. i, 31.) We here see God was satisfied with his work after He had made Adam, and before He had made woman. The woman was a mere after-thought—a mistake. Has not proven to be what God expected. Disappointment both to God and Adam. No man ever found her what he expected.
" Man created in image of God," woman not. " But I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ; and the head of the woman is the man." (1Corinthians i, 1-2.) Much difference between God and man as between man and woman.
No sane man calls man equal to God; therefore—conversely. No proof that woman is created in image of God. Animals all caused to pass before Adam; not primarily so he should name them, but so he could select helpmeet.
Hard to please, so woman was made for his special benefit. Doll made for child never equal to child. Neither can doll legally assume administration of child's affairs. Woman talks to serpent. No serpent could speak Greek or Hebrew, so woman must know serpent language. Long conversation. Woman not surprised when

serpent accosted her—used to it. Beast herself, and knows language of beasts. Woman has gradually reached her present state by constant association with man—must not be allowed to usurp. " Suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man." (1 Timothy ii, 12.)

Commandments only for man; as, " Thou shalt not bear false witness," applied only to man. No woman was allowed to testify in court in Hebrew times, for could not be trusted to tell truth. ¶ " Thou shall not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his ox, nor his ass." No woman covets neighbor's wife; woman always hates neighbor's wife. Hebrews—chosen people of God—were allowed to sell daughters same as ox or ass. (Exodus xxi, 7.) Hebrew prayer-books say, " Blessed God, Maker of the universe and mighty in wisdom, I thank thee that thou hast not made me a woman." (Hebrew word here for woman can be translated either beast or woman.)

God always masculine; all angels masculine—Gabriel, Malachia, etc. No woman in heaven. Proof—disciples asked Jesus whose wife the woman would be in heaven after having seven husbands here. " In heaven there is no marriage or giving in marriage." (Mark xii, 19-25.) When the gods wanted female society they always had to come to earth. If woman were admitted to heaven, would surely force marriage on man. " For cause": chief business of woman is to get husband—habit fixed in nature.

No place in scripture is she promised everlasting life. Jesus said, " Woman, what have I to do with thee." (John ii, 4.) Jesus came to save only men, as this clearly shows. " I am the God of Abraham and Isaac, and Jacob." Never said he was God of Rebecca, Sarah or Rachel. Man received his commission to be " ruler over the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field," before woman was created. All lineage in Bible given by males, females no account—not worth mentioning. " God breathed into his nostrils, and he became a living soul."

God never breathed into *her* nostrils—can not be called a soul. Body different from man; more albumen in blood, corpuscles different, etc.; original ingredients used in manufacture different. ¶ No female animals equal males: only male birds sing—female tigers lack all beauty. But tiger qualities in all females. Lacks courage, strength and beauty. " But I find more bitter than death the woman; whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands." (Ecclesiastes vii, 26.)
"Let woman learn in silence, with all subjection." (1 Timothy ii, 4.)
" If a woman would have knowledge let her ask her husband." (St. Paul.) " Who can find a virtuous woman? " (Prov.)
Man only has been recognized by Deity. All prophets, men—witches, women. In Hebrew, Adam, Enoch, Ish; Greek, Anthropos; Latin, Homo; German, Mann; Slavic, Chlovec; Hungarian, Ember. All these mean man. Man and Deity always parsed masculine

NUMBER XXIII.

MRS. PRUDENCE FORBES TO ARTHUR RIPLEY.

A news-letter from a good mother. Tells of her doubts, hopes, fears. Gives advice as to care of health and other matters.

Concord, May 13, 1851

My Dear Son:—

I was very glad indeed to get your letter. Miss Harold read it over to me when she brought it from the office. For, although the tea was waiting, I wanted to hear how you are. Then, when supper was nearly over, I thought I would like to hear it again.
Miss Harold passed her cup back twice, and said of course she would read it again, and we waxed quite merry over your account of the colored young gentleman. Is he a slave, Arthur, and do you

think they treat him well? And does he really belong to Mr. Balcom? or did he only borrow him! I knew Harry Balcom's mother in Sudbury before she was married; she was one of the Davises. She is gone now. It is better that she should, than to live to see her fourth son by her first husband, a slaveholder. I pray I may never come to this.

Miss Harold says you mean by " the tide coming in," that you are better and that your health is coming back. I am very glad to hear it, but it would have been just as well for you to have said so in plain English. You did not say how your throat was or whether you cough much nights.

I hope your new friends will not make you forget your duty to your old mother. The other letters you wrote had much more love in them than this one.

You surely must be out of medicine before this, and I hope you have had the prescriptions the doctor sent filled.

Be very careful, Arthur, about breathing the night air or sitting down on the ground. Your poor pa's trouble began from just a cold got by going around the house in his stocking-feet, after I told him not to. I think you should continue soaking your feet in hot mustard water just before you go to bed. Be careful to wear the flannel night gown I made you, until June, when you can wear the cotton if you wish.

Do you drink any coffee, Arthur? It is bad for the nerves. I would not eat much meat either. I think it was that, that made you have the feverish spells.

Miss Harold helped me rake the front yard and we have had the man spade the garden. He dug right into the asparagus before I could stop him. I gave him a piece of my mind. We will make the beds tomorrow; that is, the peas and beets. Will plant the potatoes with two eyes in a hill. Your pa always put in more, but it is awful wasteful, and I used to tell him so, but it did no good.

¶ Miss Harold says we shall always talk of pleasant things, and

let the bad alone. For my part, I always have done so. Then she began naming over the good things I have. And it *is* a blessing, Arthur, to have a nice little house all paid for, with six apple-trees, two plums, and an asparagus bed, even if that stupid man did dig in it. And, with the money you gave me the day you left, there is nearly two hundred dollars in the bank. Miss Harold says you will soon be well and making money, and that a woman with such a son should sing praises all day. She pays her board very regular. I think she is pretty near as smart and good as your sister Martha would have been if she had lived. About the same age, too; for you were only fourteen months, three weeks and two days apart. ¶ That same pair of robins is back making a nest in the porch. They make an awful litter, but I guess I will let them stay. I don't see how I could hardly get along without Miss Harold. ¶ I forgot to say she reads your letters to me in such a sweet, gentle voice, and knows what you mean. You can always tell when a person understands and appreciates what he reads. The last frost killed all the fruit around here, and it is just as well for the apple-trees are full of caterpillars. I never saw the like! Miss Harold has tied some straw on my clothes-pole, and we are going to burn them out when she gets back from Boston tonight.

Yours truly, P. FORBES

NUMBER XXIV.

HONOR HAROLD TO ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES.

"How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of those who bring glad tidings." Optimism applied to life.

Concord, May 14, 1851

Dear Mr. Forbes:—

The cheerful letter sent to your mother was a great benefit to her and your old friends here.

When the son of Esculapius does not know what to do next, he sends the patient away on a trip, with a letter of recommendation to Chance. This is what Dr. Peabody did for you; but Dr. Chance has treated you well.

Mr. Emerson told us, you remember, " we will talk of all subjects save one—namely, our maladies."

When we send messages, let them be messages of life and good cheer. " How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of those who bring glad tidings." And if we would but just distribute the glad tidings, which we all receive in such abundance, and forget the bad, it would fade away and the messages of joy would grow like the big snowballs the boys roll.

We are bathed in an ocean of health, and where the soul is in right relation to its environment there is wholeness of body. Health is but adaptation to environment. When the mind of man adapts itself to the great mind of God, of which it is a part, the body does its perfect work, without friction, and the exercise of every function is a pleasure.

This is what is called life in abundance. " I come that ye might have life."

I am glad that you are getting so much pleasure out of your journeyings, by adapting yourself to environment and entering heartily and cheerfully into whatever you undertake. This is putting yourself in line with the powers of Nature, and you are strong as you partake of her strength. " Nature never yet forsook the heart that loved her."

As I write these lines I hear your mother's voice, singing, as she plants the bed of beets in the garden, " Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly." What satisfaction the good woman gets from her song!

It is a beautiful spring day. The hawthorn bushes are all white down the road-side, and the air is balmy and full of perfume. I sit near the window of what your mother calls " my Arthur's room,"

and have been watching two busy robins bringing twigs, straws and strings to make a nest in the porch, just under the window. I am glad the tide is coming in; it will not ebb this time.

Very sincerely,

H. HAROLD

NUMBER XXV.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES.

Forbes' old room-mate loses his free and easy good-humor. "I myself am hell." The money advanced by Miss Harold can not be returned to her.

Cambridge, June 10, 1851

Dear Arthur:—

I am in deep trouble. If you were here, you could help me. Not a soul knows of it, in any way, but you. It is an awful tangle, and now I *know* she hates me and I have lost her; and lost my own soul at the same time. "I myself am hell," said Milton. Now I understand it.

Honor advanced the money, you know, on my advice, to Aunt Marie for the May dividend. The papers all said, most positively, that the payment was only deferred until June 1st; but yesterday another announcement came out, saying a receiver had been appointed and it had been decided to pass the dividend entirely. It seems that crooked-eyed young shyster, Butler, up at Lowell, attached their water wheel, and they were beaten in the infringement suit, after all.

The stock is all right, of course, and the next dividend will come sure, for this is the first one they have missed in thirteen years. But God help me! Arthur, how can I explain the matter to her? If I could manage to get the money to pay her back—but you know I am in debt now.

I have found the commodore only left Honor a few thousand dollars; and that one hundred and eighty she gave me is nearly a year's interest on all she has. Her father left her all of his property, but the old gentleman must have been a high-flyer or he would have left more. And then she pays her brother's way at Exeter. ¶ I have robbed her of one hundred and eighty dollars; I can never look her in the face again. Curses on me! When you get this I may be at the bottom of the Charles River. I never dare go back to Concord. Do you think you could get me a place as driver in your wagon train? I have robbed a woman!—I mean an angel. If it ever gets out, the very air will poison me.

Disconsolately,
JACK

NUMBER XXVI.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO JOHN HOLWORTHY.

Forbes comes to rescue; sends money to be returned to Miss Harold. Cross-purposes. A story about the good old doctor. Evidently more iron in the blood of our hero. "No night sweats but occasionally one in daytime."

On the march, fifty miles west of St. Joseph, June 19, 1851

My Dear Jack:—

Your letter of tenth instant has just reached me, and I send you by the Wells-Fargo Express, one hundred and eighty dollars. You will get a draft with it over in Boston and mail it to Miss Harold at once. I do not need the money any way—no chance to spend money out here, excepting for whiskey and tobacco, and I have no use for either. If I should get laid up somewhere along the way, I guess some one will take care of me; and as for paying express charges back on the long box, I have given up the idea. It will

not be necessary to send it, old chum. I have torn up the paper that was in my pocket-book with directions about sending the cadaver back.

By the way, did I ever tell you of how I called on good old Dr. Peabody, the week before I left? Well, I had decided I would get the truth from him about my condition. If it was time for me to beckon to Charon, I wanted to know it, and I told him so. " Well, well! jes' so, jes' so! " said he. He really is a very kind-hearted old man, you know—very considerate—sympathetic; but about as absent minded as my Bacchus. He walked around me with his tape line, testing the expansion and contraction of my chest. Then he tapped all around and listened to the respiration and heart-beat. Counted my pulse; took temperature; and, writing out a prescription, handed it to me and tried to slide me out the office door by saying, " It looks like rain—you had better hasten." I was not to be put off, and I said: " Doctor, you have not answered my question. Are my lungs affected? I am not afraid to know the truth." His man Friday was just bringing the gig around, and the old gentleman was getting a little out of patience, because I kept standing there. He was evidently thinking of the call he was about to make, and he answered me back: " Jes' so, jes' so! Well, can't you wait? If your lungs are affected—post mortem will show it, won't it? "

Well, old chum, I do not feel quite so strong yet as of old; but I tell you this—you need not sharpen your scalpel for the autopsy just yet. Let others take delight in the thought of having loved ones deck their graves with flowers and water them with their tears—but life to me is sweet; and the world so delightfully confusing, and things so uncertain, that I want to stay as long as I can, to see how it " pans out." Appetite? Well, I should say so! I have not slept in a house for three weeks and the hoarseness has all gone away. I surprised the camp with the college yell, today. " Blackfeet, be gosh! " shouted Gooseberry Jake, as he reached for

his gun. I forgot to tell you that each driver has been given a rifle, now, and houses and civilization are left behind. At night we picket our animals, or enclose them in a square by running a rope from one wagon to another. In a week, says Buckthorn, all the wagons will be backed in the form of a circle at night, with the horses and mules in the center, and we will have to do guard duty. I have nothing in way of baggage, but a comb and tooth-brush. Gray flannel shirt, blue trousers, top boots, belt and two pistols, with a sweet smile and a fine crop of No. 9 whiskers, make up my afternoon suit—which is also my morning attire. No night sweats, but one occasionally in the daytime, if a wagon happens to get stuck in a quicksand—as Jake's did today. I put Ariadne and Bacchus on ahead of his six mules; and, with the help of a lever, and with a long pull and a strong pull and many mighty oaths from Jake, we did the act in graceful style.

Good-by for this time, old chum. Send the draft at once to Miss Harold, and write me that you have done so, directing care of Captain Hunter, United States wagon train, Number Thirty-one, on trail to Pike's Peak.

Sincerely yours,

A. R. FORBES

WALDEN POND

NUMBER XXVII.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

Holworthy gets the money and goes to Concord. Rather florid description of the young lady and her attire. Miss Harold thinking the money is from the pocket of Holworthy refuses to accept more than half. Mr. Holworthy does not enlighten her.

Cambridge, June 29

My dear Arthur:—

How can I possibly thank you—you are my savior. I got the express package, and walked straight to Concord, thirteen miles, without a skip. Found Honor at your mother's, working in the flower beds. I took hold and gave her a big lift, putting the whole garden in apple-pie order. She wore a big sun-bonnet tied under the chin with blue ribbon, and I never knew before that a sun-bonnet could be so pretty. She wore gloves, which I was sorry for, as I wanted to touch her tapering fingers —they are so sensitive and alive. She did not offer to shake hands, but was very pleasant, and talked about the weather, and the flowers.

I saw she was not going to ask me in, so I just handed out the one hundred and eighty dollars and remarked off-hand, " It was rather slow coming, but hope you have not been inconvenienced." I started to go, never thinking for a moment that she knew about the receiver being appointed: not one woman in a hundred ever reads the papers, you know. She took the money, and called me back as I started to go. She looked surprised and laid down the little hoe. " But, Mr. Holworthy," she said, as she opened her big eyes, "this is your money!" I saw it was all up—she knew—I could not lie to her. You know I tell the truth, anyway; but where it is positively necessary, I might hold back things a little. ¶ But, Heaven help me! Arthur, I must tell her everything. She kept looking at me and I knew I must speak, so I said: " Of

course you know they did not pay the dividend. I just borrowed a little of a friend to make up the amount; I had n't quite enough by me. What kind of a flower is that in the corner? " But she was not to be turned off. She kept looking at me, and then said, after an instant, " But, Mr. Holworthy, we were partners in this matter, and you must take back half of the money." She put it in my hand and I stammered, " I wish we were partners in everything." If she heard it she gave no sign; but she walked with me to the gate, and the first thing I knew I was on the outside and she had smiled and said, " Good-day, Mr. Holworthy."

That bonnet, old man, and the ribbon under her chin, as I am a sinner! Why are we not partners in everything? Never mind, old chum, perhaps we will be, yet!

What shall I do with the ninety dollars?

As ever and always, yours, JACK

NUMBER XXVIII.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

The pendulum swings from this side to that. Misery again the portion of Holworthy. Miss Meredith thinking the Mill Company has paid dividends informs her neighbor, Mrs. Peepson, to that effect. Trouble ahead. " Does the wagon train need another driver? "

Cambridge, Mass., June 30, 1851

Dear Arthur:—

I wrote you yesterday in good spirits, and today would to heaven I had never been born! It is worse than ever; but, no matter what happens I will tell you all. With you I must be absolutely frank and truthful. If I ever depart from the literal fact, it is that good may ensue; but with you I vary not even in the estimation of a hair

I went to Concord on the 5:30 last evening—stopped in at your house. Your mother is feeling very cheerful; but the goddess Minerva was in the city, which disappointed me a little. Your mother told me an awful tale. Aunt Marie, we well know is of the neurotic temperament, and she is so crippled she can not get out of the house. Suffers severe pain, constantly, through the sciatic region ☙ ☙

She fears her garden is not being looked after; and, in fact, worries a good deal. She has always been so active and energetic, it seems impossible for her to give up, at all. I did not go to see her. Your mother told me what I write, as I dare not go and look our old aunt in the face.

It seems that Deacon Peepson has some Livingston stock, too, and Mrs. Peepson was over, sympathizing with Aunt Marie: "La, Sister Meredith, troubles never come singly. It never rains but it pours. The hand of the Lord falls heavily at times on those He loves; but it is all for the best." And Mrs. Peepson covered her face with a black-bordered handkerchief, and rocked backward and forward in the splint-bottomed chair. I am giving it to you straight, old man, just as your mother told it to me. I want you to know the case exactly, so as to make a correct diagnosis. ¶ "Well, if you want to tell it so bad, why not out with it!" blurted out your aunt. Mrs. Peepson put on her shawl, very coldly and very calmly, and said: "Well, Sister Meredith, if this is the way you are going to treat your old neighbor who has lived nigh you for thirty years, and been a true friend to you, I guess I will go home. Excuse me for troubling you, Miss Meredith." Of course Aunt Marie called her back, and told her the pain was so bad she did n't know what she said, and asked Mrs. Peepson to make a cup of tea for her, and one for herself at the same time. ¶ Aunt Marie propped herself up in bed, the hyson thawed Mrs. Peepson out and over the tea-cups she told all about the Livingston receivership, and more too, evidently. She must have buzzed

away for nearly an hour when stopping suddenly she said, " But you know Sister Meredith, I never meddle in my neighbors' affairs! "

" You need n't sympathize with me, Mrs. Peepson," said Aunt Marie; " I got my dividend all in crisp green notes—a day or so late, perhaps; but they were so busy they had n't time to send it earlier. The next one may be double—they are making money, right along. You get your information from the newspapers; when you see a thing in the papers it is a sure sign it is n't so. I never read the horrid things; I get my information from friends who can tell the truth."

" What! " shrieked Mrs. Peepson, as she bounced out of the splint-bottomed chair, upsetting the blue tea-pot. " You got your dividend, did you, and my husband did not get his? He promised me the money when it came—over a hundred dollars—and here I have been skimping along for months and months, expecting it. Now, why should they pay *you,* and send out to the papers that lying statement about having no funds? Just answer me that, Miss Meredith! "

She seemed to imagine, in her wrath, that it was Aunt Marie who had wronged her. Aunt Marie saw the spout was broken off her blue china tea-pot, and she can use very tart language anyway, so she just said, " Well, Sister Peepson " (she never calls any one Sister except when mixing in tincture of iron); " Well, Sister Peepson, since you demand that I shall tell, allow me to say first that I am a poor, crippled-up old maid, with no income except my Mill stock. They know this, and, having some pity in their hearts, they send me my interest money and let you rich folks go. Secondly (as the preachers say), your man, as you call him, has likely got the dividend all right, and has just lied to you about it. No man yet ever kept his promise. Just pour me another cup, Sister Peepson, if you please, while you are all wet."

The tea-pot lay on its side on the floor, its nose four feet away;

Mrs. Peepson bounced out of the house with a slam, saying, " And is this what one gets for manifesting a neighborly spirit?—I 'll show him! "

What have I done! What have I done! Mrs. Peepson may get a divorce from her husband. Friendship broken between Aunt Marie and the Peepsons. But worse, a thousand times: Honor may yet know it all, and she will know I am a liar. I am a L-I-A-R, and she will know it. Tell me what to do, Arthur! Do they need an extra driver in your train? God help me!—I can't myself.

JACK

P.S. I got my degree last week. Do you think I could start a good practice out in Kansas? Are the Indians homœopath or old-school?

NUMBER XXIX.

HONOR HAROLD TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

Dr. Holworthy's disinterestedness raises him several degrees is the estimation of Miss Harold. The doctor tries his hand at gardening. Concord Philosophy. A modern Portia.

Concord, June 30, 1851

Dear Mr. Forbes:—

Your former room-mate, Dr. Holworthy of Cambridge, was here yesterday and told us that he had just received a long letter from you wherein you stated that you enjoyed your work greatly —were prosperous, and that your health had fully returned. This is most joyous news to us all, and I can not refrain from expressing the deep pleasure that this news has brought.

I must say that my admiration for young Dr. Holworthy has never been very exalted, for he is what he is; but his sincere satisfaction in your happiness raised him several degrees in my estimation. Besides the good news from you, he brought the

dividend for Miss Meredith on her stock in the Livingston Mill. The payment has been deferred for a few weeks, for some reason —in fact, has not been paid yet—but Dr. Holworthy advanced it out of his own pocket. When we think how scanty his means are, this disinterested action on his part, to help the dear old lady, is most touching.

I was weeding in the flowers when the doctor came, and he wished to assist me; so he took the hoe, as he said he " was thirsty." (This he intended as a joke—" Ho! every one that thirsteth." You will observe that this is a fine type of Holworthy wit.) Well, he hoed with greater unction than discrimination, and in five minutes managed not only to kill all the weeds in the bed, but several fine dahlias as well. His efforts to " set " the broken stalks so they would " heal by the first intention "—and principally so your good mother would not discover his bad work—were most laughable.

When we think of the tender sympathies of Dr. Holworthy, the shortcomings of his intellect are blotted from our minds. It is the old question of Heart *vs.* Intellect; and, of the two, we will join sides with the former—will we not, my friend?

Mr. Thoreau came last week and worked all day in the garden. We had dinner under the little arbor in the yard, and a most charming time it was! Mr. Thoreau is an excellent talker—positive and to the point—but talk is not conversation. Conversation requires two, and no more: it is a mutuality of exalted thought and feeling.

Thoreau needs only a good listener, who will, by a single word, assent or differ at the right time, supplying a seed-thought now and then, and then his talk is charming.

The subject was the use of Nature. Mr. Thoreau claims that behind every physical fact is a spiritual truth—that the universe is the expression of Mind, and that Nature is for symbol. She gives a hint, and it is for us to ascertain the truth; and this is all

we need, for thus are we led on and on, and by exercise of our faculties we grow. We do not want things fully explained; we are displeased with tautology. Truism and platitude pall on us and all exaggeration of parts and " completion " of things in art we turn away from

The art that suggests is what we crave, and so Nature wins the love of all great souls by beckoning them onward and upward. Yet she never fully satisfies, for in the material world there can never be complete gratification. The essence of things is spiritual and eludes our complete grasp. You know full well the idea I would convey: doubtless you have discussed the same theme with Mr. Thoreau, and—who knows—possibly he obtained his seed-corn from your granary!

With regards, I am Your friend,

HONOR HAROLD

NUMBER XXX.

THANKFUL PEEPSON TO JOHN HOLWORTHY.

Mr. Peepson, having stock in Livingston Mill and receiving no dividends, demands that Dr. Holworthy, who has paid others, shall also pay him.

[Perhaps we should not blame Mr. Peepson for making this request. He was an elderly gentleman of ample means, but yet of such a nature that he could not imagine any one " doing good by stealth "—paying money out of his own pocket for the benefit of a friend—and he supposed, of course, there was some underhanded work in the mill management, to which Holworthy was party; and if he could only induce Holworthy to secure *his* money, the same as Holworthy had done for Miss Meredith, it was all he desired. Such men always pride themselves on their sense of " justice."]

Concord, July 10

J. HOLWORTHY.

My Dear Sir:

I have three thousand seven hundred dollars stock in Livingston Mill Co., Lowell, Mass. Said company have recently become involved. I have information to effect that you have drawn certain dividends from said company for certain of your friends. If you have power to do this for one person, you have for another. The paying of dividend to favored persons is forbidden by law—all must be served alike. Your interference in matter shows you to be only tool of others and constitutes you party to the crime. ¶ To avoid arrest, mail me draft $89.50, amount of my dividend due, and I give you my promise never to mention your name in any way to any living person. Immediate answer required—all action deferred until 13th inst.

Yours for truth and justice,

T. PEEPSON

NUMBER XXXI.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO THANKFUL PEEPSON.

Dr. Holworthy evidently alarmed, but expresses himself with fierce invective and—sends the money.

[Some folks take life very seriously (forgetting that none get out alive any way). Holworthy was one of these. Instead of carrying the burden on his shoulder, jauntily, he dragged it after him by a rope and made a heavy and complex job of what should have been a simple matter. A wise man would have made no reply to Peepson, or at best only politely refused him. But our friend worried through several sleepless nights over the matter, and probably wrote this letter with much sweat and lamp-smoke,

expecting the epistle would sting the rhinoceros hide of Mr. Peepson.]

Cambridge, July 11, 1851

Thankless Peepson.

Thing: Your vile blackmailing attempt has been safely received, and has served to light my pipe.

Horny-handed, villainous tiller of the soil! Black-hearted, blinking toad! I do now spit upon you—thus!

Where gottest thou that goose look? Am I to be frightened by such as you—illiterate baboon? Return thou to thy profession to which thou art called. Go haul manure and strew over the fair acres which thy putrid breath pollutes. Better still: use thy foul carcass for guano to raise chuckle-burrs, which I will sow over thy grave! Go sell thyself for a subject, and I will dissect thee for a monstrosity, thou accursed phantom!—thou vampire!—thou incubus!—child of death! Ass! You can not frighten *me*! But you ask only for money. It is naught! I am well provided for—thank heaven! As to a leprous wretch by the roadside, I fling you now this draft, for $89.50, to stop the vile wagging of your poisonous tongue. May Pluto gather you to himself!

Scornfully,

JOHN HOLWORTHY, M. D.

NUMBER XXXII.

ARTHUR R. FORBES TO JOHN HOLWORTHY.

Forbes loses temper when he finds that the money he sent was not given to Miss Harold as requested.

Salt Springs, Kansas Territory, July 10, 1851

John Holworthy, Esq.:—

You wrote asking my advice in a certain matter, and I sent you a certain sum of money, telling you how I desired you should use

it. Instead of following my wishes, you do something entirely different, and then trouble me with long, rambling letters on irrelevant themes, instead of simply advising me that you had performed your duty.

I asked you to take *my money* (not yours) and buy a draft with it, and mail it to a certain person. Did you do it? No! You still have half of that money in your possession, if by this time you have not lost it. Oh, yes! You will pay me back, of course. But, sir, I do not want you to pay it back. I want you at once to purchase a draft for ninety dollars, at the Hide and Leather Bank in Boston, and mail it, *without a letter,* to Miss Honor Harold, at Concord, Mass. On the outside of the envelope simply write these words: From John Holworthy, Fool.

I see no necessity for you calling at my mother's residence so often; she is well looked after without your assistance.

I am, sir, most respectfully,

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES

NUMBER XXXIII.

J. HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

Holworthy very brave at long distance. Wrathfully resents the imputation that Miss Harold may lose: for has he not given her his note! Former friends now foes. Woman the cause, as has happened before.

Cambridge, July 12, 1851

A. R. Forbes, Muleteer.

Sir: I have this day mailed an envelope to Miss Honor as requested. On the outside of the envelope I wrote nothing, but on the inside I sent a cordial letter. I also sent my note at sixty days for ninety dollars with interest—saying the amount was due her, and therefore enclosed. I sent my compliments and best wishes,

and hoped she was well and happy. I am going up to Concord to see her, Sunday, and will call at your mother's home. Mrs. Prudence Forbes is a perfect lady; but I much regret that her son reminds me of the Venus de Milo—neither is a gentleman. Sir, believe me, I am ever

Your obedient servant,

JOHN HOLWORTHY, M. D.

P. S. Was obliged to use the money for a friend, but of course will meet the note when due. Just before you left you made me promise I would go to see your mother once a week; now, when out of the kindness of my heart I go twice a week instead of once, you insult me.

P. S. No. 2. I lit my pipe with your last letter as soon as I read it.

NUMBER XXXIV.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO JOHN HOLWORTHY.

Forbes too sensible to nurse wrath. The strong can always afford to apologize. Tries to philosophize on the question of affinities.

On the Trail,
Kansas Territory, July 23

My Dear Jack:—

You wrote me a very pointed epistle. It was excellent, and knowing you enjoy good things I mail it back in this. You see I have marked it 98, and would have given you a hundred had you dotted your I's.

We write sharp letters, old chum, and they reach their destination days after, when all parties have likely forgotten the circumstances. The offensive letter comes like a kicking mule in a corral. It is an excellent plan to write caustic letters, dipping the

pen in aqua fortis (if seventy-four per cent caustic alkali can not be had); then take a letter-press copy, and throw the original in the waste basket. Read the letter-press copy next day, and you will thank heaven for having blessed you with a waste basket. Let us try this plan hereafter. But, come to think, just at present my office is neither supplied with waste basket nor letter press—so I will have to forego the aqua fortis.

We pull up stakes in ten minutes, so I will not write you a long letter. I wish you could see the acres and acres of sunflowers on these prairies. They follow the sun around from the extreme east to the west, and then face about in the night to greet old Sol in the morning. He comes up now right straight over Harvard Square ☙ ☙

About Miss Harold: She is a fine soul, my mother says; but don't you think, dear chum, she is so different from you that it would be impossible for her to reciprocate your feelings? *You* are a fine character, too—you have a future, I am sure—but then you are different! You will not misunderstand me! Of course my mother is always glad to see you, and I want you to go to see her often, and it is perfectly right and proper you should enjoy a little visit with Miss Harold at the same time. But, Jack, please do not annoy the lady by trying to make love to her. You can not " make love " any way. Love is a spark of the Divine, and all emotions of true love are reciprocal. It is a reflex action of Feeling (you see I use the capital); an echoing back from heart to heart, with this difference in the simile—an echo dies away, but love increases by action and reaction. If your regard for her has the ring of true metal, she must also experience a like emotion, and needs must express it.

Expression is necessary to life. In fact, all life is *expression of Mind*. Now, if Miss Harold does not echo back your feelings, as a matter of course you will only pain her by forcing the tender sentiment on her attention; and I know, if you respect her, you

will endeavor to make things agreeable for her—not otherwise. My old chum is too sensible to take exceptions to what I write him, but will always believe me to be

His sincere friend,

ARTHUR R. FORBES

NUMBER XXXV.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

The doctor is melted by the kindness of his friend. Coals of fire. More about affinities from another point of view. "Women do not know their own minds. Faint heart," etc.

Cambridge, Aug. 15, 1851

My Dear Old Chum:—

I got your letter; in it was enclosed another. The writing looked like mine but I never penned it. Some scoundrel with heart as black as Erebus forged it. None but a villain could have written it. Who says I wrote it? He is a liar! Would I write to my manly Arthur an insulting epistle? How could I, except I were drunk or mad. My Arthur of the Round Table is the only friend I have. Without him, to whom could I turn? He it was who whipped two Irishmen when they waylaid us on the bridge, and had me down. Who but he made me cram for " Zam," and thus got me 97 when I deserved to be plucked. The smartest, bravest, tallest and best man who ever kicked a football. He knows all things save the art of love; in this he is at sea, for he has not experienced—and what care I for the smooth logic of even *his* cool head, when talking of that which he has not felt!

Speaking of the different methods of expression, you may not believe it, but I once actually proposed to a girl with my feet. I was dead in love with her, and we were playing euchre. I was

wondering how I would tell her of my passion, when all at once I proposed by touching her feet with mine under the table. She understood and answered back, begging for time to consider—it was so sudden. I insisted on an immediate answer, and she said she would be a sister to me. I telegraphed: " Never! You must be mine." And she then accepted, and the day was set. All the while we were raking in the tricks: we beat her father and mother in the game, two to five. A few weeks after, I was over to the house again, having a little game; and, as before, was telegraphing with my feet. All at once the old lady gave a scream, kicked over the table, and swore I was treading with my whole weight on her favorite corn. I denied it; and, to change the subject, charged her and the old man with cheating. The old gent grew furious and called me an insolent puppy. I called him a dough-faced old codger, and hinted at his family record in a way that was more than he could stand: he collared me then and there, and bounced me bodily down the front steps—the girl all the time crying and clinging to my neck, trying to save me. It was no use—the old man was too mad to reason with, and my overcoat, hat and cane were flung into the street after me. I was rather glad the thing turned out as it did, for the engagement was getting a trifle monotonous any way; so I just wrote the young lady the next day, and told her the family temper in her tribe was just a little more than I could stand—that I had a good deal of " beezum " myself, and for the sake of posterity we must call the engagement off and live but to forget.

The latter part of this true story is perhaps irrelevant to the question in hand; but I tell it to show you there are other modes of communicating thought besides words, hand-clasps and glance of eyes ☙ ☙

Yes, Arthur; we are not alike—that is why I love her! It is right and proper that a man should select for a wife a woman who will round out the weak points in his own character. She is away

above and beyond me, every way; but would you have me choose a woman beneath me? You, yourself, have said that when a man and woman who are unequal in mental and spiritual make-up, marry, there is a compromise—a meeting half-way. Thus you admit that, if I marry her, there will be a great growth in my intellectual stature. Then, again, you are wrong about the reciprocity. Among all animals the male seeks his mate—this is nature. Do you think a modest woman would give herself away by letting a man know she thought anything of him? *Not much!* You only show your ignorance. It is a part of woman's plan; they want to be wooed, and wooed, and after a long siege they are won. A woman delights in being courted; and half the time a girl never knows her own mind, and it is the business of the love to educate her in matters of love. What a delightful occupation! Old man, I have a notion of adopting it as a profession, instead of medicine! No Arthur; it is the persistent lover who wins. " Faint heart never won fair lady."

When the Lord feels dissatisfied with his work (as I am sure He often does, when He thinks of some of the men He has made), He simply opens one of the windows of heaven and takes a look at my tall Iris.

I saw her Thursday. She is rather hard to get thoroughly awake on any subject—a little absent minded. I think she broods over her father's death, and to cheer her up I read her one of your letters. Not the last, bless you!—hardly. It was the one in which you told of Gooseberry Jake. After I read it she smiled and I never saw her look so handsome. " Let me see it," she said. She took it in her beautiful hands and read part of it to herself, and then she sighed.

I guess this sigh was at some of your pathetic strokes. You *will* get in something that almost brings the tears—right along with your jokes, you old rascal!

I am filling in vacation at the drug store in Cambridgeport, and

grinding away at the books, with clinic over in Boston every Saturday.

JACK

NUMBER XXXVI.

MRS FORBES TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

Dr. Peabody is sure the medicine cured. Mrs. Forbes has another opinion. The cat may be sent from home. A funeral at the little house by the railroad.

Friday Night

My Dear Boy:—

I am rejoiced to know that you are so much better. I met Dr. Peabody today and told him how well you are. He said he knew the medicine would cure you. For my own part, Arthur, I can not help believing it was in answer to our prayers. I did not tell the doctor so. He is a nice man.

He was with me, you remember, when you were born. After a woman has had a doctor at such a time he always seems like one of her own folks ever after. Perhaps it was the earnest prayers and the medicine too. Dr. Peabody does not believe much in praying for the sick. He said to me once, if a man needed an emetic, a half ounce of ipecac was worth a ton of prayer. I fear he has been corrupted by the unbelief of this place. It 's no use arguing with men, though; they have no sense. If Dr. Peabody gets sick himself, he will send for a preacher the first thing. Such men always do.

Our cat caught two of the young robins. He may get to killing the chickens next. If he does I will *surely* give him away, although you brought him here yourself six years ago. I can not afford to have my chickens caught. What is more, I will not stand it, either.

¶ Honor has helped me make over my black dress. We left the

skirt just the same, but added a plain flounce at the bottom, of some stuff she had in her trunk. But the waist—why, I hardly think you would know it at all.

If I see the cat prowling around after the chickens, I have decided we will put him in a bag, and Honor and I will carry him off, clear over the hill, some night, by Peepson's, and turn him loose; and of course, if he goes to Peepson's house, it will not be our fault ☙ ☙

The bonnet I got when your father died looked pretty bad, but Honor fixed it over for me so it looks like new. We are going down to Boston to church next Sunday. She is the handiest person I ever saw. Do you think I ought to charge her $2.50 a week? It seems too much, when she helps me so, all the time.

For our chapter last night, Honor read to me from First Epistle of John, iv, 1-20. Read it, Arthur, from the little Bible I put in your trunk. One verse I remember is—" He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love." I think Honor reads better than our preacher—not so loud, but with more feeling. Another verse was —" There is no fear in love, for perfect love casteth out fear." Did I tell you how we borrowed Smith's wheelbarrow and cut sod ourselves for little Martha's grave? Another verse Honor read was—" God sent His only begotten Son." She said she thought it was because God loved me that he sent me such a son. Yes; I believe it must be so. You have not told me, but I believe you have really given your heart to Jesus. Your letters are not so trifling as they used to be when you were at college.

There has been lots of sickness here lately. The family that moved into one of Murphy's houses, down by the railroad, had three children die of diphtheria, all in one week. They are very poor people. The neighbors were all afraid to go near, as it is so awful catching. They buried two of the children in the night. Honor heard about it, and went at once to see them, the day the last one died. She was the first woman who had been in the house for

three weeks. The mother begged her to read a chapter and pray. They did not bury this one in the night. No preacher dare go to the funeral, so Honor preached a little sermon, about ten minutes, and read and prayed. She was the only woman besides the mother at the funeral.

I have four pair of new stockings for you. Tell me how soon you will be home. Yours truly,

PRUDENCE FORBES

NUMBER XXXVII.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

Holworthy goes to Concord for botanical specimens. Enlists the assistance of Honor Harold and Miss Hosmer. A triangular picnic. Murphy's mishap. Botany vs. Geology. Dr. Holworthy records his success, but forgets the botanical specimen, which will necessitate another visit.

[The patience shown by Mr. Forbes in receiving and answering such letters as this—several of which I have not thought it worth while to publish—can only be accounted for, by presuming that his faith in Miss Harold was invincible and the letters from Holworthy were merely diverting.]

Cambridge, Mass., Tuesday Evening

Dear Old Chum:—

A hazy, lazy autumn day—leaves turning yellow; they fall fluttering to the ground like wounded birds. And such an indefinite, dreamy look to the landscape—like the sweet face of a bride, as you catch sight of it through her veil; you do not know whether she is crying (just a wee bit) or smiling. We do not want to see things too plainly, old man. (I never did see my lessons very clearly—the best truth is always a trifle misty.)

I believe the charm of these Indian-summer days is the fact that our senses are kind of dulled and lulled, as by a two-grain opium pill; a sort of somniferous effect, so that one goes straight to heaven without the formality of Gabriel's bugle and the Judgment-day racket.

They say the wicked shall not enter the kingdom; but by the great Paracelsus! I had a clear look inside the portals today—and, confidentially, old chum, it 's as good as settled.

I am greatly interested in botany—or the Goddess thinks I am, which is just as well. I went up to Concord early this morning; walked straight to your mother's, and asked the tall Minerva if she could tell me where I could find a good specimen of *Aralia Nudicaulus* for our herbarium at Cambridge. It worked, old man; and she brightened up and said: " Why, yes; I will show you! Miss Hosmer and I are going that way; we will be glad to have your company." Pulse jumped to 98 by my watch, as she put on her hat and a funny little jacket.

You are right, Arthur; a woman *will* express her feelings, if you only give her time—they can't hold back always. She seemed so pleased to see me; asked me to go, too, mind you!—asked me to go, and said she would be thankful for my company. And it would have been heaven complete, if it had not been for this friend who was with her! This Miss Daisy Hosmer is just a young thing, awfully sweet, and sort of come-and-catch-me appearance, but talks in riddles and parables. I could n't exactly make her out. She walked ahead, and left Honor and me alone part of the time. I guess Honor told her to; and I took the opportunity to say, " I wish life were one long picnic like this." She was very jolly and said, " Why, it was just what I was going to say—we three on an eternal picnic. Yes; how sublime."

" Or just you and me," I added. " Why, truly, how sublime—or you alone! " And she called to Daisy, who hoodooed the interview, and came back to dig up a flower.

Each of the girls had a trowel, and I carried two baskets, a bag, a spade, and an ax. I was loaded to the gunwales, and they kept digging stuff and putting in the baskets. By and by, Miss Hosmer got a geological fit, and began to gather specimens. " Oh! the trilobite—the lovely trilobite! What a nice piece of gneiss! Oh! look at the feldspar! " And the stones began rattling down into that bag ❧ ❧

" It does not make you tired, does it? " said Miss Hosmer; " you are so strong! "—and she dropped in a young bowlder from the miocene period. " Oh, no," said I; " I only wish you had brought along a bed-tick. We would have filled it full."

Finally we came to a ploughed field, and they wanted to look for Indian arrows; so they tramped me over the fields about seven miles, and I sank to my knees, nearly, at every step. We finally got over to Walden Lake and put our things in Henry's cabin. He was not at home. You know he never locks the door—nothing but a latch—any one can lift it and walk in. His boat was there, and I put one of the girls in each end, with Honor facing me, and what a row we had! I never saw her so pleasant. She laughed at all my jokes, and when I told them about how you swam out into Charles River, to rescue old Murphy, whose boat had upset, she asked me to tell it over again—all about how you sat the old man astride of the upturned boat, and swam behind and pushed him ashore; how the people on the bank thought it was old Neptune on a dolphin's back, coming in state, and they cheered and asked him what he had done with his trident. How they did laugh! Then we went back and had supper on the bank.

Henry and Daisy got into quite an argument, for which I was very thankful; for I improved the time by telling the tall Iris of how I intended to go in with Dr. Peabody, who is certainly not immortal, and some day I would have his whole practice. I said, " You know, Miss Harold, a physician in a village like Concord, can not hope to get a large family practice unless he has a wife! "

" Why, just what I was going to say! " said she, and she began skimming our geological specimens across the water. She is very absent-minded, and must have thrown away half, without once thinking what she was doing. I just kept quiet and let her throw, although it *did* break in on our conversation. When we got back to your mother's, the girls both thanked me and shook hands so gratefully, and asked me to come again.

I 'm solid there, old chum—make no mistake! These things require time to work up. The world was n't made in a day. I went away without my specimen of *Aralia*—forgot all about it. Absent-minded, you see—it must be catching. Well, anything I can catch from her I will be thankful for, even to eczema.

Your letters are wonderfully interesting. Tell me more about your experience—it is all so new and strange to us here.

I will have to go back after my *Aralia Nudicaulus,* next Saturday, I suppose. JACK

P. S. For myself, I do not take much stock in womankind; for who can tell whether what tulle suggests be real, or that which padded silk parades be false?

NUMBER XXXVIII.

ARTHUR R. FORBES TO MISS HONOR HAROLD.

" Read between the lines." The first view of the Rockies. Poetic prose.

Camp Unrest, Kansas Territory, Aug. 16, 1851

My Friend:—

Once upon a time, a thousand years ago (or was it yesterday?), you told me not to write to you, for you would read the letters I sent to our mother. In these letters to her, you have read between the lines, receiving the messages I meant for you. In each letter you have seen a growing tendency to write beyond what the good woman could comprehend. Knowing that you would read the

letter, I must needs restrain myself; for before my inward eye arose your image, and so I gave *you* the message, not her. There is a necessity in our natures which demands that we shall express that which is within; and so, my gentle lady, I offer no excuse for writing this my first letter to you, trusting wholly that your strong good-sense will show you how, loving my mother as I do, when I write to her I must have before me *her* image: listening intently, as we know she does—knitting, perhaps—keeping time with moving lips and nod of head.

Do you think the love for our parents can ever be replaced by another? Should not love give the capacity for love? All other faculties grow by exercise, why not this? And so, you see, I am writing you this letter that I may be *free*—free to write to her and *to write to you.* Equally important is it that I may express to you what my heart prompts. With you I can think aloud and you will not misconstrue. You will put the best construction on my thought, and echo it back to me in a clearer and sweeter tone. Since I received your first letter the tide has been coming in, and I have, today, life in abundance. It is a joy to be alive; and it seemed that if I did not write you this message, just to thank you for what you have done for me, the day's duties would not be done ⁂

We are encamped in a beautiful valley, on the banks of a running stream. There are only a few trees near; but the boundless prairie fills me with a sense of sublimity. The waving grass stretches off miles upon miles, and, as the summer winds play over it, it seems to rise and fall like the waves of the sea. To the west is a mass of low white clouds. There they stay—sublime, clear as marble in outline. They have not changed since yesterday. I called the attention of a companion to them—" Why, those are the Rocky Mountains," said he.

Yours,

ARTHUR R. FORBES

Part Two

INTRODUCTION

EVIDENTLY there are letters missing which should go in here, for this full, frank confession of the heart must have been preceded by something more formal; but as the epistles are lost I must beg the reader to bridge the gap with his imagination.

In the letters of Mr. Forbes, prior to this correspondence with Miss Harold, few traces of spirituality are to be found. This love seemed to add cubits to his stature, and to have aroused a poetic side of his nature, which none knew he possessed: not the first man, perhaps, who has been nudged out of sleep by Cupid, and been led on to better things by the light of the little god's torch.

A large number of these love letters are in my possession, but I give only a few, merely to show the quality of mind which this man and woman possessed.

Many of these epistles seem to open very abruptly, but lovers evidently have some occult way of knowing what will be deemed proper and what not. I leave this to the experienced, and will say that, of all written words, the letters of wise men and women are best. They are more natural than oratory, more advised than conversation, and show the heart of the writer as love and friendship only can call it forth. It is the tendency of all strong feeling to dwell constantly on the same thought—to be monotonous—and the oft-repeated vows and verbal endearments which generally fill love letters, make them unsuited for any save the one to whom they are directed. But in these letters of Mr. Forbes to Miss Harold, and Miss Harold to Mr. Forbes, I find much that is of poetic and philosophic value, and the tenderness often

shown I am sure will strike a sympathetic chord in the hearts of all " who love a lover."

I should judge that no attempt was made, on the part of this peculiar pair, to " answer " letters; they wrote when they felt inclined—every day, or once a week, as the spirit moved. Any theme which was in the heart of the writer found expression. In most of these epistles all formality of place, date or name is omitted; the addition of signature being found only a few times in the several hundred letters from which these are selected.

NUMBER XXXIX.

MISS HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

With the man of dull susceptibility and strong animal nature there may be much force at times, but with the force so excited dies the result. There is no reaction. But the man who is full of soul-life—who has the poetic nature—the force exerted may be slight, but the reaction is great. We are cursed or blessed by reaction. Our lives today are what they are on account of what has gone before. Dull men may meet and part, but to us the meeting of an individual who is our peer is an event of great importance. How the acts of our lives now stand out before us and make or mar. The value of the act is not in the act, but in the reaction. It is not what you say, but how the saying reacts upon yourself and upon the hearer: all this in the fraction of a second. We grow by reaction; mind on body, body on mind. With the slow mind there is little reaction, with the brute none: but to the person of fine poetic sensibilities, the trees, flowers, sky, water speak to him with a thousand tongues. You see with the physical eye: that is the action, the impression made on your mind is the reaction

" A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

No reaction.

Love is an alternating current, action and reaction: my love acts on you, yours on me. Yours reacts upon yourself, mine the same; and the result is a quicker sensibility for good a more hearty appreciation of beauty, a broader outlook, a quicker insight, an increased sympathy.

Let us so live that the reaction from our lives will be a benediction on ourselves—a blessing to others.

NUMBER XL.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

One may harangue, several may talk, but conversation requires two and no more. Between these there must be such a mutual understanding that all explanation may be waived.

Only those who know the delight of conversation can be silent in the presence of each other and be at ease. Silence, under these conditions, is music asleep.

Where conversation is possible, each is wiser, holier, purer in heart than when alone. Soul acts on soul and brings out only the good in each. The reaction from conversation is insight into Divine things.

And do you know, dear, there is a burden of joy as well as a burden of heaviness; and so this love gives such a burden of joy that we can not rest until we share the joy with each other.

We must use our joy (as well as all other good things), and so we give our joy away, and still keep it.

With you I use my faculties, with you the circuit is complete.

NUMBER XLI.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

My Lady:—

There is a loneliness here in the desert, yet there is a freedom. ¶ You remember the man who wrote from his prison cell, "At six o'clock, the world is shut out and we are free from intrusion." Well, I am free from intrusion the livelong day.

In connection with every palace of kings there has been a prison. The ruling priesthood has always had its dungeons for unbelievers; and political and ecclesiastical prisons have held the greatest and rarest souls who have ever blest this earth—poets, patriots, thinkers, inventors, reformers. We know them, so why need I write their names! We have been with them in their glory and their gloom, in their grandeur and their grief. Think of all the books written behind prison bars. Of John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress,* Walter Raleigh's *History;* and Defoe, with ears cut off, begging for ink to write *Robinson Crusoe;* Isolation is freedom. Solitude may be communion with the Infinite, and on the pathless plains I often feel that I am face to face with my Maker.

NUMBER XLII.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO HONOR HAROLD.

My Dear Lady:—

I now believe that this withdrawal from the rush and friction of the world—living near to Nature's heart, with no roof but the blue dome of heaven—surrendering myself into the arms of rest, silence and Infinity—is doing me untold good. Yet there are lonely pinings of the heart, and my arms reach out to you across the miles, as I pray with my face toward the east.

The misfortunes of men often proceed from their inability to be

alone. They go in search of companionship, to the saloon and the gaming table, to riot and extravagance, dissipation and excess; and thus they try to forget themselves, and—alas!—they often succeed ❧ ❧

Strong drink, opium, and other drugs that lull to drowsy nothingness, are only the attempts of men to dismiss self. Happy is he who can live alone with God; and yet, dear, in all this wilderness, could I—could I be happy without you? "Give me solitude, sweet solitude; but in my solitude, give me still one friend to whom I may murmur, solitude is sweet."

❧

NUMBER XLIII.

MISS HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

My Lover:—

What a charming bit of Scotch folk lore is that of the protected boatman! ❧ ❧

The night was dark and cold, the wind blew in fitful gusts, the waves rose high, as there came to the wharf a woman in tattered garments, bearing in her arms a babe held close to her breast. "I must cross the river—I must cross tonight!" she cried. The ferryman replied: "Stay thy noise, woman! Knowest thou not the hour is late and the boat is tied fast? Get thee gone!" But still she cried: "Is there none to speed me on my way? Oh, I must cross tonight!" And the ferryman answered, "Woman, as thou importunest so, tell me why thy haste and how much money hast thou to tempt me to defy the wave for thy foolish whim!" And she only answered: "I have no money, but I must cross tonight—I must cross tonight! Oh, I must be on my way!" And he answered, wroth: "Get thee gone with thy whelp! Away!" ¶ And then a youth, who stood near, approached and said, "Woman, I know not whom thou art, and it matters not; but

I have a boat at hand, and if thou wilt allow me, *I* will speed thee on thy way."

And he helped the woman to a seat in the end of his boat. The waves tossed the craft about, but the boat reached in safety the farther bank; and behold, when the youth reached out his hand to help the woman on shore, there arose and stood before the simple boatman, not the woman in rags but a beauteous creature clothed in white, and about her shone a wondrous light. " Fear not!" she said. " They call me the Blessed Virgin; and, ever after, thy boat shall ride in safety, where'er thou choosest to go. For thy soul hast pity, and thou heardst my cry for help, and didst not seek to question nor quibble and wrangle with the needs of the heart, but didst speed me on my way; and now I decree that no harm shall befall thee! "

And, ever after, the boatman was free from the peril of the wave; and when he had lived out many long and useful days and came to die, there appeared at his bedside the Blessed Virgin. And all who stood near heard her voice as she said, " Fear not, for I have come to row thy soul safely over the river called Death! "—and as the form vanished the people looked and saw a smile on the face of the boatman, but his spirit had floated away across the Unknown Deep.

NUMBER XLIV.

MISS HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

My Dear Arthur:—

How all this love-relation has come to us! Sympathy led; then spirit followed, and refused to come away—and all so perfectly natural, gentle, spontaneous. You did not say, Come this way; now, please do come—Nor I to you. We were moving together, in lines coming nearer and nearer, until at last we simply reached

out hands and thus we journey, And, dear, can one journey alone and be alive to all beauty, so that the faculties are ever receptive and alert? No, not alone, I hear you say.

It is artificial life that kills. A striving to make harmonious adjustments—to please this one or avoid displeasing that; but love brings such a stillness, smoothness, lightness into our lives, that, being in right relation to the *one* soul, we can easily be in right relation to all.

Have you noticed, dear, what charity, what patience, has come to your spirit? Nothing worries—we are not disturbed.

This is life.

NUMBER XLV.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

My Gentle Lady:—

You have faith plus, my dear, and hope to spare, otherwise I would be down in the depths; for verily I have drawn from your supply, and it is your fountain that nourishes and sustains me. I am unworthy of your great love; but the only way I can become worthy, is to live in this love-atmosphere, and, under its benign influence, open out my sleeping soul-forces as the acorn bursts its shell under the influence of the gentle summer rain and sunshine. I feel that the rays reach me only through you, you are the prism that concentrates and gives to me. Unless you focused truth for me, how could I ever perceive it? The actinic ray, you know, is the one that vitalizes; it is the growth principle.

Love is the actinic ray.

NUMBER XLVI.

MISS HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

Nothing can make us truly live, but using what we have. If there is a royal road to geometry we do not know it. There is an

expression used by some good old ladies to show their surprise; they look at you, adjust their specs, and say, " La me! I want to know."

Well, what greater ambition is there than this—"I want to know?" It is wonderful to know; not to know seems the only sin. Dearest, let us know.

I am glad I am alive. Glad am I, and grateful to God for this great love which gives ability to know. I am glad there is so little carbonic acid in the atmosphere, and glad there are so few mean people in the world. There are not near as many as there were before this love began. Do you not agree with me, lover? And do you not think the world is fast growing better? Why! never before have people treated me so courteously; they smile, bow, and make room for me, and I have not heard a cross word for days and days. This love-atmosphere in which I live, gives youth, smoothness, rest, peace, joy, happiness. Its increasing activity of intellect brings good results quickly; cures heartache, moodiness, soul-hurt, and in fact all diseases that men can acquire —we will not say " that flesh is heir to," because we are heirs to the kingdom, not dyspepsia. This love brings to us all of the joys that children know, and their sweet content as well.

There, my lover, laugh if you wish; it sounds like a patent-medicine bill, but it is just a love letter to you. Smile here.

NUMBER XLVII.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

My Sweetheart:—

There is no great art without philosophy, and yet reflection is the worst enemy of art. Our first thought is the best; and when we begin to reflect, to shape, to arrange—verily it is like the handling of a butterfly by heavy fingers.

We have been told that certain of our inclinations are base and allied to the animal, but all of our powers have their earthly and their spiritual expression. Where one begins and the other ends, I will not attempt to say; but it is very true that it is needful a man should be a good animal, so I take it that all is good and that we have no capacity which is unworthy of immortal development.
¶ Whatever we possess is God-given; and we will not attempt to trample it out, nor insult His work by calling it a snare. For His creation is not to deceive, but to build up; and nothing that is made is without purpose.
Every impulse of life to reach out to life, is God-given and holy.

NUMBER XLVIII.

MISS HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

Youth is not merely a charming phase of the fleeting years; it is a pervading quality of character, a joyous freshness of spirit, that springs from the soul.
Infinite hope is the essence of youth; and he who really believes that God is good, has no fears that steal away his heritage. Gray hair is naught; and what boots it though his form is bent when his heart is young?
" He goes bravely through the world, who carries with him the perfume of the morning and the lavish heart of youth."

NUMBER XLIX.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

Yes, you are right. Happiness is from within and not dependent on outward circumstances. Man should be sufficient unto himself, and not lean upon an outward environment.

By the way, did you say that your box in the post-office looked lonesome when no letter came from the Rockies, and that the lonesomeness of the box imparted its vacuity and nothingness to the entire village as you walked homeward? Why, my dear, I thought that happiness was from within!

The one thing which Pandora did not let escape, you should hold very closely. Of course my creed says, " Happiness is not dependent on outward events," but bless you, child, my creed is not the thing I believe! I only hold it theoretically. My happiness cometh from Concord, dear—no matter what the theory says.

NUMBER L.

MISS HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

My Dear Lover:—

You should see this wide expanse of water as it flows so placidly unvexed to the sea.

It quivers and shimmers in the sunlight. Shut your eyes and see it now, and those blue hills beyond; and the trees waving—poising back and forth in the lazy summer breeze, as it rises, falls, dies away, and then comes with swelling force.

The lake, trees, hills, clouds and sunshine all seem to lift up their voices in one harmonious chorus: " Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts, Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory: Glory be to Thee, O Lord Most High."

So say our hearts and lives, in one continuous prayer of love and praise

Stronger and more fervid grows the chorus—for love, like all good things, is cumulative; and all the days of by-gone love, work their sweetness into this.

NUMBER LI.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

My Dear:—

After the hot sun of the long day, with the never-ending barrenness of the sand hills, and the knowledge that in this company of a hundred men, I can not *converse* with one, the love-atmosphere at thought of you, comes stealing over me. I am in an oasis, with a clear, bubbling stream murmuring through. Spreading palms, geraniums, and rose bushes are all about; the floor is carpeted with crocus, auricula, and violets; a gentle breeze stirs the cool leaves, and their soft sighing keeps time with the song of the brook. ¶ We are descended from the wandering, wild horsemen of the Arab desert, and the ancestral tendencies yet linger in our veins. Where is the man whose heart does not leap at the suggestion of camping out? Show me such, and I will point you one whose soul is ripe for treason, conspiracy and spoils.

Many women have a peculiar fatal power not given to men—namely, an ability to concentrate in one short effort an amount of vital force which should carry them through a long life; but, having once brought this force to near, they are undone, and the poise of health is, forever after, a thing to them unknown. Beware my proud and thoughtful Minerva, of this over-intensity. Dullness saves me, and most souls, from the danger I have named; not so, you.

NUMBER LII.

MISS HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

Mr. Emerson read to us last night, from an essay he has recently written. Among other things, he spoke of the necessity of cultivating the receptive and positive mood, as opposed to negation. We discussed this thought after the reading: of how men dispute

and wrangle; but nature is calm, and in her presence man takes on the spirit of childhood.

The child is a seer, and has the clear intuition of purity. The child does not weigh and consider—set down the debits and credits and strike a balance—but his mind works spontaneously, is all alert and receptive. No thought is " dangerous " to him; he is the perfect prism, which reflects all the beauties of light with its various tints. From this, Mr. Emerson deduces that we should avoid all controversy; for he who argues, gets into a mental habit of forming a rebuttal whenever he hears another speak. Sympathy is put aside; and, instead of getting the good the speaker has to offer, the controversialist is only the while sinking deeper into his own whims and prejudices.

Now, look you, my dear lover, we can put this thought to the test. When we find a man given to argument, we will take his latitude and longitude, and then ascertain which way he is traveling. My opinion is, that he is anchored fast in the mud of his own conceit.

¶ Let us sit quietly and cultivate the receptive mood, putting jealousy and prejudice behind. We must not be afraid of receiving what is harmful. Does the wild deer fear being poisoned by the green leaves it feeds upon?

To refute, or attempt to deny, mentally or verbally, is to close the intellect against truth; it is to acquire the habit of sophistry, or the use of any argument that is at hand—truth or error—to convince the jury that we are right. Controversy does not convince ❧ ❧

We always impart to others a like feeling to that which we hold, and our mental attitude is shaping itself in their minds; and, if we wrangle, they, too, are forming a rebuttal. Thus each side has taken a vow not to give in the width of a hair; and from this convention Mr. Emerson says, " We go to the woods; and they say, 'why so hot, my little man? ' " How we did smile when he read this sentence; and he stopped and looked at us, surprised

that we should laugh. His gentle earnestness and sincerity is most inspiring. He has humor, too; but it is of an inward sort, and does not give to laughter. Loud ha! ha! ha's! become some men. Let them grow purple in the face, and lean against the house and roar, peal on peal, as the tears run down their cheeks, their knees weaken and they hold their sides; but you can imagine Mr. Emerson turning trickster, as easily as to think of his giving way to boisterous mirth.

NUMBER LIII.

MISS HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

Every pulse of my heart says, Onward—onward, ever and eternally—onward and upward! Tarry not by the way; but on and on and on and on!

NUMBER LIV.

MISS HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

Dear Lover Mine:—

There is no plan upon which a mortal can enter, but what a higher insight can transcend. We must be loyal to what we now see is right, unmindful of all the vows taken in days gone by. Thus a religion, which once to us was truth, might now be a dead weight; and, as such, let us cast it into the deep, and go on our way to higher things.

Mr. Emerson told us, Saturday, that reading his lectures in public gave him little satisfaction, but what he printed he believed would last; and he often read with relish from his own books.

It was a charming bit of frankness that all smiled. Mr. Hawthorne expressed surprise that any author could bear the sight of his own words in print; and for himself, he said, he would just as lief want

to see his dinner after he had eaten it, as a book that he had written. He wrote because he had to, for his own good.

Then the talk ran to comparing oratory with literature. Thoreau said oratory has its excuse in that a quick work must be done; occasion demands a forcible presentation of truth—it is now or never. Oratory dies with the effort, but literature lives on. If literature is misunderstood or rejected, the author always finds balm by lodging his appeal with posterity. Mr. Emerson said he thought the desire for immortality was often what prompted men to write. We long for a lasting result to our work—we wish to live. Men want their names to be perpetuated. They wish to leave fortunes, and to have high monuments erected to their memory. And if this is true of men living largely in the sensuous, how much truer of those who live in thought and spirit!

" And why this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this reaching out for immortality? "

In this desire lies the proof that, somewhere and somehow, it must find satisfaction.

NUMBER LV.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO HONOR HAROLD.

Out of the herd, I have picked a pure white mare that I call my own. She is the most knowing horse I ever saw; and although I like solitude, yet without a horse I fear the stillness would oppress. This little white horse comes at my call, and never leaves me if I dismount on the march. I guide her by the swaying of my body, and she always reflects my mood. Am I lonely and long for you, she knows it; is sympathetic, and sober in her paces. If I am joyous, she joins in the caper, and shakes her mane in glee. Do you believe in metempsychosis?

Animals are happy! They have only one occupation; that is, the seeking of nourishment for their bodies. Man's true work is

seeking nourishment for his soul; and when he makes this the chief end of his existence, I am sure that sweet peace will be his portion. Does not our joy come from this, my dear—that we seek the good? ❧ ❧

I wish the harassed and hurrying crowds in cities knew the joys of solitude. The silence of the mountains can cure the care-worn soul of the ills that eat away its life.

Solitude is the home of the Almighty, which no thoughtful man can enter without awe.

From letters received from Dr. Holworthy, I fear he has fallen in love with you, my sweet. Several times, in years past, he has had similar attacks. I am sure, however, he never before met a lady so lovable as " the tall Iris "—as he calls you.

I think I know why you are tall. It is because the gravitation from above calls, " Come up higher! " So, out of the miasma, and above your associates, you lift your sunlit head, and gain a view, out into the Beyond, which is impossible to others. Yes; figuratively and literally, you stand above them.

But about Dr. Holworthy. It makes me smile to think he imagines that you could possibly be his mate. Are you, who have no use for powders and potions, to turn proxy M. D., and manipulate a pestle for your liege? Avaunt, Holworthy!—thou Jack of Pills!—with thy " Heroic treatment," and harass not my gentle lady with thy allopath attentions.

❧

NUMBER LVI.

MISS HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

I saw, today, reproductions of the grand carvings of Thorwaldsen. Have you seen them? His " Night " and " Morning " touched me to tears ❧ ❧

One critic is in error, in speaking of the swift-flying angel in " Night " as the mother of the babes. Look again, dear, at that tall,

graceful form; how the drapery sweeps out behind, showing her rapid flight! She is poised forward, and her head is bowed in stern silence. The strong soul is only strong by the contrast of opposite elements. Here we get strength, rapid motion, and absolute rest and relaxation. She holds in either arm a sleeping baby and they pillow their heads on her neck and shoulder in rest—complete rest. Her form is that of a woman who has never borne a child.

She is far more! She is the protecting spirit of the night. We travel when we sleep. Yes; in the sweet sleep of babyhood—which we can all enjoy under right conditions—the angel bears us on, and on and on. We pillow our tired heads on her bosom in perfect baby faith; and swiftly, surely, out into the great silence of Infinity she bears us. When you lie down to rest, to-night, dear, think of this; and straight you will hear the rustle of a wing, and across the miles the angel will bear you to me.

Yes, the critic was right. She is not only the mother of these babes, but of all others; and she says, " Come unto me all ye that labor and I will give you rest." And yet, Mr. Critic, it is *poetry;* and have I not said that poetry means all that you can get from it? She is a mother to you and to me, and more.

The owl, dear, was the sacred bird of Minerva. Minerva was the protector of the young. We say the owl is the bird of wisdom, because he looks wise; but we got the thought, long ago, from the Greek idea that the owl followed Minerva, who represents wisdom.

¶ Again the owl represents the night; the owl also means silence. This is the poet's thought, not the ornithologist's. Milton says " Then silent night, *with this, her solemn bird,* and this fair morn and these glittering gems of Heaven, her starry train."

Yes, dear; well do you say, " The soul rests not in feeling." Thorwaldsen wrought the " Night " and " Morning " in a single day of deep grief. What is grief, dear? It can not be so very bad, when it brings such results. " By their fruits ye shall know them."

Think of all the poems written in tears. Think of Cowper, Dante, Milton, Shelley, and all the others. Well have you spoken, " The soul rests not in feeling." Thorwaldsen carved with mallet, chisel—and grief. Who ever *felt* like Michelangelo, save his countryman, Dante?

The " Morning " is a different angel. She holds her face upward in gladness; her flight is leisurely, and her drapery falls in graceful curves. She scatters flowers as she flies, and on her shoulder perches Love. Love holds aloft a torch, and is it not meet? Who lights the way like Love? How can we see truth, or how can we ever find heaven, except Love lead the way and beckon us on? He goes bravely through the world who bears with him the spirit of the morning.

The spirit of the morning, I said, my dear! She it is, and Love who leads the way.

Thorwaldsen began on the " Night." He carved the owl first; last the sleeping babes. His heart was brimming, he stopped not, straightway he carved the joyous " Morning." How the chips flew; and lo! his grief was gone! We have, instead, his " Night " and " Morning."

NUMBER LVII.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

My Lady:—

Thank you for telling me of the evening spent at Mr. Emerson's. I would like to have taken part in the discussion on the Church of Rome. A certain grade of intellect demands a religion of symbol; and the growth of Catholicism in America is not a source of fear to so clear a vision as that of your dear friend R. W. E.

Spanish Catholicism is one thing, American Catholicism is another. The spirit of freedom, here, dilutes the power of priesthood—the

question of climate enters, and the rocks and snow of New England do not encourage thinking by proxy. It 's a long road from paganism to the clear faith of Emerson, and Rome is only a station on the road—but don't let the stop be too long.

Ma Donna, Madonna; My Lady or Our Lady. Simply a Spanish word; but stands, in Romish parlance, as the counterpart of *Our Lord*. When I speak to you of *Our Lord,* you put only one construction on my expression. When we speak of (the) Madonna, it means to us only one thing; the thought of the devout Catholic. We have borrowed his expression; and Thoreau says well, that few persons who dare think for themselves believe the dogma of the Madonna—meaning the miraculous conception, etc.

But of course we hold the allegory. The facts are nothing to us; principles, everything. It will not be long before we shall turn, adjust our glasses, and stare at the man who takes such pains to deny the " miraculous conception."

The literature of the East is full of such tales. No man stops me on the street and denies stoutly that the pedigree of Achilles is false as recorded. It is literature and poetry coming from out the misty past; and the facts these children tell only speak to us as poetry speaks, and I am glad to see that Madonna means so much to you ❧ ❧

We have sympathy for all religions; and you have given me a most beautiful thought—that she who produces or brings forth that which is great, and strong, and excellent, must be pure. That the mother of Jesus possessed purity, sweetness, gentleness, and love, all plus, I am sure. See how she believed in her Son, and followed Him to the very cross; and once she saw the black cloud rising afar and sought to save Him. She wanted to get Him out of Jerusalem, and to take Him back to their own safe country home.

¶ She represents, to us, pleading, intercession—desire to save; and, if you and I travel on foot, hand in hand, up some weary Alpine pass, and by the roadside we see a shrine to Our Lady

we, too, will cross ourselves devoutly and stand in silent prayer a moment, ere we refresh ourselves at the spring.

NUMBER LVIII.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

In society men are often indifferent. An earnest spirit is wounded by the contact of such. In the presence of stupidity the gods are dumb. So I do not wonder that great souls are grateful for the soothing evangel of solitude.

Indifference smothers, solitude is filled with sympathy: for the beloved, the universal, the Divine, come freely in and make the homes with us.

Most men live lives of blind drudgery, without deliberate aims or ends. They work that they may eat, and they eat that they may have strength to work. Many live to outstrip their rivals, pursue their enemies, gratify pride or excite envy. Few live to know truth, enjoy beauty, and reach up to the Infinite by loving one, in order that this love of one may increase the capacity to love all. Let us do this, my lady, and we will make this love a stepping-stone to the higher life.

NUMBER LIX.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO HONOR HAROLD.

In morals there have been no new discoveries made for two thousand years, nor will there be in the ages to come. We might as well look for a new dimension in space, and a new foot-rule which shall be angular instead of straight, or a yardstick with one end instead of two.

We know all the principles of morals, but there is much to learn concerning their application and development.

Morals are an outgrowth of the truth that every one's nerves terminate in his neighbor's flesh. That where one suffers, all suffer; where one enjoys, all enjoy. Not to know this betokens a lack of form, a chaos in the mind, a partial imbecility.

When we find people with sympathy so that they are moved by the sight of suffering in others, or, better still, when they rejoice with those who are glad—how our hearts go out to such! And this is only our homage to the Divine within them—" God manifest in the flesh."

Did you ever think, dear, what a dull, monotonous place heaven would be, if our loved ones were not there? what sort of minds have those people who pretend to believe a wife could be happy in heaven while her husband is in hell?

And, by the way, who are the heathen, after all? What makes heaven? Right relationship between one man and one woman makes heaven for each.

Heaven is relationship between souls; not a relationship between a soul and a pavement, between a soul and emeralds or rubies, nor between a soul and a harp. And, my sweetheart, what would you want of a white robe if I were not there to tell you whether it was a good fit in the back? And tell me, dear, would you ever play a harp if I were not near to listen?

" In heaven there is no marriage nor giving in marriage." Very true, for the questioners looked upon marriage as a matter of contract which became legalized only when priest or officer of the state had given sanction. But in heaven, spirit will reach out to spirit, affinities will meet, lovers will be one; and He spoke but truth when He said that in heaven there will be no "marriage," for God's law will be that supreme and right relationship, which is only love applied, and which will be adjusted so as to govern all. With you, my dear one, I claim my inheritance and come into possession of my Divine birthright. The only shadow that ever saddens me, is the thought that we may be separated. To be

with you would make a heaven of hell, and to be in heaven without you would be hell itself. What boots it though all the other saints were there! Without you I am lost—lost. With you I reach the Over-soul.

NUMBER LX.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO HONOR HAROLD.

In the woods or on the prairie we should go down into Nature and mix with her, just as we bathe in the sea when the waves rush to meet us and we are up-borne by them. How we shout for joy and how glad the spirit is! What freedom there is when we have left our dignity and affectations and fears with our good clothes, and forget all save the sea, the sea, the boundless sea!

Now, could we meet Nature always in this joyous, happy, child-like mood, and let the free air of heaven and the sunshine be the elements in which we revel, what health, what priceless benefit would be ours!

Goethe wrote to Charlotte Von Stein, " I am sure that in some former life you were my friend or else my wife. How otherwise would you so understand me now? "

You, my sweet, love the things I love, your friends are mine; and my most abstruse thought, simply hinted, is at once grasped by you and carried farther.

Last night the cloud effects on the mountains were most beautiful; the sunset filled my soul with silent joy. I thought you were with me, and I talked to you and called your attention to all this beauty; and you, too, left the glory of the scene. We spoke to the power that brought about these wondrous changes. As we looked the sky changed—with what majesty and dignity! And then, as I thought, such a sense of stillness—ineffable peace—came over us, as we stood hand in hand!

NUMBER LXI.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

My Dear Lady:—

The monotony of the landscape, the stillness of the night, broken only by the hum of insects or the occasional howl of a wolf, and the solitude of the day, as we wind our way westward, afford me a delicious pleasure which I never before experienced. All rivalry, care, apprehension, and thought of sickness or pain are lost, and I am lulled to rest and lost in dreams of you, and am happy. ¶ After all, dear, it is not each other that we love most, but our love is for the good. You love me because I love the things that you love. We simply happen to be moving in the same direction; and, moving at the same pace, we will go hand in hand.

NUMBER LXII.

HONOR HAROLD TO ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES.

I look into the future and yield myself to love's perfect whole. ¶ The thought comes to me most strongly, that we are fast reaching a point that few mortals ever reach. Dante calls it the state of the " divine passion." We will use this expression, for the word "love " is so general and indefinite. Men say they love their dogs, their food and their children. What do they mean?

Yes, Dante's term defines *our* affection. It is the divine passion which takes one up into the heaven of heavens, and makes one a seer and a prophet. Evolution, not involution must be our watch-word, and each day we will consecrate ourselves anew to this Love Divine; and so, by God's help, we will become better, purer, nobler, holier, even as the days do grow.

NUMBER LXIII.

HONOR HAROLD TO MR FORBES.

My lover is a poet. His thoughts come in rhythmic flow, and suggest—inspire—rather than explain. His soul materializes itself in lines of beauty; in rainbow tints and gentle harmonies, instead of soulless words and cruel logic. Yes, you are right: Love is the inspirer, and what which softens, ennobles the spirit, and gives it strength to grasp the pure and infinite truth.

What you told me of the tendency of theologians and politicians to " argufy " is very true. I notice Mr. Emerson does not talk back; but states his thought so simply that one might suppose he never heard of any one's holding an opposite view.

Another thing, dear: How often we hear sweet and simple truths announced in deep, far-reaching orotund, with awfully solemn, serious visage and great demonstration, as if the truths aforesaid were newly discovered principles.

Too much emphasis weakens the effect. Let us be natural. ¶ After all, there is only one Mind—one Truth—and who shall say what particular man is the Columbus on this great sea of thought, where all may set their sails and catch the breeze coming from out the great Unseen!

NUMBER LXIV.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO HONOR HAROLD.

Outwardly I live in a great, desolate wilderness, with no one to keep me company. But love makes it possible for us to forego companionship for a time, so that even in loneliness there is a compensation. Though love at times prompts painful sadness, would we give up love?

Civilization is a manifestation of the same constructive faculty

which created the world. Progressive man has well-nigh changed the entire surface of the earth in that narrow belt where he expatiates in the fullest perfection of his power.

" God created the heavens and the earth; " but creation is only a change of things into useful forms, and the act of creation is going on through the agent which God created in His image, and still instructs from age to age. Man develops by marshaling the forces of nature, and as he organizes them into engines of power he awakens in himself a Godhood which before he wot not of: " God manifest in man." How sublime the thought!

Change in the use of my brain has brought me health. My mind, dwelling on books, and ways and means, grew weary—and disease with great, black, flapping wings, hovered near. But life whispered to life, and love came tiptoeing from behind the clouds, and all is made glorious summer; as the cold and darkness slink away, comprehended by the light and warmth.

Right thinking is sanative, by causing us to contemplate and idealize the good; which, in its highest sense, is harmony in every part—or health itself. You have told me all this, do you care because I send it back?

NUMBER LXV.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

The spring was behind time, for she had been delayed somewhere on the road by a big Iceberg, that got right in her way and was so unmannerly he would not let her pass.

May had come, for the Flowers said so. They knew it, even if the Wind did not; for he still, stupidly and sullenly, blew chill and cold—just out of habit, I suppose. But the Blossoms and the Buds were tired of waiting, so they just began to open; and everywhere —in woods and meadows, on bushes and trees, by old, rotting

logs in hidden nooks where no eye could see, and on the wild crab-apples where the Thorns stood guard.

There was an apple-tree grew in the corner of the garden that proudly hung its branches over the fence to show the passers-by its flowers and fruit. On this tree grew the daintiest flowers of all; and one little Twig of this tree was more beautiful than all the others, because it was so closely covered with little pink Buds, that were just emerging into Blossoms. They seemed to huddle together on the Twig, as if to keep warm, and their eyes were only half open ❧ ❧

One day a grand carriage rolled up to the apple-tree and stopped. A footman sprang down and, drawing down the branch, broke off the Twig and gave it to a lady seated in the carriage. She held the twig very carefully in her gloved hand; and, when she got home, she took the Twig with all the little baby Blossoms, into a splendid room where there were many beautiful palms, cacti from the tropics, climbing orchids, and roses of all kinds—some brought from distant climes. And she put the Twig in a tiny vase, so white that it seemed carved from new-fallen snow—and about the top of the vase was a little band of gold. One of the big Palms told the little Twig that there would be a reception in the afternoon; and the little Twig grew very proud, because she and her baby Blossoms had been invited.

Soon the guests began to arrive, and they promenaded through the grand parlors and looked at the flowers. Some praised too much, some too little, and others whispered to their companions in sneering tones, when they would laugh. But in all the company no one noticed the Twig and her baby Blossoms; and she said: " Poor little things! No one cares for us here." Then the Blossoms opened their eyes a little; and all looked sorrowfully out of the windows, across a wide meadow, where the lawn was studded with Dandelions—showing everywhere, as they turned their faces up to see the blue sky and the sun. And the Twig looked

sadly at them, and said: " Poor, despised Dandelions! No one cares for you either, you are so common. Why the people walk right over you when they came here, in this grand parlor, and the same folks went into ecstasies over an orchid, with not near your beauty, and they admired a thorny cactus that squats near me and scared my baby Blossoms."

Then a Sunbeam sprang in at the window, and he kissed the Twig and all the Blossoms, and exclaimed, " Why, look out on the lawn! " And the Twig looking out, saw a whole little army of Sunbeams dancing among the Dandelions, just as the Sunbeam came to visit her. And as she looked a group of children came, and among them was one so small she could not walk, and they set her down among the Dandelions; and the little child laughed aloud, and reaching out her chubby hands she picked the flowers in childish glee. And all the children decked themselves with wreaths and garlands, and made curious chains and curls out of the stems; and the Sunbeams joining hands with the children, they danced in joy, until the Sunbeams said they must go home.

Then the children plucked long stalks of Dandelion with feathery crowns, and tried to blow the seeds all away with one breath, to see if their mothers wanted them. And as the Twig watched the Sunbeams steal away behind the far-off hills, the baby Blossoms began to cry, and wanted to go home to the old apple-tree where the robin redbreast sang to his mate as the sun went down.

¶ Just then a young Lady came through the parlors alone, and seeing the Twig she raised her hands and said, in a low, sweet voice: " How beautiful! How beautiful! " And she took up the tiny vase and pressed the baby Blossoms to her face, and warmed them by her breath; and the baby Blossoms opened their mouths, as babies always do when they are kissed. And the Lady said to the Twig: " Why, how beautiful you are! You are as pretty as the Dandelions, and yet different. I will hide you and the baby Blossoms away in my heart, and, keeping you still, I will place

you on immortal canvas." And then a lost Sunbeam, from over the hill-top, came in at the open window, and, kissing the Lady, flushed the pale pink of the Blossoms a deeper rose, and was gone. " Do you not see, children! " said the Twig. " God sent the Sunbeams and the Lady. She loves the Dandelions and she loves us, and the Sunbeams love us and the Lady beside; for, look you, although the Sunbeam has gone, we see where he kissed her wavy hair and her cheek, and his shadow lingers lovingly in her eyes. She has hidden us away in her heart; and from there will she give out our perfume to all whom she meets, and will keep us safe forever."

NUMBER LXVI.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

You have often felt that the presence of certain people tired you, while after being with others you are refreshed. Receptive souls give us their sympathy—they are not mentally quibbling about our manner or thought. They are willing to take all their intellectual skies will hold, and let the rest go. If we speak well, they are willing to commend; if ill, they forgive by their silence. There are others whose presence we feel as soon as we enter the room—they set their minds in opposition to us, and verbally or mentally refuse and try to pull us down or endeavor to cause us to fix our eyes on another goal.

If I make a simple proposition, for instance—" Health is the normal, that is, the natural, condition of man "—our bad angel says, " Oh, yes, of course; but how about cancer, is not that natural, too? " Or if I say, " Nature is planned for benefit," the retort comes, " Well, how about potato bugs," etc. Then to keep from appearing ridiculous or sullenly silent I endeavor to explain. Result is, I am soon in an argument; then perplexed by finding my sacred thought pooh-poohed; then I am smiled down, and

then I make an inward vow ever after to keep my opinions to myself, and—I have lost five degrees of power and vitality. ¶ To listen is a fine art. All listeners should have sympathy, for language is only the ripple that plays across the face of the deep. Beneath the surface of conscious discourse lies the great world of meditation. Here, in its quiet, mysterious depths, where no tide enters, dwells what soul-force there is in us; and my sweetheart feels a thousand times more than ever leaps to her lips, in language crude compared to promptings within. For vain are words; and, called upon to prove, we stammer, beat the air, and lose the golden thread of sweet communion. My gentle lady does not proof demand, nor sequence logical; for her great, prayerful soul calls to me across the miles, and thought meets thought in firm embrace—deep calls to deep, this is life indeed—creation. ¶ Right expression of thought does not baffle, distress, agitate or perplex; but brings exaltation bright, sublime, serene, composed. No vain unrest, with wild regret or striving—reaching out, or sense of failure and inglorious retreat; but stealing o'er our senses comes the thought of security, peace, and truly do we say that all is well ❧ ❧

So here alone—yet not alone, in all this wealth of nature wild—is wondrous rest; for no one asks the reason for each proud thought that comes prancing by before my inward gaze, as horses, sinewy, strong, their rich coats glowing in the sunshine, eager for the race, alert, alive.

The healthy intellect is not the one given to logic, controversy and syllogistic wordy warfare. It is the intuitive soul which listens close, inclines the heart and wastes not its force in windmill duels. It speaks only to those who have ears to hear; to those who speak again and answer back in kind, not asking why or how or who told you so. What matters it who voiced it first, so long as 't is truth?

Better, by far, that to the mount should man ascend, and com-

mune there only with the spirits dear, afar, apart, or gone before into the Great Beyond, than spend his days in baffling bickerings. Let him speak his thoughts, but answer no vain quibble. Let him write his message on the wall of time in legend bold, where all may read; but tarry he shall not, to explain or apologize to those who will not, or can not understand.

When we speak only for the heart that loves, we never lose our faith, nor with fierce struggle try to read the mysteries of Infinity. These things harass us not; but ever do we pray, " Thy will be done." No hot importunings of High Heaven; but gently do we say, and say again: Thy will be done. Time is our fair seed-field—of time we 're heir.

NUMBER LXVII.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO HONOR HAROLD.

Wise men recognize and admit the fact that communism as a theory is invulnerable. The society it offers is regular, systematic, symmetrical and right. It has only one fault and that is, it is impossible. It takes no account of the fact that humanity is made out of very peculiar clay—is full of whims, foibles and inconsistencies

Love between man and woman implies a community of two: absolute sharing of not only every thing but of every feeling, be it joy or sorrow; and this sharing doubles the joy and halves the sorrow, for have we not tried it?

This communism of two is invulnerable as a theory, and is adamant as a fact. It differs from a communism of society in this—that the man and woman have a oneness of ambition. The very few communities that have been partially successful have had a permeating oneness of thought and aim among their members, and not the complex diversity which is to be found among mankind.

But in the Divine passion we each love that which the other loves; and this our community is ideal—perfect in theory, perfect in practice

NUMBER LXVIII.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

My Dear Lady:—

One thing only I lack—a soul with whom to share my joy. The grandeur of these mountains can not be expressed: 't were vain to attempt it. They must be seen, and this sublimity must be *felt*—but not alone. In all life there must be action and reaction between two human hearts, or emotion stifles and we are drowned in our own element, as bees are sometimes intoxicated by the sweets which they would carry away.

The mountain air buoys one up; and on first coming here, I am told, all feel this splendid exhilaration. Why, I feel like shouting for joy!—and would if you were here.

The wagon train is working its way slowly, and following a mountain gorge that sends a sparkling stream of melted snow dashing past. Snow-capped peaks lift their heads to the skies. If you were here, together we would lift up our eyes to "the hills from whence cometh our strength." If I had the faith that could remove mountains, I would exercise it now and transport these towering cliffs to you.

Plants and trees, here, are all new and strange to me. I will send you today some flowers I have just picked: many kinds of cacti—one very plentiful, with great clusters of pink flowers; another kind, creeping and modest, with a flat leaf and yellow flower. Then great masses of verdure; no large trees, no forests—but only stunted pine on the mountain side, disappearing entirely as we go upward. Then there is a little pink flower that blooms in the

gorges almost beneath the snow, and in the valleys are cottonwood and many sunflowers. The first sight that greeted my gaze, this morning, was acres and acres of these wild sunflowers, all with their faces turned to the east, awaiting the rising sun, whose rays were just seen across the prairie.

Do you wonder that men worship the rising sun—it is only following the example of the flowers! Are we sun worshipers, too, dear? These sublime manifestations seem to bring one face to face with the Maker of all. Once in Boston I saw a watch that did not believe in a watch-maker, but it was a miserable little timepiece—would scarcely run an hour, and could never be depended on; besides, the case was brass, silver plated so poorly and thinly that the base metal was evident to all.

NUMBER LXIX.

HONOR HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

The Infinite has whispered to us and we have harkened to the voice. If God has spoken through men in days agone, why not now? "He changeth not," and are we not His children?

Love inspires, and my insight at times I feel is transcendent; and you, too, have spoken to me in accents beyond man's knowledge. We have felt this Divine impulse on the street or in the woods; but, most of all, in the darkness and the stillness of the night. Then have I breathed your name so gently, so softly—and how quickly, how surely you respond. Perfumes are the silent voices of the flowers; and as the heart feels more keenly in the nighttime, so do the flowers then shed their perfumes.

Many of the most delicate flowers only blossom at their best when the garish light has fled; the violet gives off its sweetness only when moistened by the kiss of the dew. And love's exquisite perfume and love's whisper, are sisters to the stars, and only

manifest themselves at their best when the sable curtains of the night are drawn.

With the blind, all of the other senses are much more acute. At night, when sight is folded away, the sense of smell and the sense of touch, how exquisite! If love enhances the faculties of the soul, how, too, does it magnify and refine the imagination! Only lovers know the sense of touch. What consciousness in love's caress! How it speaks—how it transports!

Then we speak of the obscurity of the future as darkness; and blessed darkness it is. If man had a headlight to his faculties, I fear he would see only the rocks and obscurities which threaten his path. He would see, as boys do, while going through the woods by moonlight, every stump a crouching bear; every tree a giant waving its wrathful arms in warning; every note of night-birds, the screech of demons; and the sighing of the wind, the breath of the damned, come back " to walk the earth by night."

But the future is blank darkness; and love's fervid imagination only pictures it with love's delights. Onward we go, we know not whither; but we fear not, for it is the Infinite leading us. And this darkness only brings us closer together; so why should we not welcome it, when in reality it is brightest light—for love's torch leads and illumines the way.

NUMBER LXX.

HONOR HAROLD TO ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES.

The popular meaning attached to the word " state " is very different from the sense in which the Greeks used it.

In Greece of old, all works of art or beauty belonged to the state. It was regarded as out of place for a man to appropriate to himself that which could not be destroyed by once using. Art was for all; and the American plan of filling palaces with works of

vertu only to be seen by a chosen few, and of fencing in beautiful gardens and parks—putting up threatening signs of warning to intruders—would have brought down the wrath of men, and the displeasure of the gods.

When men worked for selfish pleasure or personal gain they were considered enemies of the state—that is, of the people. " I am the state," said Louis XIV, and he was not much out of the way; for as a single drop of water mirrors the globe, so each individual is a representative of the state.

The word state also means a condition of mind. I would preserve a state of being so pure, so holy, so gentle, so tender, that I should be worthy to think, to touch and to call you. While on earth, I would live in the highest heaven, that I may be worthy of you; so that my state may be holiness, purity, goodness and love, and my every mood a reflection of God's will.

This were ideal—that I might be worthy to call you mine; that I might be worthy to be yours, day and night, now and through all eternity. Then—then we will both be one in truth, and in being one—a part of God himself. Take my hand, dearest, and together let us dwell in the heaven of heavens, and that shall be our *State.*

* * * * * *

We find in life just what we are looking for: the qualities we possess attract the like qualities in others. If affection leads, affection is our portion.

Is it jealousy and revenge, we arouse these instincts in others. " With whatsoever measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

We receive from others the treatment we deserve, for the action of men toward us is the reflex action which we ourselves have put forth. If we have faith in others, they will put faith in us; and a right mental attitude on our part increases the value of life for all

NUMBER LXXI.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO HONOR HAROLD.

You wrote me wisely about how the soul should preserve a certain state of being and not give way to moods; but mood in spirit seems to me but the action of the law of periodicity.

The tide ebbs and flows, the sun rises and goes his daily round, stars march in solemn procession across our range of vision, to disappear and reappear again; work and sleep, rest and action. After the long kiss, the pulses flag and stillness follows; then sleep sinks us lower than the tide of dreams, and our dreams watch us sink and slide away. So my lady knows full well that this wondrous law of periodicity runs through the whole animate world, from the life of the tiniest insect or flower, whose " day of probations " may be a single hour, to the march of the seasons, and to the birth and death of worlds.

" Leaves have their time to fall, and flowers to wither at the north wind's breath, and stars to set."

If in the material world we find periodicity, must we not, too, expect it in the soul of man? And, at the last, we shall find that this life here, is only one of many—only a day—and that tomorrow's life will come, with sunrise, grand, sublime.

Looking from my tent to the towering mountains—snow-capped, proud, majestic—I see a scene beautiful beyond the power of pen to picture. At the base of the foothills is a plain covered with green verdure on which our horses feed; a little beyond are small oval pine trees; then a rippling brook makes melancholy plaint, as it goes hurrying on its way to the sea. Beyond the stream rise tall trees; then rocks, jagged, broken—hurled in wrath by the gods from the mountain's summit. From these rocks upward, the trees grow smaller, stunted, dwarfed, twisted as if in pain; and above, only lichens—the pioneers of vegetation, who trace their ancestry back to the morning of creation.

Beautiful is the scene! Plain, stream, woods, rocks and mountain sky, always in the same relation; but the scene, to me, is never twice alike, the view is never just the same. Perhaps I do not bring to it the same mental attitude; but granting this, the reflection of light and shade, sunshine and shadow, which play hide and seek across the picture, are never alike—and these are the *moods;* the grand background of it all, is the *state.*

NUMBER LXXII.

HONOR HAROLD TO ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES.

Yes, my dear, I think I understand what you mean about change being necessary, and a fixed state of the soul not being desirable. I, too, have watched the changes of nature and had them fill my spirit with sublimity. And I am prone to believe it is the variety, that gives us such delight.

Could I but describe to you what I saw last night as the sun was going down—that combination of the soft, gentle light of love and the grandeur of Infinite Power, all intermixed. The coloring that no hand can imitate—the patches of sunshine here and there, like smiles playing over the features of a great face. " Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul! "—and these mansions, my dear, were so near, as I stood high upon the hillside, that as I looked I felt myself almost *free*, so near was I to heaven. I have no words to tell of the clouds piled up—billows on billows of grandest glory, all tinged by the crimson of the setting sun. But this morning the sky is wholly unlike it was yesterday; yet it fills my soul so full of its beauty that I can only softly whisper it to you, as I am now doing.

Now, my lover, I will tell you what state is: When anything fills your soul so full of joy and happiness that you live—*live*—LIVE —in a state of joy always changing yet ever the same—this is a *state*

NUMBER LXXIII.

MR. FORBES TO MISS HAROLD.

There is nothing that more resembles Divine power than the operation by which the poet, with the aid of the imagination, depicts personages who have never existed, and causes them to take a place in our affection, in our memories, and to live forever as truly as do the characters of history, or those who have been formed by the hand of the Most High.

Eloquence is the vehicle of personal emotion—a transference of the speaker's feelings to the audience. Poetry is infinitely more varied in its application. It is a making manifest, by words, the beauty that is in all things. As disinterestedness is greater than egotism, so is poetry beyond eloquence. Poetry may be eloquent, but it is more.

NUMBER LXXIV.

MISS HAROLD TO MR. FORBES.

My Lover:—

When you and I have a little cottage down by the sea, or in the mountains, we will not only enthrone Love and make him absolute monarch; but, carefully, dear, I am going to drop—we will have a blackboard on the wall. No house is complete without a blackboard. Alcotts have one in their dining-room; and the dining-room is also their parlor, sitting-room, library, and reception hall; the blackboard is always in sight. Each morning one of the girls writes on the board some beautiful motto, a verse of poetry, or draws a picture illustrating some truth; and there is always quite a curiosity manifested as to what will come next. Then, at breakfast, the whole family discuss the theme suggested.

NUMBER LXXV.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO HONOR HAROLD.

Plant trees on a barren plain and manage to moisten their roots for a few years, and lo! the clouds will come and water them for you. You have really changed the face of nature and the climate. So kind is the Infinite Mother, that she assists us when we try to work out our own salvation with joy and gladness. This is the same law that gives strength to those who work. Use a muscle—Nature assumes it is necessary, and gives increased power in the part. " To him that hath shall be given."

The men who will get the most satisfaction out of this Western country, will be the bona-fide settlers, not the mere speculators. When we see system come from confusion, beauty from ugliness, form from chaos, we get a genuine satisfaction from our work; and is not this an attribute of God Himself? He develops, from the stagnant pond, the garden of the lotus; from the dust of the earth, each delicate perfume; and from the soil, the daintiest tint that paints the petals of each flower.

So we, to be like Him, find joy in beautifying and producing that which shall have form; and this is what the mind first looks for, on seeing any object: first, form—next, beauty—and our pleasure comes from having made the discovery.

NUMBER LXXVI.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO HONOR HAROLD.

You have doubtless noticed what delicate and variegated tints and shades in colors are produced, in the cultivation of flowers, by commingling the pollen from different plants.

The meeting of different minds in thought, produces like rainbow tints; and beauty comes to light, which is a surprise to all.

NUMBER LXXVII.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO HONOR HAROLD.

The present seems always arid—profitless; but if enriched with the treasures of the past, and animated by great hope for the future, heaven can indeed be here and now.

It requires the scope of genius to appreciate the blessings of the present ❧ ❧

❧

NUMBER LXXVIII.

ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES TO HONOR HAROLD.

Stinging harshness is the only mood of many who pride themselves on belonging to the literati. In criticism they know only one system of tactics: the fixed bayonet. In social life they take no prisoners for they give no quarter; their pathway is strewn with carnage. Never adding anything to the world's literature, they have an endless pique against those who do. They will take up a book that has cost years of study and work, and shelve it by a wave of the hand and the single exclamation, " Rubbish! " One might suppose that some Herod had sent them forth to slaughter all the innocents of two years old and under.

Green lives, only because he denounced Shakespeare as a plagiarist. Corneille had nothing but bitter denunciation for Moliere. Cowley thought Chaucer a fool, and worse. Pope flew at the throat of Colley Cibber. Fielding would never have written a line were it not for Richardson, whom he calls a mouse-colored ass. Johnson said he " would hang a dog that read Lycidas twice." Jeffrey read Wordsworth's simple, touching verse and shouted, " This will never do! "—and the same critic hanged on one tree Fenimore Cooper, Walter Scott, and Washington Irving. Montesquieu died from the stab of a critic's pen. Lowell

has only unkindness for Thoreau. Berkeley, Reid, Goldsmith, Shelley, Keats, and Byron, in life were always close pursued by hounds, and felt their hot, rabid breath upon them. But, after all, I believe there is a slowly growing disposition to withhold off-hand decisions—an appreciation of the fact that a writer on a certain theme may possibly have given it greater thought than he who has just read it. In criticism, there are many who read to find the good; and, finding it, commend. If they point out errors, they do it in a way which gives the opposition an opportunity to retreat in good order, without loss of honor—as Socrates once walked off from the field of battle when his companions scampered —or, in case of a complete surrender, they are willing to grant the offender amnesty.

PART THREE.

NUMBER LXXIX.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

Holworthy in deep trouble. The Mill Company do not pay dividends. Yet he assures Miss Meredith her stock will pay returns as usual. If he can not borrow money to keep his promise, he will suicide, and leave his body to the Medical Department of Harvard College.

[On reading this letter the first time, I could not persuade myself that it was not a joke; but since I have come to know the character of Dr. Holworthy, I see that he was very much in earnest. The thought that he might lose Miss Harold, if she should find that he had made false statements, seems to have frenzied him and he swung over an abyss. Yet it was the kindness of his heart which first prompted him to assure Miss Meredith of her dividends. The first impulse of every heart is good; and, if wrong

enters, it is an after-thought. Like many another, he lacked the moral courage to be truthful; not because he was base, but on account of his weakness. He was young and inexperienced, then; but, stronger now, by far, the doctor will recognize the justice of my remarks as he reads these lines.—E. H.]

Cambridge, Oct. 30, 1851

Dear Arthur:—

It 's all up. When you get this, all will be over. The best I can do is to make my will, leaving the cadaver to the college; a good subject is worth full forty dollars, and this will help repay what they have advanced me. Have not yet decided what route I will take, but chloroform is easy and sure; morphine is uncertain. Perhaps if I should take it in small doses, gradually increasing the quantity, recording sensations and symptoms to the very last, it might be of value to the profesh, and would attract much attention when published in the *Review*. Keep your eye on the *Review,* Arthur.

The Livingston Mill is in awful bad shape, they now say, and there is no hope for a dividend on Nov. 1st. If I had the money, I would just fork it over to Aunt Marie and say nothing; it 's only a hundred and eighty!

The old woman is still awfully twisted up; can't get out of bed, scarcely. Peabody has been giving tincture of *Strychnos Ignatia,* but no go.

The doctor asked me to go over with him, as it was an interesting case; and, first thing, says the old woman, " Dr. Holworthy, is the Livingston Mill Company going to pay dividends on Nov. 1st? " I smiled and said, " Oh, yes; just got a letter from 'em. Friend of mine in the office, you know. It may be a few days late—just as it was before. Let me see your tongue, please."

Dr. Holmes always talked to us about bringing a cheerful, helpful atmosphere into the sickroom, as a physician's presence cures

more than his medicine. I always bear this in mind; and once, when I forgot my medicine-case, I fixed 'em up four powders of flour—which I always carry with me. This, taken in *aqua pura* every four hours, cured in two days. It was my personal magnetism, you see, that did the biz; so, whenever I go, I am always heavy on the mag. Aunt Marie was much better the night after I was there.

But surely the Livingston will pay the dividend. They have skipped two; this will put them in good shape. I would go to Honor; but—God help me, old chum!—she thinks the Mill Company paid the other, and I will have to lie to her. I can lie to any one else on earth and not twitch a muscle; but I can't lie to the tall Iris. She looks right at me, so quiet and calm, and believes all I say. Then I was a little short when the note was due, and she let me renew.

No; don't tell me to borrow of the Goddess! Can't do it. I 'll try to work some of the boys, and if the medicine does not operate I 'll just make my will (have the rough draft now) and prescribe *Nux Vomica* for

Yours distractedly, JACK

NUMBER LXXX.

ARTHUR R. FORBES TO JOHN HOLWORTHY.

Forbes sends the $180 to Holworthy to give to Miss Meredith. All the money he has, and more. Has prospect of great increase in pay.

Camp Cheyenne, near Pike's Peak, Nov. 25, 1851

John Holworthy:—

DEAR FRIEND: Your letter of 30th ult. just received. I send you by Wells-Fargo Overland Express, one hundred eighty dollars, which, of course, you will turn over to Miss Meredith at once.

This takes all my pay since I left St. Louis and a few dollars over, which I borrowed from Mr. Buckthorn. I have in my trousers pocket just sixty-seven cents, but that is fully sixty cents more than I need; as I have no use for tobacco or whisky, and Uncle Sam supplies board and clothing. Besides this, I have a prospect of better pay—one hundred dollars a week or more. The position is open for me, and they await my acceptance. Would you take it?

Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR R. FORBES

NUMBER LXXXI.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

Holworthy gives to Miss Meredith the money Forbes has sent. She thinks of course the money came from the Mill Company. Holworthy, astounded at the prospect of Forbes getting one hundred dollars a week, begs him to secure a like position for himself.

Cambridge, Dec. 1

My Own Dear Chum:—

Brave, manly Arthur of the Round Table—my Arthur—has sent the $180, and I have received the money and given it to an old, helpless woman, who has struggled a lifetime through many trials and tribulations, working always for others. Even now she is planning ways to supply colored women, who have run away from slavery, with clothing.

She brightened up great when I gave her the crisp notes. Honor was there, and I waited until she was in the room. When she saw me give over the money she looked as surprised and pleased as if it was she who got the money, and they both thanked me, and shook hands all around.

Honor was putting the house to rights, and I never knew a broom could be so becoming to a woman before. I watched her as she swept, and if the old woman had not been there I would have tumbled on my knees right on the rag carpet. She was so gentle and kind to the old lady, I wished to the Lord I had the sciatica, too, and told her so. She did not hear me, I guess. She is so tall, so stately, so gentle, and yet so proud. She speaks in such a low, sweet voice, and is so well poised I am almost afraid of her.

But the $100 a week! Why, it turns my head. I am in the drug store and get considerable practice, and my work in the Dispensary and Hospital besides, only brought me in $68.50 since I graduated in June. I always knew you were smart. They must have known your average was 95, or they never would have offered you any such place. If you do not take it, keep it for me. I will come on call. The Iris will feel very bad, I know; but if I can get a little start in the world, I will come back for her. Could n't you get a place for us both at one hundred a week? Why! it 's as much as the President of Harvard gets.

Write just the moment you get this and tell all about it.

Yours for business, JACK

NUMBER LXXXII.

THANKFUL PEEPSON TO JOHN HOLWORTHY.

Mr. Peepson demands that Dr. Holworthy shall see that the draft of $89.50 is sent him at once.

Concord, Mass., Dec. 1, 1851

Dr. J. Holworthy.

DEAR SIR: By registered mail I send this. Please have your friends in Livingston Mill at Lowell mail me draft $89.50, amount due me, being usual dividend on stock in said Co.

I will waive interest on same since date due, Nov. 1st, if paid at once. I advise you to act promptly.

Yours for truth and right,

J. PEEPSON

NUMBER LXXXIII.

DR. J. HOLWORTHY TO THANKFUL PEEPSON.

Dr. Holworthy refuses to pay Mr. Peepson any further sum, and defies him in a slightly sarcastic note.

Cambridge, Mass., Dec 2, 1851

Deacon Peepson.

POLYP: You once wrote me promising that if I sent you a certain sum of money, I would not hear from you again. The temptation was too great and I succumbed; but alas! fool that I was to believe in the promises of a microbe. Hath a pismire honor, and can a tape-worm keep a promise? Hades yawns for thee, thou worse than beast.

Once I flung you my purse; now, I defy you, scorn you. Bologna, do your worst! My address is,

JOHN HOLWORTHY, M. D.,
Central Square Drug Store, Cambridgeport, Mass.

NUMBER LXXXIV.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES.

Dr. Holworthy once for all decides to commit suicide and so informs Mr. Forbes. Immediate cause being the result of an interview with Miss Harold. Full details related in this last message to his friend.

[There are two classes of men who seriously contemplate suicide, the weak and the strong. The remark is often made that only a

coward is afraid to live, thus all suicides are cowards; but the facts do not bear out the charge. The retort might be made that all who live are cowards and afraid to die, and the remark might not come far from truth. When outward environment is adverse—circumstances baffle—the weak man thinks of suicide as a relief, but the strong man rises to the emergency and is made stronger by difficulty. Yet, having conquered outward circumstances, this strong man, for lack of an inward consciousness of right, may feel such a dissatisfaction with self and with what the future has in store, that he coolly surveys the prospects, provides for those dependent on him, and departs hence. Such a typical case occurred in Boston a few weeks before this writing.

Suicide, however, in nineteen cases out of twenty, occurs when reason is unseated: thus the question of strength of intellect, or of cowardice, does not enter. Such men as Holworthy very seldom become insane and never commit suicide. Forbes knew this, and probably these despondent letters troubled him but little.—E. H.]

NUMBER LXXXV.

Cambridge, Dec. 4. 1851

To A. R. Forbes.

DEAR ARTHUR: This will be the last letter you will ever receive from Jonn Holworthy, M. D. Up to a certain point one can bear the ills and stings of outrageous fortune; but beyond this, life becomes a mockery. Thank Heaven, I know a precipice over which disgrace can not follow!

You have said you do not believe in a personal devil; but this was because you forgot, at the moment, Mr. Thankful Peepson of Concord. This monster went all over the village telling that I was in league with the Livingston Mill Company to defeat the stockholders and swindle the public. He told this to Aunt Marie, to your mother, to the whole town; and worse—ten thousand

times worse!—he told it to the Goddess. But she is the smartest woman on earth; she knew better, and told him so to his pious dough face and County Galway whiskers.

I saw her this morning, and she said she wanted to walk with me. Think of it, old man!—with *me!* Then, when we got out of earshot of your mother, she said, " Dr. Holworthy, I am your friend, and we can be frank together, can't we? " I thought she was going to propose; although it ain't leap-year. I stammered, " Most certainly! " and asked her to take my arm. " Dr. Holworthy," said she, " the Livingston Mill Company have paid no dividends for a year. You paid those last two dividends out of your own hard-earned savings—laying by dollar by dollar, depriving yourself of many things you needed that the helpless woman might not suffer. Am I right? " She looked at me with her big, open eyes, and her voice came so low and sweet. I was just drinking it in, not paying much attention to her words, when she paused and looked at me. I said, " Yes, ma'am." " I knew it! I knew it! " she exclaimed. " I always knew you had a great and generous heart."

I was going to speak right out, then—I clenched my hands and said to myself, " Now or never! "—but she kept right on talking and I got no show. " I told Aunt Marie it was so; for that man Peepson had been to her and told her that the Mill Company had paid no dividends to him, and that he was going to arrest you—and much more foolishness. I divined how matters stood, and went and told him that you had doubtless paid the money out of your pocket."

Well, old man, I saw her heart was touched. No one on earth knows that the money was not mine but you, and I can trust my Arthur. He will never desert me, and it is only for you to keep quiet and I will win her. All is fair in love and war!

" I do not blame you," she said, " for not explaining it all. You are too modest to tell the truth at all times." (God help us, old man, did you hear that?) " But now that Miss Meredith knows

of your great kindness, you had better go to her at once and confess your fault; she will forgive you. When the truth dawned upon her that you had paid the money out of your own pocket she almost cried, your goodness touched her so."

I thought she was melted, and out I spoke, "I love you, Honor—I worship and adore you—will you be mine?" I gasped for breath, the earth seemed to sweep from under my feet; I could go no farther, although I had written out and committed a beautiful speech, which took ten minutes to repeat in the rehearsing. ¶ She made no reply for a full minute; then she said, "Dr. Holworthy, you are clutching my arm so that it is numb." And, sure enough, my fingers were digging right down to the humerus. I tried to apologize, but my tongue was paralyzed. She then spoke, in a tone now gentler and sweeter than ever before: "Dr. Holworthy, I respect you and am your friend, as I am the friend of all other good men and women everywhere; beyond this we can be nothing to each other. Now we will forget the words you have just spoken. You will never pain me by repeating them. You must come to see me, just as before, and we will be friends." Then she reached out her dear hand, with the long, taper fingers all alive. I held the hand just an instant, and she looked at me; but I saw there was no love there for me.

God forgive me for my sins, and for what I am about to do! There is nothing left but to go back to chaos and try it over. If there is a hell there, it can be no worse than this. If it is oblivion, I am glad. Tomorrow I will know. Farewell,—farewell. Remember me only to forget.

Farewell,

JACK

NUMBER LXXXVI.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR RIPLEY FORBES.

When about to take the fatal plunge the hand of Dr. Holworthy is stayed by what he considers providential intervention. A brilliant idea comes to him: he puts it into execution with melodramatic swiftness.

[It seems at first view almost astounding in what chimerical schemes men will embark, convincing themselves by sophistical reasoning that their plans are safe. No doubt we all have a decided bias in favor of self, and when this is badly warped to " t' other side " by the feverish hope of a man in love, it treads the border-land of insanity. Yet I find Dr. Holworthy's record at Harvard most excellent—his average for three years being ninety-four and three-quarters—which only proves that a good standing in college does not necessarily imply a goodly stock of that uncommon article commonsense.

Not every man who owns a gun can hit a bull's-eye. And they say it sometimes happens that when men tarry too long at the books, intellectual strabismus follows, so that accurate marksmanship in worldly affairs is well-nigh impossible. Learning sometimes is only sterility.—E. H.]

Cambridge, Dec. 6, 1851

Hello Old Man:—

I wrote you in the dumps yesterday, but hasten to mail this to relieve you of anxiety. If you get the letters at the same time, burn the other before you read it.

I fully intended to depart hence, and you know when I decide on a thing it is mighty apt to be a go. But, like Abraham, my hand was stayed. (I was doing both parts—I was Abe and Ike both. Ha, ha! —pretty good—don't you think so?) I had measured out the dose

in a graduated glass—one and one-half ounce double Tinct. Belladonna — when, by the great Josiah Quincy ! the thought struck me athwart the diaphragm, and I took two fingers Spirits Frumenti instead of the Belladonna, and sat down to think it over Yes; she said I had a g-r-e-a-t and g-e-n-e-r-o-u-s heart—*the exact words*. Now, if I could only prove to her that I had a g-r-e-a-t and g-i-g-a-n-t-i-c intellect, she would see at once that I was her heaven-appointed mate.

Yes, old man, I did it! Straight to Concord, and into old Smith's drug store, I went; told him I was a trifle off in my lumbar region, and wanted to prescribe for myself. "All right! Help yourself, Jack! " said he. (He is always too lazy to get up.)

Two oz. Spir. Frumenti. Aqua pura three drops. Mix. Take at one dose. Then I went straight over to the bank across the street, and said, " Morning, Mr. Becket! I just ran in to get those Mill Certifs that Miss Meredith left here. I am looking after her affairs; she's all crippled up, you know. How are the folks? How's the old lady ? How are the girls ? and how 's the baby ? "

It worked. He went back to the vault, and handed out a big brown envelope with Aunt Marie's name on it, and said the baby had the mumps but was getting over them.

" You are looking well, Mr. Becket," says I; " good day! "—and out I walked, first buttoning that big envelope very tight inside my coat. Went straight to Aunt Marie's, for Honor is taking care of her.

Your aunt began to thank me, first thing, for all I had done. Said she could never repay me—and all such gush, just as a woman will —for the mill stock could not be sold, and would never pay a dividend; she was going to the poor-house, etc.

Finally I shut her off by saying: " Here, now, I have come to pay you a professional visit. Let me *see* your tongue, not hear it." Then I felt her pulse, took out my watch as if to count it, and said off-hand like: " Oh, your money is all right! Now, will you

both agree to trust me and ask no questions if I tell you something very important? " They agreed.

" Well, I saw the crash coming,—got a pointer from a friend in the Hide and Leather, and I went ahead and sold your stock over six months ago and invested the money in Old Colony. They were coupon certifs, so you did n't have to sign 'em. A little cheeky, I 'll admit; but you were down abed, and there was no time to consult. I did not want to confess it, yesterday, to Miss Honor; but the last money I gave you was the divy on Old Colony—the first, I paid out of my own pocket. You are so much better today, I am not afraid to tell you the truth. Let 's tell the truth and shame the devil. Now, then, that 's all there is about it; and twice a year I will see that you get the divy on O. C."

Both women raised their hands, and screamed with surprise. They started to ask questions. " There! " said I; " what did you promise? " Then they subsided, and I said, as I started away: " Oh we men can look after the financial side all right! We are out among 'em and know what 's going on. "

Aunt Marie wrung my hand and kissed me (probably the first man she has kissed in forty years). I wiped off the kiss, and waited for the other to follow suit; but she passed, and shook my hand instead. Her look was not the same disinterested one she gave before—not much.

Well, you ask, as you put your feet on the table, What are you going to do next?—and, old man, if you will wait a second I will tell you ❧ ❧

They say the mill is in bad shape; I know better. Butler is receiver, and he is a hummer. He will make it pay. You see now? Well, when they pay the next dividend, I will just tell the girls that I sold the Old Colony and bought Livingston, and nobody is hurt, but all hands much pleased, and now she believes I have a g-r-e-a-t head ❧ ❧

I always provide for accidents, old chum; and if, through any

accident the mill does not pay a divy, I can easily pay the $180 out of my own pocket. (I charged on books to-day $7.50.) Can't you see stupid? And before a second dividend-day rolls around, it 's ten to one, the old woman will be dead. This rheumatism may go to her heart any day; and then—don't you know, dullard!—we will be married in less than three months!

After the old woman is under the ground she will have no use for money anyway, and I will give her mill certifs over to her executor to sell for waste paper. Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, H-A-R-V-A-R-D. Congratulate me, old chum; and believe me ever to be your own,

JACK

NUMBER LXXXVII.

ARTHUR R. FORBES TO JOHN HOLWORTHY.

Mr. Forbes deprecates the hasty, ill-advised course of Dr. Holworthy and begs him to change his plans.

Camp Cheyenne, Kansas Territory,
Dec. 24, 1851

My Dear Jack:—

Your letters of the 5th and 6th inst., were brought in by the courier last night. You have pained me, dear chum; for you have wronged your own soul by the falsehoods you have told. I know full well that you have done this thing for the benefit of another, and that you yourself do not expect to thrive by this operation; but yet you are striving to make a favorable impression on Miss Harold. Do you not know that all *striving* for effect is fruitless? We deceive nobody but ourselves. Now, supposing you could convince Miss Harold that you are a great far-seeing man, and you should marry her: surely she would find out, some day, that you are only Jack Holworthy—and then!

And how would this unmasking affect you and her? Would it give peace and happiness? My old, hot-headed, impulsive, affectionate chum should pass for just what he is. He is a fine fellow and needs no whitewash. Quit the dissembling, my boy; get back at all cost. These falsehoods will surely unhorse you, if persisted in ❧ ❧

I can not advise you just how; but get back to truth, my boy, for your Arthur's sake. You and I have had our little fling together; but now we are men, and let us act a brave and manly part. ¶ You speak of what you are pleased to call " Spir. Frumenti " as a cure for all ills, but it is an enemy that is stealing away your brains ❧ ❧

I am making more money than ever before.

Yes, my salary is more than that of Sparks. If you want to help Aunt Marie, as I know you do, just tell her the whole truth, and assure her you have plenty of money so she will never suffer—I will send you what is required.

Believe me, dear old chum to be ever,

Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR R. FORBES

NUMBER LXXXVIII.

ARTHUR R. FORBES TO JOHN HOLWORTHY.

Mr. Forbes describes what his peculiar work is. Rides by night between the setting and rising sun, eighty miles, two days a week, as mail carrier or courier. Vivid pictures of the darkness. Accedes to request of Dr. Holworthy, and will get him similar work.

[In a former letter Forbes stated that this work would pay $100 per week, a statement I could hardly credit. But the following letter I have just received, throws light on the cause why.—E. H.]

WAR DEPARTMENT.
Washington, D. C., April 2, 1893

To Elbert Hubbard, Esq.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of March 27th received, wherein you request, for historical purposes, information as to maximum compensation paid to individual mail carriers or couriers, during years 1851 and 1852.

In reply will say the records show the work, where extra hazardous, was done by volunteers, and the payment seemed to follow the law of Supply and Demand. If couriers on certain routes were killed, volunteers were asked for and the compensation increased to a point where some one would step forward.

Thus I find as high as one thousand dollars a month was paid, for a short time on the route between Forts Laramie and Assinaboine. I beg to suggest that the life of Gen. John C. Fremont, also Buell's *History of the Plains,* will give facts of interest on this theme.

Yours, etc.,
DANIEL M. LAMONT,
Sec'y of War

Bad Man's Gulch, Rocky Mts.,
Dec. 28, 1851

My Dear Jack:—

I have not written any one at home just what I am doing, for they might worry about it. But the fact is, there is not much danger, after all. A countryman going into Boston, is amazed to think that many people are not killed crossing Tremont Street, where the travel is so dense and the teams are clattering up and down the narrow thoroughfare over the stony pavement. But a woman could cross there ten times a day for twenty years, before an accident would befall her.

Well, you quiet, peaceful people would suppose I am in a dangerous business, but it is because you fear the unknown. I know the dangers, therefore I am not afraid.

I carry the mail from this camp to Fort San Jacinto—just eighty miles. By the wagon road it is only seventy-two, but I take a trail or path through the mountains instead; for there are hostile Indians all about, and to fall into their hands would be sure death. The miners and trappers have made the game scarce, and in fact the Indians have just cause for complaint, for the whites have overrun their country, and if they utter a protest, the answer is the significant one of simply patting the stock of a rifle. So the Indian looks upon every white as his enemy. They prowl around our camp, and swooped down last week like a cyclone, yelling, pounding on dried skins, and stampeded our horses that were grazing not a quarter of a mile from the fort, killing right before our eyes a soldier who was herding the stock.

We tried to follow with a posse of soldiers, but our best horses were gone; and the Indians divided into three parties, and were soon lost among the rocks where we could not follow.

Now, if I would ride out alone in the daytime, the chances are I would be watched and killed by Indians in an hour. At any rate,

they would head me off, so I could not get back. My horse might outrun theirs for a time, but my scalp would eventually adorn some dusky warrior's girdle. So I ride by night, leaving this camp any evening I wish. I select a strong young horse or mule, and ride the eighty miles before daylight the next morning. It is hard on the mule, to be sure. And the one I rode three weeks ago, died an hour after I got in—but Uncle Sam is rich.

The darkness is our protector. In the night we are safe. The one thing to fear is daylight. There are six different routes, and I take just which I choose; never going by the same trail twice, so the Indians are not very apt to waylay me, not knowing which road I will take, or what night to look for me. Another thing, the Indians know nothing of system, and could not possibly comprehend why a single rider should make the trip at all. *He* gets no mail, and if you will turn to your Sidney Smith you will see that Moral Philosophy says we can not imagine things which we have not seen. So the stupid Blackfeet really do not know that a man rides regularly each week between these forts, and thus he is safe. It 's a hard ride; ten miles an hour means your horse on a stiff gallop. I usually select a mule, though, as they are surer footed. It 's only two nights a week, down and back. The darker the night the better, for I can always see the snow-capped mountain peaks, and I guide my course by these.

The trails are deep paths made by buffaloes, and you can safely trust the mule to stick to the path—in fact, it would be hard to force him off the trail. I carry a rifle, looped over the horn of the saddle, with my right hand on the stock to steady it; two revolvers and a knife—so you see I am always ready to protect myself quickly. Very few of the Indians have fire-arms; so you see, after all, the risk is very slight.

As the mule gallops I lean forward, close my eyes in sleep, and dream of old Hollis, and the boys of '52. There you are—six hundred men sleeping within the bounds of Harvard Yard, all

with nightmare for fear of the approaching Exam—and I alone with God on a mountainside at midnight. Not a human being, save savages, within forty miles. Snow-capped spires lift their heads against the blackness of the sky; and, down the valleys, stretching off into the night, the shadows make deep gulfs that speak of depths unsounded. Then once more I lift my eyes to the hills from whence cometh my strength and a prayer comes to my lips: " I thank Thee, my God, that Thou hast made me a man—that I can live enjoy, appreciate, and know somewhat of Thy greatness."

Do not laugh, Jack, because I pray. I never did before, to be sure; but this solitude, and the grandeur of the night, fills me with a sense of sublimity which before I knew not of.

Believe me, dear Jack, I am

Ever your old chum,

ARTHUR

P. S. Yes, I can get you a place. The last man on my route was killed, but it was because he was so foolhardy as to take the wagon road through the valley. Gooseberry Jake rides the Laramie trail. He will let you take it half the time. When will you be here?

NUMBER LXXXIX.

JOHN HOLWORTHY TO ARTHUR R. FORBES.

Dr. John Holworthy writes a breezy letter in which he makes the subtle suggestion that Mr. Forbes must be in love. Thinks the position of scout is not adapted to his own particular wants. When he enlists proposes to go as a general. Relates the evidences of prosperity.

Cambridge, Jan. 19, 1852

Dear Arthur:—

Your very entertaining letter received. You seem a trifle broke up old man. Your liver is not working just right, I guess; try a blue pill, with whiskey and quinine. When a sensible man begins to pray and talk poetry, it 's one of two things, dead sure—diagnosis unfailing; it 's his liver, Arthur, or, by the great Epictetus, he is in love. You said there are no women in the West but squaws, so my professional opinion is that it 's insufficient flow of bile ❧ ❧

Do not worry about that little affair of Livingston Mill Stock. It is not in the shape I wish it was, and if I had the thing to do over, I would not do what I have done, but I am in for it now. My steps can not be retraced, so I will just carry it through, and keep you fully informed.

What a curious streak it is in humanity that we must tell some one all about our joys and sorrows! All is divided with the friend. I rather think though, that you never told me as much of your heart as I have told you of mine. Perhaps you do not feel so deeply—you are not so sensitive. You are exoteric rather than esoteric, " if I may be allowed the expression," as Pennaworth would say ❧ ❧

About the place, though, old chum—you are very kind, but I do not think the night air would agree with me. I never could ride

horseback, any way—and the being alone forty miles from a human soul! Why, I was never a quarter of a mile from my folks in all my twenty-six years! Once I got into Boston at two o'clock in the morning, on a train, and I felt awful queer walking up the street—only a policeman here and there, and it did make me feel a little shaky. Now, how would I look out on a mountainside, with only a mule, and expecting to fall off every minute at that! Why, it makes me creep all up and down my spinal column to think of it! How, in Heaven's name, can you stand it, Arthur? You are welcome to the hundred dollars a week. It 's a lot of money I know; but it would not tempt me to ride a mule eighty miles, even here, where there are no Indians—day-time, besides. I am getting quite a little practice outside of the drug store—have three cases of fever, one measles, and expect two obstetrics up in the Smith tenement house some time next month. Collected $4.85 last week. Charged on books $37.50, so you see I am making money.

Yours for keeps,

JACK

P. S. When I enlist, if I ever do, I will enlist for a general. How 's that, old man! A woman just came in to say that I must stay near home, as I might be called up at the tenement house most any time now.

NUMBER XC.

ARTHUR R. FORBES TO JOHN HOLWORTHY.

Private Forbes gets into an altercation by refusing to carry out a brutal order of his captain. Is threatened with dire penalties. Thinks best to tell his own side of the story: thinking perhaps, word of his disgrace (!) may reach his Cambridge friends. Seems slightly downhearted as if he felt a foreboding of coming evil. Tells Holworthy he does not think Livingston Mill will pay dividends, so sends $360 to insure payment of interest to Miss Meredith for at least a year.

Fort San Jacinto, Feb. 20

My Dear Jack:

A little circumstance has come up here that may make me trouble. Just how much, I do not know—but here goes. You have inflicted me with your troubles, now I will do as much for you.

The captain of the fort here is one Snyder; and, being clothed in a little brief authority, he doth cut such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make angels weep. He is a coxcomb of coxcombs, and never thinks of speaking to a private under any consideration, no more than if we were hitching posts. Generally there is a fine fraternal feeling among the officers and men in these out of the way places, for where danger lurks formality ceases. Just a little letting up on the stern discipline of military system. But this Snyder got the appointment here by some kind of political huckstering, and is fresh from some fort in the East, where they shoot nothing but blank cartridges. He demands a present arms and salute from every man, wherever we happen to meet him. Hitching posts get no recognition, but the aforesaid have to recognize. Yesterday the gallant captain was out in his gilt and feathers, admiring his shadow; and when passing a young fellow who sat on a log smoking, our young fellow failed to salute.

Snyder was furious, and turned back and asked the soldier if he knew who he (Snyder) was. The fellow said he " did not, but would much like an introduction." I was near, cleaning up my saddle, when Snyder roared in my direction and ordered me to take my rifle and arrest the man. I did so, and marched the lad inside the fort; when two more soldiers were called up, and I was ordered to tie the offender up by the thumbs and give him twenty lashes with the quirt. I had been in an Indiana skirmish with the boy and knew he was brave and a good soldier, and the order to lay on the lash was only a burst of passion—an arbitrary whim. And I told Snyder as much, putting it in mild and persuasive language—but no good. He then ordered three more men to tie *me* up by the thumbs and give me thirty lashes on the bare back. I took off my coat ready to be thrashed, but not a man of all the hundred would lift his finger against me; and so the result was that neither the soldier nor I was whipped.

Snyder threatened to shoot me; but casting a look around among the boys, several of whom had their hands on their pistols, he changed his mind. I went to him, after an hour, and tried to apologize; but he refused to talk with me, merely saying he had " made information against me for mutiny and as soon as a new company of soldiers could be got here he would court-martial me, and a courier had already been sent off with the order for troops." I think the courier did not know what sort of a message he was carrying, or he would not have gone.

Military regulations are very stiff and arbitrary—they have to be, I suppose; but injustice is sometimes done in these out of the way spots, where authority is vested in the hands of hot-headed, ignorant men. Of course I could run away; but I told Snyder I would stay and see it through.

I ride the route to the Gulch tonight, and back next week. If Snyder had the power he would put me in irons; but there is none to do it, so I propose to go right ahead and do my duty,

just as if nothing had happened. I understand that the President of the United States alone has power to grant pardon to mutinous soldiers (it is a base mutineer who writes you this), and if Snyder pushes the matter which I hardly think he will do, it may possibly be necesary for my old chum to interest some of the Professors in my case—get them to sign a petition in my favor, sending it to the President. Some men never enjoy the honor of having the President of the United States interest himself in their behalf. Well, I will never be President, so the next best thing is to have one pardon me—grant me absolution, as it were.

I have come to the conclusion that the Livingston Mill will not pay any dividend in the near future. When a receiver is appointed there is little hope for the stockholders. It will never do to leave Aunt Marie without an income, and it may happen you will not have the money when the dividend-day rolls around, and, as I was paid off last week, I have sent you $360, which will cover a year's interest on your Old Colony.

It may interest you to know that I weigh more than ever before in my life, and if I ever was sick I have forgotten it. About my books—oh, just divide them up, and let Bridges give them to the newcomers who need them most. Some of the boys are not burdened with wealth, and they always appreciate these little favors.

Affectionately, ARTHUR

NUMBER XCI.

CAPT. J. M. SNYDER TO GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT.

Captain Snyder's version of the difficulty.

Department of the Missouri.

Fort San Jacinto, Feb. 20, 1852

Sir:—I beg to report tnat an insurrection, headed by a brigand named Forbes, has occurred among my troops.

My orders are totally disregarded, and today the men stood about with hands on their small arms and threatened to shoot me. I am powerless, and practically a prisoner. This Forbes is a mail carrier and scout—a desperate character, and seems to have secured a most undue influence among the command.

There were none who would assist me in placing him in irons. Send a company at once to my rescue.

SNYDER, *Commanding*

NUMBER XCII.

CAPT. J. M. SNYDER TO GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT.

Another letter from Captain Snyder, in which he reports that Forbes has fled, taking with him a large amount of money. Description of the deserter.

Fort San Jacinto, Feb. 27, 1852

Gen. John C. Fremont, Fort Rocky Falls.

Sir: I beg to report that since advising you of mutiny in my command, leader of insurrection has deserted, taking with him mail and package of $788, said money being consigned to paymaster, Fort Alamo.

With disappearance of mutineer, have been able to regain command and put down insurrection, so cancel request for troops. I give description of deserter so you can issue order for arrest. Charges against him would be: 1st, Mutiny; 2nd, Grand larceny; 3d, Desertion; 4th, Inciting insurrection. Right name unknown, but calls himself Arthur Ripper Forbes. Sometimes called Raw-Raw; at others, Fifty-two. (This supposed to have been his number in some prison.) Born at Harvard, Conn., and incidentally once employed by firm Staunch & Trew, as he often refers to them. Height, 6 ft. 3 in.; weight, 180; erect carriage, dark complexion, talks little. At first view his habits seem proper, religious

—reads church service where death occurs in camp—same at times on Sunday—this evidently to make a good impression; good horseman, sharp shooter, hard hitter and handy with knife. Makes friends easily, and is apt to deceive all but the most discerning. Is very cool-headed, and great care must be used in making arrest as he shoots quick and to kill.

J. M. SNYDER, *Captain*

NUMBER XCIII.

JACOB BUCKTHORN TO HONOR HAROLD.

Mr. Buckthorn tells of the disappearance and shows his appreciation of the character of Mr. Forbes. Puts in a good word for himself.

[In the letters written by Mr. Buckthorn I regret to find expressions bordering on profanity, and various slang terms. My first impulse was to strike out all such, but I have decided to print the letters verbatim, trusting to the good sense and kind consideration of the reader to pardon the rude expressions of a rough frontiersman, whose heart was evidently capable of tender feeling. Let no one imagine that Buckthorn's love for his "pardner" was not very great because he adds a postscript to this sad epistle introducing another theme. The true soldier looks on death as an event that may come to himself or companions at any hour, and when the grim messenger arrives, no excess of emotion is shown. Who shall say that his love is often not as great as ours who wring our hands, cry aloud, and wear on our sleeves the outward mark of grief?—E. H.].

Bad Man's Gulch, Camp of the 46th, Company B, March 2, 1852

Miss

I takes my pen in hand tu say that me pard, Mister Forbes, has not showed up for nigh two weeks. You see the Envelop in which

this yer letter is put is direckted by him to you. He direckted it quite some time ago and told me if any time he did n't ride the Mewl in on time tu jest wate a week and rite and tell you of it. an ax were i shall send his traps. His money wot he allus left in his chist is bout two hundred this I was ter send you fer his ole mammy, I low the Blackfeet have gobbled hom. the loss aint on youns miss, it is on weuns who node him. its a bad blow tu this ere camp. 52 uster have church on Sunday, and las Sunday afternoon just as the Sun was hidin behin Bald Mounting the bugle called the boys for prayers, and 52 gave em his last talk. it were a better sarmint than I ever heerd from any livin gospel sharp. he tecthed us up on our cussin an drinkin an gamblin and several of the boys melted. No one can take the place of 52. God help us. I would hav fit fer him in a minute and did slap a fellers gob today who said that he had gone tu hell, axin yer pardon, were all Yanks ort ter be. i am a Arkansassian myself but 52 was white. he was as fine a feller as ever busted a broncho. Where shall i send his Traps? 4 letters here from you for 52 unopened, as they are big and fat I low they are werry important, so I sends em back tu you to wunst.

Hopin yer wil simpathize with us I am, as ever,

J. BUCKTHORN, *Private, Company B*

P. S. We called him 52 cause he uster yell Raw, Raw, Raw, fifty two, staunch and true, Raw, Raw, Raw. It is a sort of fool injun lingo, I reckon he picked some where. Miss yer don't know it but the planes here can be planted tu gooseberries and a big fortin made if any of yer friends want to put in a few thousan and get rich my time is out in four months and no more enlisten for

JACOB BUCKTHORN

P. S. again

Miss i wasted an envelop by bustin this letter open tu say that the Jinnie what 52 rode has jes come limpin in an arrer thro her ham.

Yer wood hev cried ter see how pitiful she look. I send you in this letter a little strip of washed out red ribbin wot was on the bridle, so you will no i am not lyin to yer about the mewls commin back. As i told yer its all up with me pard. The captain will kick wen I axes him fer a nother envelop but i low i can talk sweet to him.

Still Yours,

JAKE

NUMBER XCIV.

MISS HONOR HAROLD TO JACOB BUCKTHORN.

Miss Harold, although doubtless much agitated on the receipt of Mr. Buckthorn's letter, answers calmly. Holds out hope and begs Mr. Buckthorn to go in search of Forbes. Shows her thoughtfulness for others in trying to keep the sad news to herself.

Concord, Mass., March 18, 1852

Mr. Jacob Buckthorn.

My Dear Sir: Your letter of the 12th inst. is just at hand, and I must thank you for your great kindness in writing me. You tell me that Mr. Forbes has not been seen for two weeks. I understand that he carried mail on horseback from your camp to San Jacinto. It can not be that the Indians would waylay and kill him. Impossible! He had a most hearty sympathy for the Indians, and, as I know, was interceding through Senator Sumner to have a bill passed in their behalf, reimbursing them for loss of territory, etc. He must have simply lost his way—as I understand he often rode after dark, or his horse may have thrown him, or fallen, and then ran away, and the Indians shot the arrow into the horse, the next day, trying to catch it.

I beg that you will organize an expedition at once and go in

search of him. Do not write any one else here of the matter. When you find him, if he is sick or in want in any way, you will of course see that his needs are supplied, for his many friends here will be only too glad to reimburse you.

Again thanking you, and hoping for a hopeful letter from you soon, I subscribe myself,

Your friend most sincerely,
HONOR HAROLD

NUMBER XCV.

JACOB BUCKTHORN TO HONOR HAROLD.

Replies in a characteristic letter. Is moved by Miss Harold's deep interest to give a vivid picture of an adventure of his own on the same route where Forbes was lost, to show the danger of the ride, and to convince that there is no use of hoping against hope. As Miss Harold asked for complete details of Mr. Forbes' going away, Buckthorn obliges with needless minutiæ.

Bad Man's Gulch,
Camp of the 46th Cavalry, Company B,
April 15, 1852

Miss —

I got your letter and was rite glad to hear from you. i sit myself down and takes me pen in hand to let you no that i am well and hopes you air in the same fix. This yer feller 52 ran the male once a week to San Jacinto, eighty mile. We rides by trail not the waggen rode as you no the blackfeet is worse nor wildcats about now, cause the whites hav driv all the buffler south.

We rides eighty mile at one slap, stoppin half way, fer half an hour at a cache fer grub and ter let the mewl git is wind. dont tule yourself by thinkin the injuns wouldent swipe 52 they air

the peskiest lot of critters yer ever saw and not many of em i low ever heard tell on Senatur Sumner.

they nearly done fer me on the same trail last week. it was bright moonlight although cloudy wen I left the camp, ere i wouldent have started. The mewl was on a easy lope when he slowed down mighty suddent, which the same he wouldent hev done if there wasent danger fer he node i was asleep. A mewl is the noingest thing on airth and is allus awful gentle wen ten miles or more from camp, and no company but the man a straddle. Out shot his ears and I slipped the loop off the horn and cocked the rifle, and felt to see if my revolvers was all right. the mewl now node i was awake and he moved on easy like and i node from his ears it was injuns. When zing, zing went to arrers over my head an i socked the spurs to that ere mewl and away we went through the sage brush. i kep talkin to the jack to keep him from losin his hed and tu let him no i hadent lost mine for the mewl can allus tell wen the rider is losin his sand.

not many injuns here hav horses and as i past thro a openin in the bush i saw there were only two injuns a follerin. i node i could get away but jest out of divilment, and thinkin' of 52 who was me pard as i was a tellin of you, i sez sez i you red cusses killed me pard, well, watch me trump yer ace. A mile ahed there was a bunch of willers in a holler like. i had it all planned and wen i got inter the willers i slowed up and pulled off that ere mewl in a holy second. i pulled my belt one hole tighter and heard the injuns come poundin through the bush. i let em pass and i held the rifle back and popped em with first one iron then tother. down went one Pinto and i saw i dropped the horse and not the injun, but the other red devil was done for sure enuff. his horse ran strate ahed and i dident stop to visit but swung onter that jack rabbit and on i went arter that Pinto. he was a good un, but the jack kep creepin up and creepin up alongside of im an i jes reached out and layed hold of the hay Lariat that was round his neck

and give it a couple of twists aroun the horn of my saddle and then yelled Raw, Raw, 52 stanch and true, Raw, Raw, Raw H-A-R-V-A-R-D but wot the devil it means Miss i will not be a tellin of you at this writin. i slowed down then to an easy gallop fer the nex ten mile an lit me stump of a clay pipe and trotted inter the fort jest as the sun was peepin up behind the mountings ☙ ☙

"Were did yer steal the Pinto?" axed the boys as they came roun to he help me uncinch the jack rabbit.

"Never mind" sez i "the owner had no use fer him so I borrowed him fer a spell."

About organizin of the expedition Miss, praps you forgot I am A private. altho gettin good pay it mostly goes to me old daddy who is paralized, and to Jimy wots me brother who has a sick Wife and leven kids, and the darndest piece of swamp which the same he calls a farm, and all it seems to perduce is ager. i could suggest the experishun to the capting but would probly hev me bug juice taken away fer ten days fer puttin in me lip.

You axed about me pards goin off. Well it wus jes before sunset he picked out the mewl he wanted. they was bunched in the corral behind the fort. he swung the lariat kind of gentle like four times over his head and dropped it round the neck of the nastiest cuss of a jinny there was in the herd. The kernel bought her in a bunch comin thro Mizzoury. she was out of a Kentucky runnin mare by a spanish jack. I dont want to speak disrespectful Miss of that jinny fer she is the gamiest animile in our bunch, but shes a bucker from way back allus does the act fer about fifteen minutes after you straddle her, then shes all rite. 52 saddled her easy like, fer she stands as quiet as a tabby cat until you get on. He cinched her up tighter than usual an acted a little down in the mouth like he had all day.

"take a snift of the old stuff" sez i. "You no i never drink" sez he, and it was as cross a word as he ever spoke to me, not cross

ezackly but grieved like. He never smoked or i no he wouldent have had these blew spells Miss, smokin is a cure fer bad feelins as yer may no, by a tryin of it wen yer liver aint rite.

he tuk a bit of bucksin outer his inside Pocket an in it was wrapped up a little strip of red ribbon, he tide this ribbon onter the bridle as he allus does and two of the boys held the jinny that stood as innocent like and meek as one of the sisters of Charity i seed in St. Louis. 52 put on his shaps, then his Spurs and his oil-skin jacket, buckled his pops on the outside, felt to see his knife was in place, and the bundle of letters was all right aroun his nec, then he gave a pull to his sombrero and a hitch to his breeches. as he put his left hand into the check strap of that ere mewl his right hand held the bridle rein and rifle as he put it on the horn of the saddle. he put his left foot in the stirrup and swung over inter place as graceful as a feather. that dam mewl stood as quiet as death and down she sank as if she was goin to lay down, down, down. 52 smiled (wot a hansum cuss he was wen he smiled) and like a flash of lightning up went that mewl about ten feet in the air and struck stiff legged a hundred feet away.

52 gave her the spurs and off they went a boundin Up and down at every jump. he stood in one stirrup and reached the other long leg clear up to her ears as the boys yelled. then he Pasted her over the head with his sombrero and twisted her tail which stood out like a paint brush, and down they went across the crick. just as the sunset gun Barked we lost sight of em among the cottonwood, and heard him yell Raw, Raw, 52 Stanch and true H-A-R-V-A-R-D, fer that's the way he allus said Good-bye. That's all there is about 52, Miss, and i no you feel sorry fer us

So long

J. BUCKTHORN

P. S. I begun this letter 3 days ago and hev put in most my time since on it wen I wasent on guard. Wot about the gooseberries? hev yer got any one worked up on it yet? JAKE

NUMBER XCVI.

J. R. JONES, SECRETARY OF GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT, TO REV. HEZEKIAH PENNAWORTH

More about the disappearance of Private Forbes. Captain Snyder's version of the affair evidently accepted. An investigation of Forbes' record is begun in anticipation of his arrest.

Fort Denver, Kansas Ter., March 10, 1852

Rev. H. Pennaworth.

My Dear Friend: It is several years since I wrote you last, but I will not soon forget the days of old when we attended school on the hill in Roxbury. I wish now that I had followed your example and gone to Harvard instead of hiding myself in this barren wilderness.

My folks send the *Weekly Herald* occasionally, and I was much pleased, some time ago, to read your name in the list of graduates at the Divinity School, so I do the proper thing and address you as Rev. ❧ ❧

What prompts me to write you at this time is on account of a deserter who has just been reported for arrest. He has taken with him $788 of government money. They say he is from Harvard, and the General, knowing I am from near there, told me to write for his record. Name—Arthur Ripley Forbes, Class of '52. I think it 's only a guess any way that the fellow ever was at Harvard; and this name may be assumed; but I act on order from the General. You can easily look over the records, and, if you can locate the man, tell me briefly what you can about him. I write to you about the matter, instead of the mighty moguls of the 'Varsity, as I know you will do the " biz," and I also wanted to let you know I was on earth.

Yours truly

J. R. JONES, *Sec. Gen. John C. Fremont*

NUMBER XCVII.

REV. H. PENNAWORTH TO CAPT. J. R. JONES, SEC'Y.

Mr. H. Pennaworth replies, giving an account of Forbes' character. Relates adventures that do not flatter, and as proof encloses copy of complaint presented to the Faculty. Speaks of his own trials, and shows how the life of a young clergyman is not always a flowery bed of ease.

Cambridge, March 29

My Dear Brother:—

I am much gratified to think you remember me, and will gladly serve you in any way possible, as it is my constant prayer that I may ever exercise a true spirit of helpfulness.

I know the man Forbes, well. He intended to follow the law, I believe. He left here something like two years ago, and sent back an elderly female to excite sympathy in his behalf among the students. She succeeded so well that Forbes and this woman must have divided upwards of $400 between them. Since then he has taken good care not to come inside the College yard.

He was a great favorite with most of the boys, because he was at the front in all athletics and turbulent sports. Was in several riots against citizens of the town, and broke probably a hundred panes of glass with snowballs in the two years he was here. Once he was up before the Faculty for breaking in the front door of a shoe store, and attacking the proprietor, who had locked up a student in his kitchen until a policeman could be procured to arrest the said student, who was courting the honest shoemaker's daughter. The said student escaped before a policeman could be procured, and a mob was formed, with Forbes as leader, and they attacked the shoemaker. The original complaint is on file at the Secretary's office, and I enclose verbatim copy.

He was a great hand to go on long tramps through the country.

On one such expedition he came to a school-house at a cross-roads. ¶ Entering, he introduced himself to the school-mistress (who, by the way, was exceeding comely), as the State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Of course the lady was somewhat agitated on receiving a visit from such a high official; but Forbes put her at ease by explaining that he happened to be in the neighborhood on business, and, having a few moments to spare, thought he would drop in and greet her in an informal way, making a short address to the scholars, which he accordingly did in a graceful manner. After the address, he said probably the school had never been visited before by the State Superintendent, and never would be again; and under the circumstances, in honor of the event, he suggested that the teacher give the scholars a half-holiday. This was accordingly done, much to the delight of the youngsters.

Forbes then gave the young lady some good advice about her work and went on his way.

It is very plain that a man guilty of such imposition and deception must be a dangerous character in any community.

Forbes once put fourteen frogs in my desk, and was much given to crowding people off the sidewalk into the gutters, and also of pushing and crowding when going in and out of Chapel—especially coming out.

He had no respect for religion, and therefore I am not surprised that he has thus come to a bad end. Yet I do not want to say anything against him, as my desire is to speak only good of all, and I trust that, if he gets out of this difficulty, he will reform and conduct himself as becomes a Christian gentleman (if I may be allowed the expression).

I am tutoring here, and preaching every Lord's Day, candidating. I am in hopes I will not receive any regular call yet. Of course, if a people needed me I would go to minister to them; but the preparing of two sermons a week I do not feel equal to. I think of

taking to myself a wife as soon as a suitable person can be found; but I regret to observe that the young women of our day are much given to frivolity, and lacking in the qualities which a pastor's wife should possess.

I have seven excellent sermons, which I use as occasion demands. In England, one can purchase the entire stock of a retiring clergyman, and it is considered all right. But here the masses are not educated to a point where they would accept sermons at second-hand, if they knew it, without scoffing.

My health is quite good, except for a slight attack of bronchitis.

I am, dear brother,

Your friend in Truth,
H. PENNAWORTH

NUMBER XCVIII.

COPY OF COMPLAINT AGAINST ARTHUR R. FORBES.

[I find this document still on file among the records at Harvard, where any one curious in the matter may see it. The man Williams, whose name is appended (a student in the Law School), was evidently the author of the complaint. The decision of the Faculty in the matter I have been unable to find.—E. H.]

TO THE HONORABLE THE FELLOWS AND FACULTY OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

Nicholas Laste, being duly sworn, deposeth as follows—to wit: On the 11th day of November, in the year of Our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty, and the year of the Independence of the United States the seventy-sixth, at eleven o'clock at night or thereabouts, the front door of deponent's domicile was broken open by one Arthur R. Forbes, to deponent known, and by other parties to deponent unknown, and forcibly and against deponent's desire

the said parties blacked deponent's face with a shoe brush, and used to deponent and lawful wife much unseemly language, and threw over deponent the following, to wit: *One bucket of dirty water. One bucket of kitchen slop.* On deponent's remonstrating with said Forbes, and asking him to desist in his nefarious work, said Forbes replied, using the following words, to wit: "Shut up, you old wax-end, or I will blow you to Gehenna!" And deponent verily believes he would have done so, had deponent not precipitately fled.

All of which is respectfully submitted, and deponent prays that Your Honorable Body will see that proper punishment is meted out to said defendant.

(Signed) NICHOLAS LASTE

This is to certify that I read over above complaint to deponent, who makes solemn oath on the Holy Evangely that all the statements therein made are true, except such statements as are made on hearsay and belief, and these he believes to be true.

JAMES WILLIAMS

Commissioner of Deeds for and in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Cambridge, Nov. 21, 1850.

NUMBER XCIX.

REV. H. PENNAWORTH TO JEREMIAH PEEPSON.

The news of Forbes' disgrace reaches Concord via Pennaworth, who feels it a duty to inform Justice Peepson.

Cambridge, Mass., April 14, 1852

My Dear Brother:—

Since I last had the pleasure of holding Divine services in your beautiful town, I have ministered to various other flocks. But I always think of your village with feelings of peculiar gratifica-

tion, knowing that I have been instrumental to a certain degree in neutralizing the pernicious effect of the invidious forms of infidelity that have sprung up in your community—if I may be allowed the expression.

My health is quite good, save for a slight attack of bronchitis, which has incapacitated me for preaching for three weeks.

I am grieved to hear that a certain townsman of yours, one Forbes, has turned out so badly in spite of all the good influences thrown around him. He has deserted from his post of duty, taking with him $988.50 belonging to the Government, and as you are a Justice of the Peace it may interest you to know that a large reward is offered for his capture. He may come back to Concord in disguise, and I have felt it my duty to give you the plain facts, that you might see that the ends of justice are not defeated.

I am glad to hear that your entire church debt has been paid off, and that the parish is enjoying such a high state of spirituality.

¶ My regards to your good wife, and family.

Yours most sincerely,

H. PENNAWORTH

NUMBER C.

JACOB BUCKTHORN TO GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT.

Mr. Buckthorn comes to the rescue of his old partner's good name. Another version of the difficulty.

Fort San Jacinto, March 10, 1852

Dear Gineral

In an ofishal way i hev no bizness tu write tu you & praps i haint nohow, but i writes as soldier to soldier.

on that ere first trip across the mountings you an me fit the

injuns together an i slep in yer tent ready to jump in a holy second an carry yer orders. we who have suffered an enjyd together do not heve to allus stand on army regulations. this is wy i writes tu you about me pard whose name was 52, but they used to call him Forbes fer short. he carried the male on the nite run to Bad Mans Gulch, an a finer man, Gineral, never clapped spurs tu a bronc. he was as brave a man as you Gineral, and i cant put it no stronger, an his heart was lovin as a babbys.

The Blackfeet layed fer him one nite an his mewl came inter the fort with an arrer thro her ham. The Capting lowed he had run away cause mong his letters was a package of money, but 52 was no thief he wasent, an i'll let daylight thro any galoot except hes a commissioned officer, what says he was. The Cap was down on him, he was, cause he wouldent give a taste of the quirt tu a feller who had forgot tu salute you. Never ordered a soldier whipped, you never had a feller tied up by the thumbs. & then the Cap ordered Three soldiers tu give me pard thirty lashes on the bare Hide fer refusin of tu lash another brave soldier wen all of us had looked death in the i together, but the Cap who i reckon isent much better nor a tenderfoot. 52 took off his coat and shirt fer the lash but not a man cum forward & the fellers what was ordered tu do the job stood like stumps. The Cap turned red, then pale an ordered all Hands out fer drill.

Now the Cap sez that 52 has rund off tu escape court martial & stole the money at the same time. its a lie, gineral, the injuns have got him me pard is dead. his scalp is danglin from some red devil's belt, the kyutes have feasted on his flesh, & his bones air now bleachin down some canyon. You and me is here yet, but our bones may bleach tu, and our scalps may dangle, but by God, gineral, we wont post a brave man fer a deserter. will we Gineral?

JACOB BUCKTHORN,
Private

NUMBER CI.

MRS. FORBES TO DR. JOHN HOLWORTHY.

The good, simple mother, bowed with grief, writes to Dr. Holworthy, telling of the trouble that has come upon her in her old age. Sorrow always has its alloy. In the darkest moments of the soul, past joys, and hope for the future, sweeten the bitterness of the present.

Concord, Mass., April 15, 1852

Dear John:—

I am in deep trouble. Oh, the shame of having children grow up to disgrace their parents! I always said it would come to this, the reading of those infidel books.

They say my son has deserted from the army; but, John, I am sure that if a soldier does not want to work any longer, he has a perfect right to quit, after giving notice. Don't you think so, John? But my Arthur would never steal. No! Some one else took the money ☙ ☙

Squire Peepson said he heard Arthur was hiding in my house. He came here with Jones the constable. He had a long letter which he read to me: he said it was a search warrant. They looked all through the house—in the garret and cellar, and under all the beds, and then in the hen-house.

Of course it is very kind in them to try and find my son for me. Mr. Jones is a very nice man; he brings up his children in God-fearing manner. He is a good provider. Every one is very kind to me in my trouble. Rev. Mr. Pennaworth came first, to tell us about it. He was so kind and good, and broke the news so gently. Mr. Pennaworth said, now that Arthur was out of work, he would likely come right back here, and we must tell Mr. Jones at once, so they could clear him of the charge of taking the money. After all, John, I am glad Arthur will be back to see us; he never spoke

a cross word to me. When I used to scold a little—as you know any woman will, when there is so much to do—he used to come and kiss me on the ear and say he was glad I was n't twins, for one like me was all he could manage; and then I would hit him with the broom, and we would laugh and forget our troubles. ¶ If he comes to Cambridge first, you must both come up here at once. He did not take the money did he, John?

He used to kiss me on the ear and call me his little old sweetheart. He did not take the money, John, did he? You know he did not. He will soon be back, and he is now so strong and well. He will explain it all when he comes.

If he did not want to be a soldier—why, what difference was it? He will be here on Sunday; don't you think so, John? He always came on Saturdays, you know. He used to kiss me on the ear, and call me whitey sweetheart.

Yours truly,

P. FORBES

NUMBER CII.

HONOR HAROLD TO GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT.

A plea in behalf of Forbes' good name. Let the dead rest from their labors in peace.

Concord, Mass, May 1, 1852

Gen. John C. Fremont.

Dear Sir: I write you in reference to Arthur Ripley Forbes, Courier, who disappeared from his post of duty between Fort San Jacinto and Bad Man's Gulch, on night ot Feb. 21st.

I understand that the animal which he rode came into the fort with an arrow shot through its leg, which is proof that Forbes was attacked by the Indians and has not deserted. The suggestion by Captain Snyder, that Forbes himself would turn the animal loose

and shoot it with the arrow, to divert suspicion, is too far-fetched to take the time of sensible people. Only an evil-minded person would ever make such a libelous charge; for one's opinion of others is generally the reflex of his own heart.

Forbes bears an excellent reputation here among all good people. At Harvard College he was a general favorite among both professors and students, and the fact that he had a noble and generous spirit can not be disproved. I beg that you will investigate the charge of " mutiny " brought by Captain Snyder; and knowing nothing of the circumstances, but knowing Mr. Forbes, I venture the assertion that Forbes' rebellion was in behalf of some unfortunate individual. I am told that your department has offered a reward for the capture of Private Forbes; by so doing, you have cast a cloud over the fair name of a brave man.

I most earnestly pray that you will have the record read, " Killed in action." Withdraw the offer of reward for capture, and thus partially undo the wrong that has been done a soldier as brave and honorable as a Sobieski.

Do not allow his name to be bandied upon the tongue of rumor; in addition to the wrong done to the dead, this shameful libel has deeply pained those to whom he stood as lover, son and friend

Very respectfully, H. HAROLD

NUMBER CIII.

GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT TO HONOR HAROLD.

General Fremont defends his position in a plausible and respectful manner.

Fort Alamo, Cal., June 10, 1852

H. Harold, Concord, Mass.

Sir: Your letter of May 1st received. The offer of a reward for the capture of one Forbes was based on the fact that his disappear-

ance occurred immediately after his having—First: caused a mutiny, and while an order was out for troops to quell the disturbance he had created. Second: He had with him at the time a large amount of money belonging to the government. Third: The animal he rode did not come into the fort for several days after his disappearance, thus showing that it had evidently been ridden many miles from the route before being turned loose. A full investigation of the facts will be made at once, and if a wrong has been done to the name of Forbes, due reparation will follow. No doubt this man was a fairly good soldier, and I do not question the excellence of his character at home, but men who carry themselves uprightly in the East, when surrounded by the safeguards of law and custom, often reveal a different side of their natures here, where law is almost unknown. The failure to obey a superior officer is a charge not easily overlooked. The first duty of a soldier is to obey; and should I look lightly on such an offense, I would consider myself derelict to duty. I am

Your most obedient servant,

J. C. FREMONT

NUMBER CIV.

HONOR HAROLD TO JOHN HOLWORTHY.

Dr. Holworthy has evidently been true to his trust and sent the dividend to Miss Meredith. Ignorant of where the money came from, Miss Harold writes her acknowledgments in a well-worded note.

Concord, June 8, 1852

Dear Doctor:—

I write you on request of Miss Meredith, to thank you for the $180, which you so kindly sent.

I am sure that if it was not for your excellent foresight the good

woman would now be without income. Of course she would not suffer in any event, as I am doing fairly well tutoring, and there are many others in Concord who would deem it a privilege to divide their portion with Miss Meredith who has herself done so much for others. But the idea that she is not dependent on charity, is almost necessary to the life of one so full of the spirit of self-reliance.

Again thanking you for Miss Meredith, and on my own account for all of your many generous acts, I am

Your friend,

H. HAROLD

NUMBER CV.

MISS HAROLD TO DR. HOLWORTHY.

Miss Meredith seriously ill. A request that the doctor will bring the certificates for Old Colony R. R. stock to their owner or dispose of them for cash and turn in the proceeds.

Concord, Aug. 10, 1852

Dr. Holworthy.

Dear Sir: I am obliged to inform you that Miss Meredith has had another severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, and Dr. Peabody thinks her recovery doubtful.

The good woman's mind is more alert and bright than I ever saw it. The effect of physical pain, as I have heard you say, is often to arouse the intellect. Miss Meredith knows the end may be near, and she requests me to have you bring the certificates for her Old Colony Railroad stock. Or if you can sell for 1.07 cash do so. She desires me to deposit the money in the bank here, as she proposes to dispose of the estate herself, rather than make a will, as she has a superstitious dread of lawyers and courts, and fears her wishes will not be properly respected.

I see by today's paper, that Old Colony stock is quoted at $1.05, which is proof of your wisdom in buying at par. I do not know what will be the nature of Miss Meredith's bequests, but I suppose the funds will go to certain educational institutions in Boston in which she is interested.

Kindly act promptly about converting the stock into cash, as Miss Meredith is urgent in this matter.

Very respectfully,

HONOR HAROLD

NUMBER CVI.

DR. HOLWORTHY TO MISS HONOR HAROLD.

On receiving Miss Harold's letter the doctor is taken suddenly ill. Informs his correspondent that dissolution is near at hand.

Cambridgeport, Aug. 20, 1852

Dear Miss Harold:—

Your letter received. I would have followed your wishes, but I am sick beyond recovery, and now lie on my death-bed. It is acute pericarditis, and the poor wretch who writes you this may stand before his Maker and hear the words, "Depart ye accursed," etc., before you read these lines. Pray for me.

Yours truly,

J. HOLWORTHY, M. D.

NUMBER CVII.

MISS HAROLD TO DR. HOLWORTHY.

Miss Harold evidently not greatly alarmed at the doctor's condition. Expresses sympathy, and asks permission to call on him.

Concord, Aug, 21, 1852

My Dear Doctor:—

I much regret to hear of your serious illness, but trust it is only temporary. If I can do anything to alleviate your suffering, please command me.

Miss Meredith is quite anxious about selling the stock at the present quotation of 1.08 1-2. And when I call, you can give me the certificates, and I can transact the business. At what hour tomorrow may I see you?

I am glad to observe that your handwriting does not show great weakness, so I trust you are convalescent ere this.

Sincerely yours,

HONOR HAROLD

NUMBER CVIII.

DR. HOLWORTHY TO MISS HAROLD.

The doctor slightly better. Makes a confession that he never sold the Livingston stock. "The man soured on him." Sends the balance of $180 given him by Forbes to pay dividends.

Cambridgeport, Aug. 23

My Dear Miss Harold:—

The attack was very severe, and I thought the end was near. Fortunately I was able to bring the proper remedies to bear and am today still in the land of the living. But I am only a wreck,

and from now on I walk the earth, if life lingers, only a bruised reed ❧ ❧

About the certificates, Miss Harold—God help me! At the last moment, I was unable to exchange the Livingston for O. C. I had it all fixed, but the man soured on me.

I never had the heart to tell you; but I can not die with a lie on my lips, so I tell you the truth, and send the Livingston certificates with this.

I would be most happy to have you call, but the sight of my haggard face would unnerve you. I am so emaciated, and my eyes are so glassy, I scare horses on the street. Pray for me.

Disconsolately,

J. HOLWORTHY, M. D.

P. S. I send draft for $180 to pay div. for Nov. on Liv. certifs. My opinion is that it 's better stock now than O. C., if one has nerve to hold it.

❧

NUMBER CIX.

MISS HAROLD TO DR. HOLWORTHY.

Miss Harold's generous nature pardons the doctor's weakness. She thanks him for his disinterested kindness. A surprise. Miss Meredith divides the bulk of her property between Miss Honor and Dr. Holworthy.

Concord, Aug. 24, 1852

My Dear Doctor:—

The Livingston Mill certificates received, and also the money to pay the November interest.

Miss Meredith begs to thank you most cordially for all of the tender consideration you have shown in this matter.

Of course you tried to sell the stock and invest the money in a safer way, and that you failed to do so was not your fault. You

have advanced the dividends out of your purse to a lone woman, and I can not find words to express my high regard for the disinterested sympathy which you have shown.

Now here is something which may interest you. Miss Meredith's desire is to divide this stock between you and me, as she said now that Arthur has gone we are her best friends. She thinks she will not recover and so has made the division now; but she has been unfair in the matter, giving $4000 to me and only $2000 to you. She wanted to convert the stock into cash; but I showed her your letter, where you said you considered the Mill stock valuable property to those who would hold it for a year or two. So she will have the certificate for $2000 made out in your name, and mail it to you soon.

Miss Meredith has at last consented to let us move her over to Mrs. Forbes'. I have rented the cottage; so here we are, to use the language of Aunt Marie, " three fine old ladies." And, really, we are quite merry at times. We are all very sorry to hear of your physical condition; but you are a young man, Dr. Holworthy, and surely your health will return.

Sincerely yours, H. HAROLD

NUMBER CX.

DR. HOLWORTHY TO HONOR HAROLD.

Dr. Holworthy much better. Shows his generosity by wanting Miss Harold to have all the Livingston stock. Endeavors to console and proposes a buggy ride.

Cambridgeport, Aug. 25, 1852

My Dear Miss Harold:—

Whether in answer to your prayers, or to the operation of the medicine which I have been taking, I do not know, but my condition has much improved. Pulse a trifle fast, but temperature

nearly normal and appetite fair; so it looks as if I were almost convalescent, and once more on the highway to recovery.

That Aunt Marie has given me one-third of the Liv. stock, quite upsets me in my weak state. I have done nothing to deserve it. Please have her reconsider and give it all to you, as I do not need it. I feel that I will soon be well, and my practice has increased every month for a year.

It is all up with Arthur! A fine fellow he was; but why grieve over him? We must brace up, and remember that all flesh is mortal. We are here to make the best of life, and our duty is to live above all that distresses or troubles. Let the dead rest. I am a transcendentalist, I am.

You spoke in a former letter of coming down to see me. I would be much pleased to have you do so. Come Sunday, on the morning train—never mind going to church, for once. I will get a livery rig and take you back in the afternoon. It will be a glorious ride. Meet me at Harvard Square, Sunday, at 9:45. I am feeling better than for some weeks.

Yours always,

J. HOLWORTHY, M. D.

NUMBER CX.

MISS HAROLD TO DR. HOLWORTHY.

After some days Miss Harold writes expressing her regrets, etc. Miss Meredith recovering. Hope never dies.

Concord, Sept. 5, 1852

Dr. Holworthy:—

Dear Sir: I was unable to accept your kind invitation of some weeks ago, but Miss Meredith wishes me to write and ask you to come up and see " the three old ladies " when convenient.

Aunt Marie is better than she has been for years, and today walked down to the post-office and back. She works in the garden and about the house, and is the youngest of the three.

We have received no further word from Arthur, although I have written both to Mr. Buckthorn and General Fremont. I sometimes think he may be alive; the Indians may have made him a prisoner ❧ ❧

With my duties here and my pupils in Boston, I am kept quite busy ❧ ❧ Sincerely yours,

H. HAROLD

❧

NUMBER CXI.

MISS HAROLD TO DR. JOHN HOLWORTHY.

The spirit of Mrs. Forbes passes away. A letter showing great depths of tender feeling. The last days of the good mother. "Tired of waiting for her boy, she goes to meet him."

[To some it might seem a trifle queer that Miss Harold should enter into such tender detail in writing to Dr. Holworthy, whose sensibilities we know were not over acute. I think, however, the loving heart of the writer found solace for her sorrow by thus dwelling on the last scenes of her whose spirit had just passed away. Those who have stood by the open graves of their beloved dead, know somewhat of this tendency to linger lovingly over the details of the last sad moments. Does the breaking heart find balm in expression?

In the Orient there is a proverb used where a man has been guilty of wrong acts. They say, "God has seen fit to tempt him beyond what he could bear." The character of Dr. Holworthy as shown in these letters, was weak and vacillating, but it will be seen that his weakness sprang from his generous heart. The quality of his affection, I admit, was not exalted, but surely a dull and unloving person would never have been subject to his inconsistencies.

When we see people stray from virtue's path, let us think of the Hindoo proverb I have just quoted; for what know we of the " breaking tension " of these souls about us, and what know we even of our own when we sit in the safe chimney corner of our firesides! Judge not.

This record of the closing days of Mrs. Forbes, moved me deeply. The simple, earnest faith of this Christian woman overtops tomes of so-called free-thought logic. In days of physical health her life was filled with petty cares and trials, she was apprehensive and often fearful. The established religion of her time was full of these nightmares of the soul, and few escaped their baleful influence. Yet at the last we see glimpses of the " peace that passeth understanding," and perhaps, if the dead could come back, we would hear from their lips that it is ever so.

" From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead, there comes no word; but in the night of death, hope sees a star; and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. He who sleeps here, said with his latest breath, I am better now. Let us believe in spite of tears and fears and doubts and dogmas, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead."

The last days of Mrs. Forbes were the most peaceful she had ever known. Was it a foretaste of the life to come?—E. H.]

Concord, Mass., May 2, 1853

Dear Doctor:—

I write to inform you that the spirit of our dear friend Mrs. Forbes passed away yesterday afternoon.

When the word first came of the disaster to Arthur, I kept it from her, hoping for better news later; but alas, none came. Mr. Pennaworth informed her first that Arthur had deserted, and she began to look for his return. At night when the evening train would come from Boston, she would hear the whistle and hasten to arrange her hair and adjust her cap before the little

mirror in the kitchen, saying softly to herself, "I am his wee, white-haired sweetheart, so I must look nice when he comes;" and then she would go and look down the road until I called her in. ¶ She would put a plate on the table for him, and consult me about what to cook, as she was always planning delicacies he liked

There were some clothes in my closet that belonged to Arthur, and she would come in so quietly and get the garments to look them over to see if they needed mending; a hundred times I saw her do this. She knitted a dozen pairs of stockings for him, and each Sunday morning laid out his clean linen, which I would again put away after she had gone down-stairs.

Some years ago she was irritable and fretful, at times; but the last year her life was sweet, calm and untroubled as the breath of June

When I would go to the post-office she would always ask if I had a letter from Arthur.

By slow degrees her mind withdrew, and she would sleep at night as quietly as a baby. No doubts, no fears. "My burden has all been taken away," she would often say to me; and when I tried to keep back the tears, she would say, "Why, my daughter, do you cry, when God is so good?" She thought I was her child Martha who died years ago.

She would request me to read over the letters Arthur had written, and as I read she would close her eyes and rock the chair back and forth and say: "How good God is to give me such a son. Is his cough better, Martha? It is, is it not?"

At last we thought best to tell her he was dead, and I tried to express it so gently. "No, dear child; I just heard his voice in the garden," she said. "Go, please, and tell him I want him to come and kiss me good-night for I am his wee, white-haired sweetheart, you know."

Gradually she grew weaker and weaker.

Yesterday morning we propped her in the big chair, where she could look out of the window. I noticed her voice was very faint as she whispered: " I think he will come tonight! Do I look all right? I 'm his little sweetheart."

She was very fond of flowers, and I placed in her hand a bunch of violets which she had herself planted.

She looked across the valley at the hills, over which played the sunshine and the shadow. She motioned me to look, too; and moved her lips as if trying to speak of the serene beauty of the scene; then she closed her eyes and I thought she wanted to sleep, so I left her alone.

When I came back in half an hour, the thin hands still held the violets in her lap, just as when I left her, but the fingers were cold and stiff. I saw that the good mother had waited as long as she could for her boy. He did not come, and she had gone to meet him ❧ ❧

We lay her tired form away beneath the pines in Sleepy Hollow tomorrow at ten o'clock.

It is two years tomorrow since Arthur left Concord.

Sincerely your friend,

HONOR HAROLD

❧

NUMBER CXIII.

GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT TO H. HAROLD.

Good news. A letter from General Fremont enclosing newspaper clippings.

Fort Alamo, Cal., Oct. 4, 1853

H. Harold, Esq., Concord, Mass.

SIR: Some time ago you interested yourself in one Private Forbes, a deserter, for whose capture a reward was offered. By reading the enclosed clippings from the San Francisco *Vindicator,* you will see you were wrong in your conclusions.

The charge against Forbes is a serious one, but I am inclined to believe the story of his being taken captive by the Indians is truth. If so, this would relieve him of the implication of desertion; but the charge of mutiny he will have to stand trial for. A private by the name of Isaac Buckthorn, otherwise known as Huckleberry Ike, was here a few months ago and spoke very highly of Forbes.

This Buckthorn was a scout in my command for awhile; and as he is honest, and a good judge of human nature, I think his estimate of the man is correct.

I have ordered Forbes' release on ticket of leave, for nothing more can be done now, except to order him to stay in California and let them go on with the court-martial.

It may take several months to get the witnesses together for the trial, as the complainant, Captain Snyder, is in Texas. Nothing but a pardon from the President can effect Forbes' release; so you will tell his friends that they must be patient, for he will be given an impartial trial.

I thought best to send the clippings and let you know that the man is alive, as I judge you are an attorney acting for his kinsmen. I deemed it likely he might feel his disgrace so keenly that he would not tell you of his whereabouts; or, if not this, he would fear paining his friends by reciting his difficulties. I have noticed that not one soldier in a hundred writes to his folks, any way, even in prosperity.

I am, dear sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN C. FREMONT

NUMBER CXIV.

FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO "VINDICATOR" OF SEPT. 14, 1853.

FICTION OUTDONE.

A Soldier captured by the Indians becomes their Big Medicine Man.

WHILE WITH THEM HE DISCOVERS A RICH LEAD IN A DESERTED MINE.

Claim Bought Up By The Consolidated Company For $35,000.

In this glorious country there is a quality in the atmosphere which makes it easy to do things that would be absolutely impossible in the dreamy, effete and psychic East.

For instance, last week we recorded how Freckled Smith broke a faro bank, married Dolly Dimples the boss beauty of the Champs Elysees, and then had four bullets sent through his gizzard by a former lover of the Dimple, all inside of forty-eight hours.

Now we have a true story of a different nature, and much more pleasant to relate.

The sleepy coyote who pretends to edit the dirty sheet of bombast in Pig Alley, and flatters himself that he is our competitor, may get the news from this report and rehash it day after tomorrow, but here it is *now*.

Moral: When you want the news, read the *Vindicator*. But to our story: At room 169 in the Grand Central Hotel, is Mr. A. R.

Forbes, formerly from Boston, and more recently Big Medicine Man among the Blackfeet.

Forbes was a courier in U. S. Army and ran a night run between Fort San Jacinto and Bad Man's Gulch, eighty miles straight, between the time old Sol took his night-cap and said good-bye behind the mountains, and his blinking in the bright A. M.

A hard ride, but many a man in 'Frisco has done harder.

On the night of Feb. 4th, 1852, Forbes started as usual. The moon came out bright and clear, a thing that strikes terror to a night rider in an injun country. All went well until our hero had gotten within ten miles of the fort, when, behold! Injuns.

There they were—behind every rock, and they let the arrows whiz. What could Forbes do but turn about and clap spurs to his mule; but the injuns had fresh horses, and it was now near daylight and the courier's mule was fagged.

No sane man ever surrenders to the red devils. It 's death either way; and better be done for in fair fight than be tied to a tree and have your naked body lashed with hickory switches by squaws, and end up with a dance and a holocaust at which you are invited to be present.

Forbes saw they were gaining on him, and resolved to dismount and fight it out, when an arrow caught his mule in the ham and down she went, with rider underneath, and the injuns had Forbes in a jiffy. It seems the mule was only wounded, and up she got and away ❧ ❧

They intended to kill the prisoner at once, when they captured him; but a row started among the red gents as to who should have his scalp. The gent that wanted to kill him was restrained by a more influential red gent, and so they just decided to carry him away and decide later.

They put Forbes on a horse and tied his feet underneath so tight that it took off the skin; and on each ankle, now, he shows a scar that looks like a bracelet.

They ran him off, he thinks, about fifty miles; when they camped in a canyon, and untied the prisoner to look him over.

It seems Forbes had learned to talk the Blackfeet lingo a little; and as he is a fine fellow any way, over sixfeet tall, they fell to admiring him as they powwowed about how they could send him to the Spirit Land.

They had taken his rifle and pistols, but did n't know how to use them. Forbes saw one of the injuns was a leader in the party, and he began to talk to this chief.

He also noticed the bucks were not on the best of terms with each other, and that the chief was disliked by one big fellow in particular; so Forbes told the chief he would like to wrestle the big cuss. Here was fun! and the challenge was given.

Forbes, it seems, is an expert on the carpet. The injun was not to be bluffed before his fellow-citizens, so he stripped and they went at it. Forbes got in a half Nelson on him in short order. ¶ Then he told the chief he would fight any one of them with his fists; but an injun is as much afraid of a fist as he is of a revolver, and none would come forward. He then showed the chief how to use the rifle, and had got on such good terms with him, that as they could not decide as to which one should have his scalp, they just let him keep it himself.

Forbes told them he was a Medicine Man, and wanted to become one of the tribe. So they let him paint his face, and he changed clothes with several of them, which they were glad to do. And he went with them clear up to the North Branch of the Muscle Shell where they were going to trap beaver.

All this is not to the point, however; only preliminary, and by the way. The thing that touches our souls about the case is, that while with these injuns Forbes found a gold lead that assays the richest that has been seen since the Sally Waters was located. The injuns showed Forbes the lead; and he escaped soon after, and struck an overland train and a troop of cavalry. With this

train was Major Beezum, chief prospector for the New York Consolidated Mining Company.

Forbes got Beezum interested, and they looked the claim over; and the result of it is, that Forbes has sold out to the Consolidated for $35, 000 in cash.

He has got the money in five New York drafts, and sails on the *Western Queen* for New York tomorrow.

Forbes is as modest a brown-whiskered gentleman as you could find in a day's search. He was trying on a gray suit of store clothes at Solomon Eikenstein's (whose advertisement appears in the paper) when the reporter found him He was averse to telling the story, but the *Vindicator* interviewers are the kind that get the facts

The Consolidated is to be congratulated on the purchase. They now have four of the best producing claims yet struck in California; and although the fools that came here in '49, expecting to pick up double eagles in the street, got badly left, yet the gold mines of this country are bound to turn out the dust, when worked on scientific principles. Great is California!

NUMBER CXV.

FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO "VINDICATOR" OF SEPT. 16, 1853.

The *Vindicator* yesterday recorded the facts about one Forbes selling his claim to the Consolidated. The money had all been paid over and Forbes had engaged passage and state room on the *Western Queen*, which sailed to day. But just as he was going on board he was arrested by United States Marshal Watkins, on charge of mutiny, and desertion from the army.

This fully explains the haste Forbes has shown in starting for the East

The prisoner was seen at the jail, but refused to talk. He seems to

be a very gentlemanly individual on the surface; but they say he is a bad one, and can use a knife quicker than any man this side of the Ridge ☙ ☙

He led an insurrection at Fort Jacinto, and locked the commander of the fort in the guardhouse, and afterwards made him do guard duty, carrying a rail; the troops got into the supplies, and made the corks fly, and all hands had a glorious drunk, ending up with a fight in which four were killed.

Forbes took six horses and all the money that was sent to pay off the troops, and made good his escape. This was over a year ago; it may take a little time, but eventually justice must be done. Verily the way of the transgressor is hard.

There is no mistake about the claim, though; the latest report is that it is richer than at first reported by Colonel Beezum. We congratulate the Consolidated on the purchase.

☙

NUMBER CXVI.

GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT TO H. HAROLD.

The information given that the money Forbes was entrusted to carry was faithfully guarded. Its return leads to his arrest.

Fort Alamo, Oct. 6, 1853

H. Harold, Concord, Mass.

DEAR SIR: Since writing you a few days ago, I have received official notification of the arrest of Forbes.

It seems he had the money which he was entrusted to carry, in a leather pouch fastened to his belt, and he carried this through all his experience with the Indians. The money was returned to the United States paymaster at 'Frisco by Forbes immediately on his arrival there, and led to the arrest.

You thus see that if he had not seen fit to report to the authorities, he would not have been arrested at all, as the belief had gone out

that he had been killed, and his record on the service books reads, "Killed in action."

The charges now against him are reduced to those of mutiny and inciting insurrection, followed by desertion and theft. These, under some circumstances, would be very serious offences; but as it stands, if he is found guilty the penalty ought not to be severe ❧ ❧

The newspaper reports I sent you were not very exact, but as near the truth, I suppose, as the average newspaper can get. Reporters have no time to sift evidence. No doubt they wish to tell the truth, but they desire still more to write a readable article ❧ ❧

I am, dear sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN C. FREMONT

❧

NUMBER CXVII.

H. HAROLD TO GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT.

Concord, Mass., Nov. 18, 1853

My Dear Sir:—

Your favors of October 4th and 6th received.

Your great kindness in thus interesting yourself in the misfortunes of a worthy man is only equaled by the joy your letters caused to the friends of Mr. Forbes on hearing of his being alive. ¶ I have not yet decided what steps will be taken for his defense; but I trust no move will be made in the trial, until the friends of Mr. Forbes can have time to act in his behalf.

With high regard, dear general, I am,

Sincerely yours,

H. HAROLD

NUMBER CXVIII.

HONOR HAROLD TO MISS MARIE MEREDITH.

The trip to Washington. The call at the White House. The pardon. All aboard for the Golden Gate.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 22, 1853

Dear Aunt Marie:—

I arrived here all right, at nine o'clock this morning, and had no trouble in finding Mr. Sumner.

The Senator read over the letters of Mr. Buckthorn, and made memorandum of the fact that General Fremont had great faith in him ☙ ☙

Those affidavits, and the petition signed by all of the Harvard professors, he said were all in perfect order. The letter of General Fremont, expressing a belief in Arthur's innocence, he considered the best of all; and the fact of his having returned the money, was of course in his favor.

The Senator then called a carriage and we went to the White House ☙ ☙

The President received us very cordially— no more formality than going into the Concord Bank. There were several men waiting; but Mr. Pierce was in no hurry, and read over all the letters carefully. He smiled a little at Mr. Buckthorn's and sighed at General Fremont's, and asked if H. Harold, Esq., was my father. ¶ I had to explain that *I* was H. Harold, Esq. Then he smiled again; then looked sober, and tapped absent-mindedly on the desk. Then he opened his watch, and I saw the picture of a face in miniature on the dial. He looked at it an instant, and turned to me and asked abruptly, " Are you engaged to be married to Mr. Forbes? " Perhaps he saw I was a little agitated, I answered at once, " Yes, sir."

He blew his nose very savagely on a big red handkerchief, and reached over and took a pen and signed his name deliberately to the pardon which Senator Sumner had already written out. ¶ A clerk standing near affixed a big seal to the document. ¶ Not another word did the President say. I tried to speak, but could not; he pressed my hand and bowed us out, and here I am waiting for the train for New York.

The steamer sails at 5 P. M. for the Isthmus; and, if we have fair weather, I will get to San Francisco in four weeks.

Adieu, dear old aunty! I love you well; and will write you a little line every day on the trip, and mail it when I can.

With tenderest regard to the Dearest of Womankind, I am,

Ever your

"HONOR BRIGHT"

NUMBER CXIX.

HONOR HAROLD TO MARIE MEREDITH.

And it came to pass.

San Francisco, Dec. 23, 1853

My Dear Aunt:—

I mailed you an envelope filled to overflowing at the Isthmus, and still a larger one has gone today, all filled with messages I wrote my dear old aunt on board ship.

I told you of the wonderful sights of the sea; of going down from New England, the land of lingering snow, to the tropics, where roses are always in bloom. Of how our steamer came creeping up the western coast; of the whale we saw; of the porpoises and flying fish, and how the passengers and officers of the boat vied with each other in kindnesses to your girlie. Why was this, Auntie Dear? You must have told them a great lot of nice things about me, and

they believed them all; and so I have been treated as a very princess ever since I left Concord.

It was the same at Washington, at New York, and better than all, here in San Francisco.

There! I know you are all on nettles. Your heart thumps as you read, and your hand shakes a little, and you say, but Arthur—our Arthur? ❧ ❧

Well, auntie dear, he is looking over this sheet as I write—now, is not that enough?

Why need I write more, for now you know that he is well and safe; but there! you want to know of my finding him.

Well, he knew nothing of my coming, and yet, when the steamer drew up slowly to the dock, I saw hundreds of people awaiting her arrival; and among them, leaning against a post, was a young man far taller than the rest. He wore gray clothes and a wide-brimmed sombrero, and his face was very grave and a little care-worn—had I ever seen it before?

I kept looking at him and I saw he was scanning the faces of the passengers, for we were all out on deck. His eyes followed along the upper rail until he came to me, and then he held out both arms toward me.

I must confess that your strong, self-reliant young woman now became suddenly weak; at the last my strength left me. I only remember that my hand went to my bosom, where the President's pardon was sewed into my dress, and I grasped the rail for support, and that in some way I got down across the gang plank, and that there my lover was waiting to receive me.

He said not a word, and I could not, for I could scarcely stand. ¶ He put me in a carriage, and as we rode he held my hand; but not a word was spoken, until we arrived at the house where I now write. Here Arthur helped me from the carriage and introduced me to a white-haired old lady who seemed to be waiting for me, and she called me "my dear" and took me into the cosiest little

parlor you ever saw, and then for the first time I found my tongue ☙ ☙

" How did you know I was coming? " I asked. Arthur smiled and the old lady smiled, and then we all smiled; and the old lady said, " Mr. Forbes told me you were coming all alone from New York. What an awful long trip for one so young! Why! you ain't much older than my Matilda, and I would not trust her to go down town alone, hardly. Mr. Forbes came to board with me because it was so noisy at the hotel. Why! what makes you cry so, my dear? You are here all safe among friends. And I declare if Mr. Forbes ain't crying, too! —and I fear I have something in my eye." That account in the *Vindicator* about Arthur's being captured by the Indians was nearly correct. A wonderful experience: he kept a journal the whole time, writing on birch bark. You shall see it. And about the mine, too—it proves now to be worth more than he got for it; but no difference about that.

There! Dear, loving, fault-finding, old auntie, I can not finish this letter tonight, so I will just lay it aside and complete it tomorrow. By that time, perhaps, I may be able to tell you how my Lover knew that I was coming.

Good-night, Auntie Dear! Tomorrow I will finish the sheet and write you several more besides, and tell you all about—

☙

NUMBER CXX.

FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO "VINDICATOR" OF DEC. 26, 1853.

MARRIED—On Christmas Day, at the residence of Mrs. Tyler, No. 217 Magnolia Street, by the Rev. Dr. H. M. Brown, Arthur Ripley Forbes to Miss Honor Harold. (Boston papers please copy.)

SO HERE ENDETH "THE MAN OF SORROWS," BEING VOLUME ELEVEN OF THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF ELBERT HUBBARD, GATHERED TOGETHER, PRINTED AND BOUND AS A MEMORIAL TO THEIR BELOVED FOUNDER BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOPS, WHICH ARE IN EAST AURORA, NEW YORK. MCMXXVIII